Renew Now,
AND SEND
SOME NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

The Boston Weekly Globe.

IT IS TIME
TO RENEW.
FORM A CLUB.

VOL. XIV.—NO. 49. BOSTON, WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 8, 1886. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

Germany to Increase the Army as a Peace Preserver.

Social and Unsavory Topics the Principal Food of London's Thought.

Ministerial Crisis in France—Notes of Interest.

Social troubles seem to be the main issues in the old world just now. For a whole week Bulgaria has been quiet, all the rumors, speculations and absurdities and "private information" having become exhausted or the inventive genius of the correspondents being thoroughly tired, and winding up the absurd climax that it was seriously proposed to ask an American to take the vacant Bulgarian throne. Readers who have struggled with the Sobranje and have become mixed up with General Kaulbars and M. Zankoff may take a much-needed rest. The Bulgarian trouble is also enjoying a rest.

Society London is shaken to its centre by the disgusting revelations of the Colin Campbell divorce suit. It is not necessary to go into detail further than to say that Lady Colin Campbell, formerly a Miss Blood, brought a divorce suit against her husband, Lord Colin Campbell, son of the Duke of Argyll and brother of the Marquis of Lorne. The evidence adduced in support of her case created an intense feeling of disgust and indignation against Lord Colin, which lasted until the defence was reached, when the tables were completely turned, and the disgust went over on the other side. At present advices Lady Colin Campbell and her trusted friend, Lady Miles, are likely to be tried for wholesale perjury. It is in order just here to declaim against the vices of the British aristocracy, but it will not do to be too hasty about it. Lady Colin Campbell, who has come out immensely the worse for the exposure, is an American lady, and has left little for her native country to be proud of.

Events in Ireland grew exciting during the first part of the week. All the familiar talk of tyranny and coercion seems to have been drummed up out of the dusty pigeon holes to describe the action of the British government, but it did not last very long. At latest advices this tyrannical government discovered that its intended action was illegal, and proceeded no further. The coercion appears to have been of the mildest possible type, and the whole story of the week's situation in Ireland is told in the newspaper despatches.

France has had a ministerial crisis, but the defeat of the government which brought it about comes out of a matter of no especial importance so that it is not likely to result in a change of ministry. The whole affair is rather an illustration of the "fortuitous concourse of atoms," as Lord Palmerston named a similar occurrence, and has no special political bearing. Likely as not it came as an actual embarrassment to the opposition.

South African advices claim that the native insurrection against the Portuguese is at an end, and that the revolt had been suppressed without any special effort. Offer of troops from the Orange Free State had been declined.

The familiar story that the British ministry is in the death throes has been filling the columns of the papers. It began to appear on the day the ministry took office, and will doubtless go till it becomes truth by the ministry going out of power. The Nationalist correspondents have the great advantage of being sure prophets, because they keep on predicting in spite of failure till events turn out as they claim, and ministers like men, being mortal, must die some time. Says one of these prophets under date of Saturday last:

The Tory Abandonment

of their sweet conciliatory policy in Ireland is complete. The Times, organ of the powers that be, which has been industriously misrepresenting the Irish, announces today that the government is at death grips with the League. The government seems to think so itself.

Lord Ashbourne and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach came rushing from Dublin yesterday; Lord Salisbury from Hatfield, and the other twelve members of the cabinet, interrupted whatever they were at, and for two long hours had a good talk at the Foreign office about the best means of squelching Ireland's champions.

It is believed in Dublin on excellent grounds that Lord Ashbourne and Beach took back with them a resolution to use the sternest repressive measures, and an assurance of the cabinet's support of any plan whereof they might approve for the furtherance of a coercive policy.

The first measures will doubtless be the arbitrary suppression of public meetings on the ground of their being intended as means of intimidation; and, more especially, the suppression of United Ireland. The latter is the sorest of all thorns in the government's side.

At Cork, on Wednesday, while Commoners O'Connor and Tanner were addressing a crowd and praising Tim Hurley, who had defended his house with proper spirit, Police Superintendent Melling appeared, and without excuse set his hundred men to work on the heads of the crowd.

Mr. O'Connor set a beautiful example by first telling Melling what he thought of him, and pounding him on the head afterward.

Subsequently, from the steps of the Victoria Hotel, he upbraided the men of Cork for not following his example, and the shouts of the crowd that they would pay all back will probably be made good on the first occasion.

Wise Englishmen, although they may not care a snap for abstract justice in Ireland, are looking forward with dread to the renewal of an active Irish warfare, and the intermingling of dynamite bombs with every-day life. They are anxious to have what is right done. That they will live to be much more anxious than they are now seems highly probable.

On the other hand, there comes the amalgamation of the two British home rule associations into one, and Lord Aberdeen has accepted the presidency. Leading Gladstonians, like Earl Spencer and Lord Ripon, are daily joining the new league. It will be formally inaugurated by a great public meeting in London, Thursday, at which Lord Aberdeen will probably deliver an address. A series of such meetings throughout the winter is being arranged.

Mr. O'Connor's brilliant example, mentioned above, has resulted in both being summoned to appear to answer charges of assault on the inspector.

Mr. J. J. Clancy

writes his impressions of the week:

"Ministers are relying greatly on the speeches that will be made a day or two hence at the Liberal Unionist conference, and no doubt these speeches will be in strong denunciation of the present course of the popular leaders in Ireland; but, though the conference will be largely attended, it will not have much influence, for I speak from personal knowledge when I say that already the result of the Irish educational work in England and Scotland, and of the Liberal leaders, has been a return of a very considerable number of Liberal Unionist electors to the Gladstonian fold. The misrepresentations under which they seceded last summer are being rapidly brushed aside, and numbers of them in many constituencies are themselves saying now that Gladstone was right after all. I learn that one member of the late cabinet expressed the early conversion of Trevelyan, but I must say that I myself do not look forward with any confidence to that result.

"Turning to another matter, the probability is growing stronger every day that if the government does not come to grief on the Irish question, it will go to pieces on the bill for the government of London. On this subject there will be a Tory revolt if Churchill and Mathews have their way, or a Liberal Unionist revolt if they do not. This was pretty certain from the commencement.

"Finally, I learn that the government and their Orange following are to have a most ugly pill to swallow in the forthcoming report of the Belfast commission, which will be a frightful indictment of the Orangemen. This report is now drafted, though it has yet to be revised by Judge Day, and it has, I understand, been agreed to by all except one commissioner."

FRENCH POLITICS.

The Prime Minister Sick of Office—The Opposition Unwilling to Take It.

It is generally believed that the French ministerial crisis will be arranged, and that President Grevy will persuade De Freycinet to remain in office. A premier has a difficult and delicate task with the present Chamber, the members of which may be generally divided into three parties, the Reactionists, numbering 200; the Radicals, 150, and the Moderate Republicans, 230. Any two of these sections may, by combining, beat the third, and the Moderates must get some seventy-five accessions for a bare majority, and 100 for legislative success. Only two questions are sure to unite all Republicans—attacks on the church and on the princes. De Freycinet is disheartened and sick of office, but it is difficult to find a successor, as neither Floquet, Leroyer nor Clemenceau is willing to take the office at present. The French cabinet has met all sorts of reverses and humiliations since its financial scheme went to the budget committee, and the crisis was not unexpected. A precarious truce was gained on the main question of policy, and government defeat was not connected with a matter of vital importance. The incident is not likely to have any bearing on the general situation in Europe.

PEACE, IF THEY FIGHT FOR IT.

Germany to Increase the Army—Von Moltke's Opinions.

The bill in the German Reichstag providing for the increase of the German army has been the occasion of much comment in Europe. Dr. Windthorst, the Clerical leader, made a cautious speech. He opened by stating that he would not prejudice the position of his party in subsequent divisions on the military septennial bill by a positive promise as to how the Centre would vote. But there did not seem any special reason for urgency arising from the imminence of war. The alliance with Austria constituted a present and lasting guarantee of peace in Europe. Still the Centre was desirous of giving mature consideration to all existing circumstances, and would vote in favor of measures found to be absolutely necessary.

General Von Moltke followed. He said that all the neighbors of Germany on the left and on the right were fully armed. A state of things which even a rich country was unable to bear for any length of time and which might lead to decisive events at an early date. For this reason it was necessary not to defer action on the measure until after the expiration of the septennial. The preamble to the bill showed how Germany was behind other States in the strength of her army and the taxation of her people. The French, for instance, paid about double the sum paid by the German people, and an alliance with France would assure the peace of Europe. "But," he continued, "such an alliance is impossible while public opinion in France impetuously demands the surrender of two provinces which we are strongly determined never to give up." (Cheers.) Continuing, he said: "Our rejection of the bill will make us responsible for all the miseries attendant upon a hostile invasion. We have found it difficult enough to attain the unity of Germany. Let us uphold it, proving that we are united."

Notes.

The celebrated Nihilist Bachnuloff is dead.

The bishop of Grosswardein has died at Vienna.

Richard Burton, the English traveller, is seriously ill.

The Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is in a critical condition.

Three hundred thousand rifles are to be supplied to Turkey.

The Earl of Erne has been elected grand master of the Orange Lodge.

The Rothschilds are to "finance" the conversion of Allsopp's brewery into a limited liability concern.

The Catholic jurors of Cork have resolved to resent the attempt to have them withdrawn from the assizes.

Mr. Thomas Quinn, member of Parliament for Kilkenny, was thrown from a carriage in London last week and seriously injured.

The Paris Journal des Debats says a formal agreement has been concluded between China and England against Russia, and that it provides for the cession of Port Hamilton.

A toy factory at Verviers, Belgium, was destroyed by fire Saturday. The owner and wife were burned to death. Two sons, after attempting to rescue their parents, jumped from windows and broke their legs.

A prominent citizen of Brussels has sent to the public prosecutor an accusation against two residents of that city, implicating them in the robbery of the mail car on the Ostend express on Saturday, November 27.

King Milan received the deputation of Bulgarian notables Monday. It is reported that the Bulgarian regency will make overtures to King Milan to induce him to become a candidate for the Bulgaria throne.

Herr Reichensperger's duelling bill now before the German Reichstag aims chiefly at the suppression of duelling by lot, by which method the person drawing the fatal lot commits suicide within a fixed time.

Two hundred girls today attacked and pelted with mud a bailiff and his assistant who were serving writs of ejectment on tenants on Lord Dillon's estate at Ballyhannis. The men beat a hasty retreat, leaving horse, car and papers.

Lord Clanricarde publishes in the London Standard a tenant's letter complaining of the terrorism exercised by the National League. Such a complaint, says Lord Clanricarde, shows that boycotting, not a plan for a rent campaign, influences tenants.

The committee of the Wesleyan conference has sent to the board of bishops of the Methodist church in America and the presidents of the conferences in Canada, Australia and the West Indies copies of a circular intimating that the second conference will meet in America in 1891.

Rt. Hon. A. J. Mundella, formerly president of the Board of Trade, speaking at Sheffield, eulogized the patriotism and honesty of John Dillon. He himself had heard Lord Clanricarde denounced in government circles in stronger terms than were now used against Mr. Dillon.

Timothy D. Sullivan has been re-elected Lord Mayor of Dublin. Mr. O'Keefe, a soldier, has been elected Mayor of Limerick. Both Mr. Sullivan and Mr. O'Keefe have pledged themselves to refuse any honors which may be offered by the Queen during jubilee year. John Dillon heads the list of candidates for the office of high sheriff of Dublin. Alderman Richard Power has been re-elected Mayor of Waterford.

The colonial agents general in London have telegraphed to their respective governments for approval the scheme for the projected Colonial Institute. According to the proposed plan one-half of the exhibition grounds at Kensington will be devoted to Great Britain, and one-half to India and the colonies, each of which will control its own section and share in the general management. It is proposed to hold, at intervals, exhibitions of specific industries and products.

THREE FAILURES IN 'FRISCO.

But Stocks Sell Well and Laboring People Take a Hand in the Deal.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., December 3.—The failures of Robert F. Morrow, a prominent capitalist, John Mackinzie, a stock broker, and Kullman & Co., brokers, were announced today. Morrow has been selling calls on stocks, and the boom in prices entailed a loss to him of $250,000, but he claims to be still worth a million above his liabilities. Mackinzie's losses are $100,000. Kullman & Co. say their loss is $25,000. They expect to reopen in a few days. This morning Consolidated Virginia went at 47; Gould and Curry, 10; Sierra Nevada, 12.50; Alpha, 6. On 'Change yesterday 95,000 shares changed hands during the two sessions—the heaviest record for ten years.

THAT CELEBRATED CASE.

Plaintiff in the Wilson-Moen Suit Claims to be the Son of Defendant.

The case of Levi Wilson against Philip L. Moen of Worcester, Mass., an action to recover $100,000 which the defendant had agreed to pay the plaintiff, was noticed in the WEEKLY GLOBE of last week. The verdict it will be remembered was for the defendant, and Levi Wilson was adjudged indebted to Philip L. Moen in over $96,000. The interest in the case turned on the fact that Levi Wilson had received over $300,000 from Moen, and it was generally charged that it was blackmail. Wilson being in possession of a secret affecting Moen's character, or that of some one of prime importance to Moen.

What the precise secret was neither party felt disposed at the trial to enlighten the world. Mr. Wilson has now come out with a claim that he is the son of Philip Moen, and that he has been paid to keep the secret up to date.

Mr. Moen denies the whole story, and the balance of public opinion, no less than the evidence which has so far been adduced, tends to disbelief in the latest story told by Mr. Wilson.

Speculation is yet rife in the mysterious relation between the parties, which induced the millionnaire wire factor to give nearly $400,000 to a man who has succeeded in wasting it in a few years, and who before the time of his trading on Mr. Moen had not a cent.

GENERAL B. F. BUTLER BEATEN.

A Verdict for $16,537 50 Against Him as Treasurer of the National Soldiers' Home—Appeal to the Supreme Court.

The National Soldiers' Home suit to recover $15,000 alleged to be due the institution from General Butler, while treasurer of that organization, came to trial in the United States Circuit Court at Boston last week. The case occupied the attention of the court for three days, and resulted in a verdict, after fifteen minutes' consultation by the jury, of $16,537 50, being $15,000 with interest from the date of the alleged debt. General Butler conducted his own case, and was also a witness. The summing up of the case by Judge Carpenter was practically a direction to the jury to return a verdict for the full amount. He said:

Upon a consideration of all the evidence which has gone in here, I judge it to be my duty to give you one single explicit instruction, which, I venture to state, if followed out by you, will enable you to find a verdict without serious difficulty. If you believe the evidence here presented is true, and the papers produced are genuine, and mean what they say, then the plaintiff is entitled to recover $15,000, with simple interest at 6 per cent. a year from March 17, 1885, up to the present time. I ought to say that the statements made by the witnesses are not contradicted, so that the single question is whether they are worthy of belief?

This is the only instruction, strictly speaking, which I mean to give you. It was the opinion of this illustrious soldier, who is now at the head of the Soldiers' Home and of his associates, when they came into control of this property, that, in consequence of what had gone before, there was a sum of money that ought to have been paid or accounted for to the Home by Mr. Butler. There is no doubt by the evidence that he had failed to so account, and the question is whether he was bound to do so. I think it is right to state to you in the hearing of the parties, that whether he was bound to account for it or not is not a question entirely simple, nor is it a question which an ordinary man without special examination would feel himself competent to settle. It is not altogether improbable that some of you may have some doubt as to what the book-keeping controversy was. It is my duty to look into the testimony and determine that question. I therefore instruct you that as to the right of the plaintiff to recover upon the only controversy which here arises, the Soldiers' Home is right, and Mr. Butler, whom we usually call General Butler, but who prefers in the court to be called Mr. Butler, is distinctly wrong. I need not say to you, gentlemen, that nothing which has occurred in this testimony reflects in the slightest degree on the honesty or integrity of any one concerned in these transactions. It is, as stated, a book-keeping puzzle, which I judge it my duty to take the responsibility of instructing you must be decided in favor of the plaintiff.

The jury retired, remained out half an hour, and asked for instructions as to the date from which interest was to be computed. Judge Carpenter informed them that the date was March 17, 1885.

The jury retired again, and in about fifteen minutes, at 1.27 p. m., returned with a verdict for the plaintiff, assessing the damages at $16,537 50.

The case goes up to the Supreme Court of the United States on General Butler's exceptions.

General Butler's View of Judge and Case.

General Butler was seen immediately after the finding of a verdict for the plaintiff, and to an inquiry relative to the result of the trial, said:

"The court instructed the jury to bring in a verdict upon the statement of accounts as prepared by the plaintiff. His honor also stated that it was a mere matter of book keeping, and that the law would not allow me to give any evidence to show that I had accounted for this money and paid it over to the Home. He said that the accounts of my financial clerk sustained the accounts of the plaintiff, and that there was no difference between them, so far as he could see. The judge declined to look at the accounts. Our accounts, which had been audited and allowed, showed that I had paid the $15,000 to General Tilton. His accounts showed that he had paid me the $15,000. The judge, evidently not wholly understanding the matter, declared that there was no difference between them.

"I had supposed that when one man claimed to have paid a second $15,000 and entered it upon his books, and the second claimed that he had paid the first man the same $15,000, that there was just $30,000 difference between the two accounts.

"I offered to show that my accounts were correct, but the court refused me permission to do so or to put in any evidence or arguments to the jury that mine were the correct accounts. I don't understand that and I am certain that I never shall. I offered to prove to the jury and to produce witnesses to show that I had settled my accounts, that they were passed upon and were true, for every dollar I had ever received, and I had the accounts in court and the witnesses to show it. More than that the account filed in the Treasury Department and produced in court by the plaintiff showed that I had accounted for that very money.

"If the judge is right in his ruling, then I have practiced law for forty-six years, which is longer than he has lived, to very little purpose.

"However, the judge was pleased to say that there was nothing in the case that involved the integrity or accuracy of any individual engaged in it. That was quite true, because I admitted that I had received the money and accounted for it, but the latter part I was not allowed to prove.

"The case has gone to the Supreme Court at Washington on exceptions to the judge's ruling, and will be decided there. I would very much have liked that the whole case had gone to the jury, but the court ordered otherwise, and I am forced to submit to it for the present."

HE WAS ONCE WEALTHY.

Herr Cline, the Rope Dancer, Dies in Poverty in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn., December 5.—John Cline, once widely known as Herr Cline, the rope dancer, died at the Forrest Home on Friday. Cline came to this country from England in 1823 under an engagement for £2000 for one year's service. Such was the rope dancer's popularity that he was retained for three years. Wemyss of the Chestnut Street Theatre once engaged Cline as a counter attraction to the elder Wallack at the Arch and Forrest at the Walnut Street. The rope dancer drew immense houses, while the Hamlets played to comparatively empty benches.

Cline earned a great deal of money, but he lost $60,000 of it by the failure of the United States bank. Other losses and misfortunes finally reduced him to poverty. The funeral will occur today.

Gone the Way of Charlie Ross.

READING, Penn., December 4.—Willie Arnold, aged 13, a light-complexioned, fair haired boy, son of William A. Arnold, the wealthiest citizen of Reading, was enticed to leave the city with two young men named Fresh Seitz and "Blood" Dietz. Dietz and Seitz were overtaken at Easton and admitted that they had taken from young Arnold all the money he had, $1. They were released. Every city and town between Harrisburg, New York and Philadelphia has been searched, but without finding a trace of the missing boy. Some believe that the boy is held for a ransom.

Hog Cholera Broken Up in Ohio.

DAYTON, O., December 3.—The prevailing cold snap has proven the first effectual check to the fatal hog cholera scourge that has prevailed in Miami valley for six months, carrying off in twelve counties of that district 25,000 porkers, valued at nearly $200,000. The sections around the headwaters of Maumee, Wabash and Miami rivers seem to have suffered most through the dry months of August, September and October.

Jim Cummings Tired of Being Chased.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., December 3.—The Globe-Democrat says this morning that it has received a letter from "Jim" Cummings, the Adams Express robber, which states that he is tired of being chased around the country by detectives, and promises to return $25,000 of the sum stolen if they will let him go in peace.

Mutilated by a Dynamite Cartridge.

HARTFORD, Conn., December 1.—Charles Carey, a workman on the new boulevard at Winsted, yesterday evening dropped a dynamite cartridge he was carrying. It exploded and stripped the flesh from one leg, from ankle to thigh. He died during the night.

FORTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

Opening of the Second Session on Monday.

President Cleveland's Message—Foreign Relations and Domestic Affairs.

Clear-Cut Views on Taxation and Labor Laws.

The second session of the Forty-ninth Congress opened on Monday. At precisely 12 o'clock Speaker Carlisle rapped to order in the House, and the chaplain, in his opening prayer, alluded feelingly to the death of Representatives Beech and Arnot. On the roll-call 241 members responded. Messrs. Reagan, Breckenridge and Reed were appointed a committee to wait on the President. Mr. S. S. Cox was sworn in as the successor of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer of New York. At 12.40 a recess was taken.

In the Senate signs of mourning were also visible. Since the last session Senator Pike of New Hampshire had died. In his prayer the chaplain, Rev. J. G. Butler, feelingly alluded to the mourning draperies with which the chamber was hung in memory of the late senator. The presiding officer, Mr. Sherman, laid before the Senate several of the annual reports of the heads of departments, which were ordered printed.

Resolutions were adopted, fixing the daily hour of meeting at noon; informing the House that the Senate was ready to proceed to business, and for the appointment of a committee to wait on the President for the like purpose. Messrs. Edmunds and Saulsbury were appointed such committee. The credentials of Senator Williams of California were presented, and the oath of office was administered to him.

Several bills were introduced and referred, among them one by Mr. Evarts, to authorize the construction of a bridge across the East river, New York. The Senate then took a recess of ten minutes.

The President's Message.

The President's message was a formidable document and treats exhaustively of every subject before the nation, dealing in clear-cut phrases on matters affecting the general interest and showing nowhere any marks of hesitation or indirectness in the discussion. No questions with foreign governments had arisen which were beyond the bounds of friendly settlement. The claims against Chili had developed an amount of friction which the President trusted could be avoided in the convention soon to be held at Santiago.

The treatment of the Chinese in the Western States and Territories calls for rebuke; and the duty of the government to protect these people is clearly stated. At the same time, the paramount duty of maintaining public order and defending the interests of our own people may require the adoption of measures of restriction, but they should not tolerate the oppression of individuals of any special race. I am not without assurance that the government of China, whose friendly disposition to us I am most happy to recognize, will meet us half-way in devising a comprehensive remedy by which an effective limit of Chinese emigration joined to protection of those Chinese subjects who remain in this country may be secured. Legislation is needed to execute the provisions of our Chinese convention of 1880 touching the opium traffic.

Passing over some minor matters the fisheries question finds consideration. A history of the treaties is followed by the remark that the propinquity, community of language and occupation and similarity of political and social institutions indicate the practicability and obvious wisdom of maintaining mutually beneficial and friendly relations. Whilst I am unfeignedly desirous that such relations should exist between us and the inhabitants of Canada, yet the action of their officials during the past seasons towards our fishermen has been such as to seriously affect their continuance.

Although disappointed in my efforts to secure a satisfactory settlement of the fishery question, negotiations are still pending, with reasonable hope that before the close of the present session of Congress announcement may be made that an acceptable conclusion has been reached, as at an early day there may be laid before Congress the correspondence of the Department of State in relation to this important subject, so that the history of the past fishing season may be fully discussed, and the action and the attitude of the administration clearly comprehended. A more extended reference is not deemed necessary in this.

The recommendation is made that a convention settle the boundaries of Alaska and British Columbia; that the treaty with Hawaii be maintained; a revision of the treaty with Japan recommended; some help is suggested for Liberia, and one of the things recommended is the present of a small steamer to act as coastguard, and a treaty with Mexico is called for.

The Cutting case calls forth a declaration of the rights of the citizen, and the hope is expressed that the statute under which Cutting was arrested will be modified. The passage concludes with the following sensible suggestion: "In the case of Mexico there are reasons especially strong for perfect harmony in the mutual exercise of jurisdiction. Nature has made us irrevocably neighbors, and wisdom and kind feeling should make us friends. The overflow of capital and enterprise from the United States is a potent factor in assisting the development of the resources of Mexico, and in building the prosperity of both countries. To assist this good work all grounds of apprehension for the security of person and property should be removed; and I trust that in the interests of good neighborhood the statute referred to will be so modified as to eliminate the present possibilities of danger to the peace of the two countries.

Notice is taken of the trouble with Spain and its settlement, and the conventions with Turkey and Venezuela.

International copyright is recommended to the consideration of Congress, and the abolition of the tax on works of art is again recommended.

An important recommendation is that the consular appointments be looked after with an eye to efficiency rather than cheese-paring economy.

The total ordinary expenses of the government for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1886, were $242,483,138 50, being less by $17,788,797 than such expenditures for the year preceeding, and leaving a surplus in the treasury at the close of the last fiscal year of $93,956,588 56, as against $63,463,771 27 at the close of the previous year, being an increase in such surplus of $30,492,718 29.

The surplus in the treasury calls for a suggestion to decrease the taxes on certain imports. He says: A sentiment prevails that the leading strings useful to a nation, useful in its infancy, may well be to a great extent discarded in the present stage of American ingenuity, courage and fearless self-reliance. And for the privilege of indulging this sentiment with true American enthusiasm, our citizens are quite willing to forego an idle surplus in the public treasury. And all the people know that the average rate of federal exaction upon imports today, in time of peace, is but little less, while upon some articles of necessary consumption it is actually more, than was imposed by the grievous burden, willingly borne, at a time when the government needed millions to maintain by war the safety and integrity of the Union.

A sound public policy requires that such of our citizens as have built up large and important industries under present conditions should not be suddenly, and to their injury, deprived of advantages to which they have adapted their business; but if the public good requires it, they should be content with such consideration as shall deal fairly and cautiously with their interests while the just demand of the people for relief from needless taxation is honestly answered. Due regard should be also accorded in any proposed readjustment, to the interests of American labor so far as they are involved.

The sum paid on the public debt is set at $44,551,043 36. The suspension of the silver coinage law is urged; the necessity for coast defences is impressed on Congress.

Reference is made to the reports of the departments, and the pension laws and the labor question receive careful consideration.

A Bad Month for Fires.

NEW YORK, December 2.—The New York Daily Commercial Bulletin estimates the November fire loss in the United States and Canada at $10,000,000, which is an increase of one-third upon the November average since the Boston fire of 1872. There were 160 fires recorded whose reported loss was $10,000 and over. Fires from $100,000 up to $900,000 loss numbered nineteen, and caused a loss in the aggregate of $4,000,000.

ROBBERS AND POLICE SHOT.

Sanguinary Battle and Bank Burglary in Ohio.

CHILLICOTHE, O., December 4.—Waverly, county seat of Pike county, sixteen miles south of here, was the scene this morning of a successful bank blowing, followed by a sanguinary battle on the highway, in which three policemen and two of the robbers were shot. Yesterday evening a stranger called at a livery stable here and hired a double team to go to Kingston, ten miles north. Some distance from the stable three other men entered the barouche, and the stablekeeper becoming suspicious, notified the police, and Chief Rigney, with Officers Wiloth, Hall and Brockmeyer started to follow them. About two miles from Waverly the barouche was met returning early in the morning. The officers got out and halted it.

As soon as the occupants knew who had stopped them they opened fire. Chief Rigney fell unconscious at the first shot, with a ball in the head. Brockmeyer was shot through the arm and Wiloth in the shoulder and through both ankles. Meantime the officers were firing vigorously, and at least two robbers were badly hurt. About forty shots were exchanged. The robbers finally escaped.

At Waverly they had effected an entrance into Emmet's Bank building, bound and gagged Watchman Schwartz, and blew open the safe in his presence, getting $2000 or $3000.

OUGHT TO PAY FOR THE SLAVES.

What Horace Greeley Thought was the Duty of the North to the South.

RICHMOND, Va., December 3.—Rev. Dr. William Norwood, a prominent Episcopalian minister of this city, was the clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony on the occasion of the wedding of Horace Greeley. Dr. Norwood was at the time the rector of a church in North Carolina, and the future Mrs. Greeley was a "Yankee school teacher," living in the same parish. When Mr. Greeley visited North Carolina on his courting expeditions, he and Dr. Norwood struck up an acquaintance which lasted to the close of Greeley's life.

At the end of the war, when Greeley visited Richmond to go on Jefferson Davis' bail bond, he sought out Dr. Norwood, his old friend. They discussed the late war very earnestly. The subject of this debate is made public today by Dr. Norwood. The point which caused their warmest expressions of differing opinion was Dr. Norwood's assertion that the North was legally and morally bound to pay the South the full market value of the liberated slaves. Greeley at first treated the proposition as monstrous. Finally Greeley said: "I will think over the subject as you have presented it and see you before I leave Richmond, when I will let you know my conclusion."

When Mr. Greeley returned later in the day he said to his old friend: "Doctor, I have thought it over, and after weighing the matter I am convinced that the North ought to pay the South for the slaves."

VALUE OF PLIGHTED TROTH.

Miss Mary Walker Sues William G. Sedgewick for $50,000.

NEW YORK, December 1.—William G. Sedgewick of Connecticut, 25 years old and a medical student in New York University, has been sued for breach of promise of marriage by Miss May Walker, formerly of Richmond, Va. The couple became engaged April 4, and Sedgewick broke the engagement September 16. Roger A. Pryor brings the suit. Sedgewick was arrested today and gave $500 bail.

A PURE INVENTION.

No Truth in the Statement That Canadian Cattle Have Pleuro-Pneumonia.

OTTAWA, Ont., December 1.—The minister of agriculture authorizes the statement that the report recently sent from here to the Boston Herald regarding the existence of pleuro-pneumonia in Canadian cattle, caused by contact with infected herds recently killed at Quebec, is absolutely without foundation and a pure invention. There is, so far as the minister knows, not a single case in Canada and has not been for over two months.

A MINER'S BIG VERDICT.

The Union Pacific Must Pay $20,000 to an Injured Employe.

SALT LAKE CITY, December 2.—In the Third District Court yesterday a jury rendered a verdict for $20,000 in favor of W. C. Redden against the Union Pacific Railroad Company. Redden sued for $25,000 damages for injuries sustained while at work in a coal mine belonging to the company in May, 1885.

AN EPHPHECTIVE TRIQUE.

Triphling Typographical Diphphiculties Noqued Out by a Wild Western Journal.

[Rocky Mountain Cyclone.]

We begin the publication of the Roccay Mountain Cyclone with some phew diphphiculties in the way. The type phounders phrom whom we bought our outphit phor this printing ophphice phailed to supply us with any ephs or cays, and it will be phour or phive weex bephore we can get any. The mistaque was not phound out till a day or two ago. We have ordered the missing letters, and will have to get along without them till they come. We don't lique the loox ov this variety ov spelling any better than our readers, but mistax will happen in the best regulated phamilies, and iph the ph's and c's and x's and q's hold out, we shall ceep (sound the c hard) the Cyclone whirling aphter a phasion till the sorts arrive. It is no joque to us—it's a serious aphphair.

She Wants to be a Major.

WASHINGTON, December 3.—The district commissioners were quite lifted from their chairs today by a written application for the vacant superintendency of police from Mrs. Charlotte Smith. The applicant is the sister of Bob Odlum, who jumped to his death from the Brooklyn bridge, and the head of the Woman's Industrial League. She is anxious to don the uniform of a major of police. Dr. Mary Walker is a violent antagonist of Mrs. Smith, and will no doubt take the earliest opportunity to file papers against her.

Sept. 28, '87, the Date for the G. A. R. Meeting.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., December 3.—The executive council of the Grand Army of the Republic, who have been looking over the ground in connection with the holding of their next encampment, express themselves as well satisfied with the situation named. September 28 next is the day for the meeting of the Grand Encampment in 1887. A reception will be given General Lucius Fairchild, commander-in-chief of the order, tonight.

Blackstone's Defalcation.

PORTLAND, Me., December 4.—There is a report this evening that the shortage of Howard T. Blackstone, late discount clerk at the Canal Bank, will be about $40,000. Blackstone is understood to be in Canada. It is reported that Mrs. Blackstone, the wife of the defaulter, will remove to the West.

Fifteen Widows.

On one street in Bluehill, Me., less than half a mile long, are fifteen widows. In fact, there is only one house on the street in which there is none, and that is occupied by two maiden ladies—and these widows, with two or three others in the village, represent more than one-third of the taxable property.

Losses by Hog Cholera.

PERU, Ind., December 1.—The losses by hog cholera in this county have reached $25,000. The disease is still prevailing. Two thousand dead hogs were brought to this city to the grease refiners yesterday and today as a result of the epidemic.

February Conclaves in Florida.

DEFUNIAC SPRINGS, Fla., December 5.—The Southern States' Forestry Congress opens here on February 17, the fishery and exposition on February 21, and the Florida Chautauqua on the same date.

ARKANSAS COLORED MEN.

Their Progress in Wealth and Education.

Encouraged in All Their Undertakings by the White People.

An Interview with John Gray Lucas of Pine Bluffs.

The progress of the colored people of the South in material wealth and in education, the happy, friendly and harmonious relations which subsist between them and the white people, are facts with which the Northern people have for a long time been familiar. But inasmuch as new data are always valuable, the following, obtained from Mr. John Gray Lucas, a colored young man, born and brought up in Pine Bluff, Jefferson county, Ark., is given. It may be stated that Mr. Lucas has been attending the Boston University Law School in this city for the past three years, and graduates next June. Since the last term of the school he has been spending his vacation at Pine Bluff, and has just arrived in town. In response to a question, he said: "The colored people of my State are doing well indeed. The progress they have made in wealth and education has been truly remarkable. The spirit of thrift and economy seems to have seized them, and every effort is being put forth to plant themselves deep down in the soil. By that is meant buying land in the shape of farms, putting up brick and wooden buildings, and investing in other things or property. There isn't a town of any size in Arkansas in which there are any colored people but what one of them can be found to be worth all the way from $3000 to $6000.

Pine Bluff boasts of one, a Mr. Wiley Jones, who owns a line of street cars six miles long, three of which are completed; the trotting park, some forty acres in extent: thoroughbred trotting horses to the amount of $25,000, and other valuable property scattered all over the State. Wiley Jones' wealth is reported to be from $125,000 to $175,000. He was born in the State of Arkansas, not far from Pine Bluff, and was a slave until the breaking out of the war. Mr. Jones' age is about 38."

Colored Men and Politics.

In answer to a query as to how much of the colored people's attention politics took up, Mr. Lucas replied: "Not a great deal of their time is spent in that business, I can assure you. I would not be understood as implying that absolutely no interest is taken by them in political matters. What I wish to emphasize is, that more of their energies and endeavors are now being directed to business, and in getting a firm foothold in the soil than to the dabbling in politics and office seeking.

"This is one of the things they think pays a thousand times better than politics," producing a pamphlet of the "Colored and Industrial Fair" recently held in Pine Bluff. A glance at the contents showed that it was an exhibition which would have done credit to any of the people in many parts of New England. The affair was exclusively in the hands of colored people. The name by which it was known was "The Colored Industrial and Fair Association of the State of Arkansas." Its officers are all colored. The first annual fair was held last month, October 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23. The trotting park, where it came off, was the one owned by Mr. Wiley Jones. There were on exhibition mechanism in general inventions, musical instruments, works of art, choice and thoroughbred live stock and many other things. Premiums to the amount of about $1000 were awarded. Having looked over the fair books the writer asked Mr. Lucas how much property the colored people of the State were taxed for. He replied that according to the books it was nearly $3,000,000.

Educational Facilities.

The State authorities looked after the interests of the colored children as thoroughly as they did those of the white. There was no difference in the annual appropriations. "It may also be stated," he continued, "that the school law recognizes no distinction between the races. The School Board is made up of both white and colored men. There is a colored State Normal School at Pine Bluff, whose principal is a colored man, Professor J. C. Corbin, a thoroughly educated and scholarly man. He is ex-State superintendent of public instruction. He is a graduate of the University of the State of Ohio, and regarded throughout the State as one of its ablest men. The State of Arkansas spends more money, according to her population and wealth, than any other State in the Union.

Friendly Relations of the Races.

Speaking of the friendly relations of the races Mr. Lucas observed that there were no racial laws on the statute book of the State. In Pine Bluff the population is about 8000, and nearly equally divided between colored and white. The white people encourage the colored in everything they undertake to better their condition. Indeed, it has been alleged by some, not over-zealous for the success of the colored people, that they are increasing more rapidly in wealth and in building up public institutions than the whites.

Public Carriers—Colored Jurors.

There was neither distinction nor separation made by public carriers in this section.

It was no uncommon thing to see colored men in the jury box. Indeed, it was the rule. The county coroner is a colored man; half the police force are colored; so also is the clerk of the Circuit Court. This office is entirely managed by colored men. There are three common councilmen out of a whole number of eight, and half of the justices of the peace in the township which comprises Pine Bluff and the county.

Mr. Lucas, in closing, said that he did not see why more colored young men from the North did not make Arkansas their home. It is an inviting field for them, and a grand opportunity to make something of themselves. A very liberal public sentiment existed, and no hindrances are met with anywhere.

SUGAR MARKET DULL.

Buyers Have Held Aloof Throughout the Past Week.

HAVANA, December 4.—Sugar: Owing to unfavorable news from abroad buyers held aloof throughout the week and little business was done, holders firmly insisting upon their demands. The market closed dull, at nominal prices. At the outports no activity was shown. Molasses sugar, regular to good polarization, $1 50@1 87½, gold, per quintal; muscovado, fair to good refining, 85 to 90 degrees, $1 62½@1 87½; centrifugal, 92 to 96 degrees polarization, in hogsheads, bags and boxes, $2 12½@2 37½; stocks in warehouse at Havana and Matanzas, 21,000 boxes, 165,000 bags and 3300 hhds. Receipts for the week, 2900 bags and 216 hhds. Exports during the week, 100 boxes, 17,000 bags and 1500 hhds, all of which to the United States. Freights nominal, per hhd of sugar loading at Havana for the United States, $1 75@2 00 gold; per hhd. of sugar from ports on the south coast (outside ports) for the United States $2 00@2 25.

QUAILS AGAINST MONEY.

A Chicago Gourmand to Eat Thirty Birds in Thirty Days.

CHICAGO, Ill., December 3.—A little, slim man giving the name of I. C. Mann of Minneapolis sat down this evening before a table in the Alderman saloon and began to masticate a quail, on a wager of $1000 that he could eat thirty of the birds in as many consecutive days.

"Demosthenes" Hildreth of the City Council not long ago said that he had $1000 to bet no man could eat thirty quail in thirty consecutive days, one each day. George R. Clark, a sporting man from Minneapolis, said that he would cover Hildreth's $1000 roll and produce a gourmand who would get away with the quail in the manner suggested.

Saloonkeeper Jonas was made stakeholder. According to the terms of the agreement each quail must be eaten between 6 and 7 p. m., or Mr. Clark, Mann's backer, will forfeit his $1000.

Business Failures During the Week.

NEW YORK, December 4.—The business failures during the past week as reported by R. G. Dun & Co., and E. Russell & Co., number for the United States 210 and for Canada 32, or a total of 242, as compared with a total of 216 last week and 242 the week previous to the last. In the Southern and Western States and in Canada the business casualties are somewhat above the average in number, while in New York City they are exceptionally numerous, 24 being the number reported.

A BIG VERDICT.

John B. Alley to Pay $102,000 and Interest on Account of the Postal Telegraph Company.

The Superior Court for Barnstable county, Massachusetts, has been occupied during the past week with a notable trial, in which one Chester Snow of Harwich, Mass., sued to recover from ex-Congressman John B. Alley of Lynn, Mass., the value of 150 Postal Telegraph bonds which plaintiff claims were obtained from him by defendant through duplicity.

The story, as told by the plaintiff's attorney, and by the verdict accepted by the jury as substantially correct, is as follows: For eighteen years the plaintiff, Chester Snow, has been interested in telegraphy. He went into the manufacture of a wire patented by Moses G. Palmer, composed of a steel core covered with copper, which Mr. Snow perfected. After seven or eight years' usage a serious defect was discovered in the wire. When the copper coating became cracked the water would work into the crevices and by constant action so corrode the steel core that a strong wind would snap it off. After three years experimenting with dynamo magnets Snow found that he could cover the steel core in a perfect manner by precipitation. The wire was manufactured by the Compound Wire Company.

During this time many parties became discouraged, and Mr. Snow bought up the stock of the company and had a royalty on all wire made. In 1871 the Electrographic Manufacturing Company was formed, based upon the Leggo automatic system of telegraphy, by which 800 or 1000 words a minute could be sent each way over one wire. In June, 1881, the Postal Telegraph Company was formed. Mr. Snow obtained from Wallace & Son a bond for a deed of their factory at Ansonia. The Electrographic Manufacturing Company was merged into the Postal Telegraph Company. Parties interested in the Postal Telegraph formed a syndicate and advanced plaintiff $50,000, and subsequently $40,000 on the factory. The Postal Telegraph Company was formed with $10,000,000 in bonds and $21,000,000 in stock. On January 13 Snow entered into a contract with the Postal Telegraph Company to convey to them the factory and machinery.

A multiple system was invented about this time by which one wire would do the work of several under the old method. The defendant, Alley, controlled this multiple system, called the Gray harmonic. Mr. Shorey, agent for Alley, made a proposition to dispose of four-fifths of the Gray system to the Postal Telegraph Company for 550 of the latter's bonds and $19,000,000 of their $21,000,000 of stock.

A committee selected to consider the matter recommended the acceptance of the proposition, provided the amount of stock to be allowed should be $15,000,000 instead of $16,000,000. Mr. Alley agreed to the committee's proposition, and came into the company under these conditions.

On March 9, 1882, at the time the Postal Telegraph Company was organized, Mr. Snow was a director, but subsequently resigned, and was not a member at the time of the purchase of the Gray harmonic, and objected to the transaction. Some time in April Mr. Alley went to George D. Roberts and said: "I think we ought to get some bonds from Mr. Snow, and I think if you can get Mr. Cummins to assist we can get them." Cummins was the vice-president. Mr. Snow met them at Alley's room in New York. Mr. Alley informed Mr. Snow that it was a grand scheme, and that he was much interested and would go right ahead and build a line to Chicago. But Mr. Alley said that he must have $150,000 bonds for his influence. Mr. Cummins said if Mr. Snow would give Mr. Alley $75,000, he (Cummins) would contribute a like amount.

Mr. Snow said he wanted some money, and that if Mr. Alley would advance him $20,000 on the bonds under a lien in the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company and $16,000 on thirty-two bonds for personal use, he would advance the $150,000 bonds to Mr. Alley. Mr. Snow signed a paper which he supposed contained the verbal agreement made a few days previous.

Mr. Alley denied that he made any such agreement. It was also stated that Mr. Alley had promised to exert his influence in Washington, and that this influence, as much as the money, was the consideration implied in the agreement.

The trial lasted three days, and the evidence of all the parties revealed some curious features in the formation of stock companies, some of which would make interesting reading. The jury returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff not only for the amount claimed, but added $2000 for interest.

Mr. Alley's counsel promptly filed a motion for a new trial, on the ground that the damages were excessive, and the motion for a re-hearing will be decided in a few days.

HE WILL GO OVER THE FALLS.

Another Niagara Fiend Booked for the Fourth of Next July.

BUFFALO, N. Y., December 4.—J. Walsh of this city says: "I know a young man that hails from Troy who is going to beat Donovan, Hazelett, Potts and Graham. He is going to dive from the International bridge at Black rock and get into a whiskey barrel fixed up for the occasion and float down over the falls of Niagara, and will go through the Whirlpool rapids, and if he comes out all right he will jump from the highest point of the suspension bridge. There he will have some men in a boat to take him out of the water. He is going to perform this great feat on the 4th of July next, in full view of everybody.

"Three years ago last June he jumped from Genesee Falls bridge at Rochester, and came out all right. He doesn't do this for money, but to beat Donovan, Graham, Hazlett and Potts."

TORTURING CHINESE LABORERS

They are Hung Up by Their Queues Till They Give Up Their Money.

BIG SPRINGS, Tex., November 30.—A most daring robbery was committed at Morita, the first siding on the line of the Texas & Pacific Railway, ten miles west of here, at midnight last night. The only inhabitants of the place are a gang of fifty Chinese section hands and a white foreman. At about midnight the Chinamen were waited upon by fifty masked men who demanded their money. Upon refusing to give up their hard-earned cash, they were one at a time hung up by their queues until they gave up their money. The robbers, thinking they had not got all the cash in the camp, returned and tortured one of the Chinamen by holding him on a hot stove until his comrades gave up the balance of their money, some $500 in all. One Celestial had his queue cut off and was otherwise horribly tortured. No arrests have been made.

NO BUNCH GRASS ON THE PLAINS.

The Cattle Business is Reported Injured by Lack of Fodder.

CHICAGO, Ill., December 3.—A number of Chicagoans have arrived home from the plains and the news they bring is not flattering. The bunch grass is gone. It has been burned over by prairie fire, trampled on by thousands of hoofs, and eaten by the cattle until it has at last been driven out. The pastures have grown smaller and smaller, the herds bigger and bigger. The grass has meanwhile been eaten closer, until last summer bunch grass grew only to the height of a few inches. Now the whole cattle-grazing country is in a panic. The beeves are going into a hard winter with no fodder. At Laramie overcrowding has eaten the grass so fast that seed, root and all have been devoured. The result will be vast and widespread liquidation among the cattle raisers.

Some newspaper articles have been written on the deplorable plight of the cattlemen, but the news brought back by this party of Chicagoans makes the matter much more sensational than anybody here could believe possible. They predict disaster for that whole industry out there. It is absolutely inevitable, they say, that thousands of cattle should starve this winter, and many great cattle owners are simply staring ruin in the face.

Died from Eating Molasses Candy.

ROCHESTER, N. H., December 5.—Cora Hodgdon, 26 years of age, of Epping, N. H., who has lived with Mrs. R. M. Roberts for some time, died last night under peculiar circumstances. The previous evening the family partook of molasses candy made in the house, all being made sick; but all recovered except the deceased. It is thought the molasses used was impure.

KILLED AND MISSING.

An Old Mine in Pittston, Penn., Caves In.

Houses of the Miners Go Down Into the Bowels of the Earth.

Robbing the Pillars of Coal the Cause of the Accident.

WILKESBARRE, Penn., December 4.—A great cave-in took place at the Fairmount colliery, situated in Pittston, this afternoon. In places the earth's surface has gone down a distance of ten feet. A half-dozen houses, occupied by miners and their families, were totally wrecked. The dwellings of Mrs Welsh, Patrick Barrow and Michael Kerrigan tumbled down when the crash came. The inmates had a narrow escape with their lives. A daughter of Mrs. Welsh, who was sick in bed, had to be removed on a sofa to a place of safety.

Unlike most depressions in the earth's surface when the pillars in a mine give way, the one today sent out an alarm; otherwise all the people in the houses wrecked would have been killed. The earth did not fall all of a sudden, but went down in sections, and, as each section fell, it was followed by a loud report. The alarm was sent from house to house, and in this way the people were enabled to make their escape. For a while, great excitement prevailed and the inmates of the houses, who were in no danger whatever, joined the fleeing multitude from the section which was affected.

The women and children who were thus compelled to vacate their little homes suffered greatly from the cold. Tonight they are being taken care of by kind neighbors, who will shelter them until all danger is past, or until they can procure new homes. A still further cave-in is expected before morning, and the people have been warned not to return to their wrecked houses lest they be swallowed up.

Experienced miners say it is the worst cave-in they ever saw. In fact, from the appearance of things on the surface, it looks as though the earth had no support whatever from below.

In some places the fissures are wide and deep enough to allow a horse and wagon to drop through, and in other places, particularly in the low land, it looks as though an earthquake had taken place, or a volcano had sent forth an eruption. Last May a similar cave-in took place at this mine, but it was not so disastrous. The mine, which is pretty well worked out, was then abandoned, but about two months ago it was again opened, and 150 men and boys put to work to mine coal, which was nothing more nor less than robbing the pillars, as there was no other kind of coal in the mine.

The pillars contain the best kind of coal and are a great temptation to the miner when he is hard pushed. It was while this work of robbing the pillars was going on this afternoon that the squeeze took place. In a distant and abandoned portion of the mine a great fall of rock was heard, the concussion being so great that the ground upon which the miners were standing shook like a leaf. Terror-stricken, the men threw down their tools, and fled for their lives. It was an awful struggle against death.

The miners in the east chambers struck out for the main gangway, but they had not gone far when their progress was stopped by crushed timber and rock. There was now danger of suffocation from fire damp, as the blockading of the gangways shut off the air supply. The men returned as quickly as possibly to the slope, the roof over their heads cracking and falling to the bottom in many places.

While thus fleeing to a place of safety forty tons of rock or more fell on two Polanders named Joseph Ardeche and Michael Schwartz, burying them completely out of sight. Their companions dared not stop to rescue their bodies, lest the roof cave in ahead of them and thus hem them in again. The gas was now accumulating in large quantities, and to prevent an explosion all the lamps were extinguished. This left the mine in entire darkness, and the men were compelled to creep on their hands and knees for a distance of a mile and a quarter, when they reached the bottom of the slope. Some of them were so greatly exhausted after their experience that they had to be lifted to the carriage and hoisted up. The escape of the whole party is considered a miraculous one.

A Polander and a Hungarian are still missing and it is feared they were caught in the crash and killed. The interior of the mine is a total wreck. About thirty-three mules perished. The cries of the poor beasts, who were the first to scent danger, was one of the heartrending scenes. A physician says Miss Walsh will not recover from the shock sustained by her hasty removal from her mother's home.

PRESIDENTIAL PLUMS.

Some of Them That Have Fallen Into the Laps of New Englanders.

WASHINGTON, December 3.—The President today appointed Charles B. Morton of Maine to be commissioner of navigation. John Cousins to be collector of customs for the district of Kennebunk, Me.

Frank Parkhurst of Providence, R. I., was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court today.

The postmaster-general has appointed Phineas Eames a fourth-class postmaster of Embden, Me. Colonel Morton resides at Augusta, Me., and was a prominent applicant for the postmastership of that city when Mr. Manley was removed.

G. M. McCarty of Massachusetts was today assigned to a $1000 clerkship in the War Department.

INDEPENDENT SIGNAL SERVICE.

A Proposition to Establish One Along the Railroad Lines.

WASHINGTON, December 6.—Considerable talk has been occasioned in signal service circles by the establishment of an independent system of meteorological observations for public and private use along the Union Pacific Railroad Company's lines. The signal service of the United States has detailed a lieutenant to take charge of the service, and thirty stations are to be established at once. Since the inauguration of this system a number of railroad companies throughout the country have communicated with the signal service bureau for the purpose of ascertaining the cost of maintaining a private system of observation, and what encouragement the government can lend to such projects.

The purpose of the transportation companies, in making observations, and promulgating them along their lines is twofold—for their own guidance in business affairs and to help shippers in their work. Three or four of the great Southwestern systems will undoubtedly be supplied after the manner being instituted by the Union Pacific, and, within the next year, Congress is to be asked to make provisions to institute thereby the assignment of practical men in instituting local and signal service. The advantage of this individual system work is in making it local. Under it the inhabitants of small sections of country, such as portions of States and counties, will be informed as to the existing state of weather, instead of having to depend upon generalities, as now.

SHE MUST ALWAYS RECLINE.

Mrs. John Davis Has Become a Hopeless Invalid.

WASHINGTON, December 1.—Mrs. John Davis, the second daughter of the late Secretary of State Frelinghuysen, and wife of Judge Davis of the Court of Claims, has become a hopeless invalid. She has never recovered from the injuries received by being thrown from a drag at Lenox, Mass., last summer.

The other day Mrs. Davis felt so well that she thought she would try to walk down stairs with assistance. This was her first attempt to walk since the injury. She had taken but a few steps when she fell from a stroke of paralysis. The attack was severe, but does not extend above the legs. The physician in attendance does not think Mrs. Davis will ever be able to walk again, but at the same time her general health will probably be good, so that she may live for years, but will always have to remain in a reclining position.

Work of the Postmaster General.

WASHINGTON, December 2.—During the month of November the postmaster-general established 239 fourth-class post offices and discontinued 218. The postmaster-general has appointed Mrs. Mary E. Calif a fourth-class postmaster at East Barrington, N. H.

AROUND THE FARM.

The Action of Nitrate of Soda.

The discovery that all nitrogenous matter must be converted into nitric acid before our cultivated plants can use it, has thrown much light on many questions which have hitherto perplexed the farmer, the fruit-grower, the gardener and the chemist. It may be well, therefore, to state briefly a few of the well-ascertained facts bearing on this matter:

1. A soil containing much organic matter, such as decaying leaves, weeds, roots, grass, clover and manure, will hold much more water than a soil from which this organic matter has been removed by years of cultivation. On the field at Rothamsted, where wheat has been grown for over forty years, with and without manure, the different plots have an underdrain running beneath them. The drains are so constructed that the number of the runnings can be seen and samples of the water taken for analysis. One plot has had fourteen tons of manure applied to it every year, while the plot adjoining has had no manure of any kind applied. Both plots have been sown to wheat every year for forty years. The plots lie side by side. For fifteen years (1867-1881) a record has been kept of the number of days that the drains discharged water. During the fifteen years, the total number of days on which the drains ran were as follows: From April to September, inclusive, manured plot, ten days; no manure plot, forty-nine days. From October to March, inclusive, manured plot, sixty-two days; no manure plot, 178 days. The amount of water contained in the soil to the depth of three feet, when thoroughly saturated in the winter, was: No manure plot, 1396 tons; manured plot, 1610 tons. In other words, the plot containing much organic matter was capable of holding 214 tons (479,360 pounds) more water per acre than the plot without manure.

2. Nitrogen is the most costly ingredient of plant food or manure. When there is no deficiency of other ingredients, such as phosphoric acid, potash, lime, etc., the yield of many of our most important crops, within the limits of the season, is in proportion to the amount of nitrogen in an available condition, furnished by the soil or manure.

3. The nitrogen in grain, straw, clover, roots and other organic matter is combined with carbon, and cannot be taken up by our ordinary cultivated plants until it is decomposed and converted into nitric acid.

4. The organic matter of the soil, when free from roots and leaves and other fresh or partially decayed matter, contains less carbon, and, consequently, a higher percentage of nitrogen than the fresh organic matter.

5. Grass land, like the prairies of the West, gets richer in nitrogen in the first nine inches of surface soil from the partial decay of grass and roots.

6. When the soil is ploughed and exposed to the atmosphere, the nitrogenous organic matter is converted into nitric acid. The nitric acid unites with the lime of the soil. This nitrate of lime is very soluble in water, and if the plants do not take it up, it leaches into the porous subsoil or underdrains, or passes off in the surface drainage.

7. It is almost impossible to keep land free from vegetation. Grass and weeds spring up wherever there is food for them, and keep the nitrate from running to waste. They convert the soluble nitrate into insoluble organic matter, and it may be many years, or even many centuries, before this organic matter is converted back into soluble nitrate.

8. The object of agriculture is to convert the organic matter into soluble nitrate and use it for the production of valuable crops.

9. The most vigorous plants get the lion's share of nitrate and other food, and weeds are more vigorous than our valuable plants.

10. It is only recently that we have discovered how the insoluble organic matter of the soil, and roots and vegetable matter and manure, are converted into soluble nitric acid. The change is effected through the action of a minute living plant. This plant can grow only when the soil is warm and moist, and in the presence of air and lime, or potash, or soda, or other base. If the soil is too wet or too cold, its growth stops, and no nitrate is formed.

11. During the warm weather in June, July and August, if the soil is moist and exposed to the atmosphere by ploughing and cultivating, the growth of this minute plant is rapid, and much nitrate is formed.

12. If the soil is under crop, or weeds are allowed to grow, the nitrate is taken up by the plants and converted back into organic matter. If the land is fallow the nitrate lies in the soil ready for any crop we may sow, wheat or winter rye, for instance, in the fall. If we sow nothing and no weeds are allowed to grow, we run considerable risk that the nitrate may be washed out of the soil by the rains of winter or early spring.

13. Summer fallowing, if the land is not sown in the fall, is a wasteful process. The nitrates formed in the moist soil during summer would, in many sections, be leached out of the soil in winter.

14. Fall ploughing, if followed by warm weather and an open, wet winter, would be likely to entail a similar, though smaller, loss.

15. If there was no leaching during winter or early spring, fall ploughing would be very beneficial.

16. In the Northwest, where the land is frozen solid all winter, summer fallowing or fall ploughing would be attended with great benefit and little or no loss, while in sections where the winters are mild and wet the same practice might entail much loss of nitrates. Good crops might be obtained, but the soil would get rapidly poorer.

17. With our present knowledge, it is not easy to understand how crops which require considerable nitrate early in the spring are enabled to get it. We can see how they get it in the Northwest, or in any section where there is no drainage during the winter or early spring. The nitrates formed during the warm weather of the previous summer and autumn are retained in the soil. But in sections where the nitrates are liable to be washed out, how are early crops to get their nitrogen?

18. We get nitrate in properly managed barnyard or stable manure, but at the best only a comparatively small quantity, and, if we depend on this manure, it will be necessary, for early crops, to apply in excessive quantity. The nitrogen is in the manure, as well as in the organic matter of the soil also, but it will not be converted into nitrate until the soil is warm enough for the plant which produces the change to grow.

19. It is for this reason that I think it probable that an application of nitrate to our peach trees early in the spring, may prove very beneficial.

20. It is a well-known fact that gardeners apply large quantities of manure to all crops that they wish to "force" early in the spring in the open air. If they would try nitrate of soda, or nitrate of potash (common saltpetre), they would not need to use such an excessive quantity of manure.

In regard to the question "How are early crops to get their nitrates in the spring?" there is one new fact stated by Lawes and Gilbert that should not be overlooked.

The field on which beans had been grown for many years, with different manures, got foul and was summer-fallowed for four years in succession. On the 9th of April, 1883, samples of the soil were analyzed. On the plot which had received no manure, the amount of nitrogen per acre to the depth of nine inches, in the form of nitric acid, was four and a half pounds. Where minerals and ammonia, or nitrate of soda had been used, there was, in the same depth, not quite three and a half pounds; but where farm-yard manure had been used there was a little over thirteen and a half pounds of nitrogen, in the form of nitric acid. During the previous autumn and winter "there had been a great excess of both rain and drainage," and yet the manured land contained as much nitric acid as is contained in ninety pounds of nitrate of soda; while where no manure had been used, or where artificial manures had been used, there was only one-fourth as much.

When I wrote the seventeenth paragraph above I was not aware of this fact. It shows that we can get nitric acid in the soil for early crops, early in the spring, by previously manuring the land, not with artificial fertilizers, but by the use of common manure. But if we want to provide enough for the use of plants early in the spring, we have to use the manure in excessive quantity. The practical conclusion is that the gardener especially must not attempt to dispense with the use of stable manure, but he can get as good results at much less cost by using a smaller quantity of manure and furnishing the desired nitrogen in the form of nitrate of soda or saltpetre. The reason why the nitrate is more completely washed out of the soil where no farmyard manure had been used is owing to the fact that a soil containing a good quantity of manure or other organic matter holds more water, and this water holds the nitrates.

Practical farmers and gardeners have always insisted on the importance of keeping the soil well furnished with organic matter, either by ploughing under sod or green crops, or by the application of manure, while the fact that Lawes & Gilbert have grown large crops of wheat every year in succession for over forty years by the use of artificial fertilizers, and also large crops of barley, beets and potatoes in the same way; and the additional fact that Mr. Prout could carry on a large farm and grow large crops without keeping any stock or making any manure—selling the crops of grain, roots and hay by auction every year while growing—all these facts, and many similar ones, were supposed to show that there was no necessity of furnishing organic matter to the soil. Villes' book, "High Farming Without Manure," embodied and advocated this doctrine. In one sense it is true. But all the more recent facts seem to show that practical farmers and gardeners were right. We should aim to keep up the supply of organic matter in the soil.—[Joseph Harris, in Agriculturist.

Grape Cuttings.

It is now time for making grape cuttings and putting them in condition for the winter. Different methods are in use for their preservation during the cold season, but all of them include the idea of keeping them moist and unfrozen. Freezing ruptures the cells and makes the cuttings decay; heat without moisture dries them up, and they cannot take root. Every perfect cutting has sap enough stored away in its cells to make it take root if properly treated. I have been successful in raising vines from cuttings by three different methods.

1. Take cuttings of two buds, in the fall, from last year's wood; tie them in bundles properly labelled and bury them in the ground out of the reach of frost, or protected from frost in some way. They should be cut quite close to the lower bud, and a space of an inch or two should be left above the upper bud. In the spring set them in fine loam in a warm location; keep them moist and there will be no trouble in making them live.

2. Take cuttings of two buds, as before; place them in earth in pots or boxes in the cellar, the cuttings being set as you would set them for growth out of doors, being careful to place them where they will not freeze. Keep the earth around them moist all winter. In March or early spring they may be brought into a warm room, and they will start very early.

3. Take two-bud cuttings in the fall, bundle and label, the buts being all placed the same way, and put them into pails or any vessel that will hold water. Put in the bundles buts down, and keep an inch or two of water in the vessel all winter. Care must be taken that the water does not evaporate and leave the cuttings dry, as it would be fatal to them. They should be kept in a cool cellar, where the mercury is above freezing point. In March they can be put into pots or boxes of earth, and placed in a warm room, or where the ground is warm enough out of doors they can be set where they are to remain.

I have been more successful in this last way than in any other. The cuttings come out bright in the spring, start immediately, and the vines make a good growth. It may not be the best way for nurserymen, but for small growers I do not know of any better method.

Protecting Frames with Cloth.

In many portions of the country it is difficult to get sashes, and with many, too, their cost is such as to make them unattainable. Ordinary cotton cloth or muslin, treated with linseed oil and sugar of lead, has been used, but this makes the cloth very heavy, and a light fabric, such as we have recently used, is much better. In the Southern States, where a slight protection only is needed to ward off frosts for a few nights, the use of protecting cloth will be a very great boon. The past winter (1886), millions of cabbage and cauliflower plants were lost in Georgia, South Carolina and Florida, all of which might have been saved by the use of this cloth for protection. In our experiments with it the past winter we found that while the thermometer marked 25° above zero, the temperature under this covering was 30° above zero, while under the protection of sashes it was 32°, or but 2° higher. All experienced cultivators know that the difference of 5° in temperature in most cases would save nearly all plants exposed in the open air to the danger of injury by frost. Could the orange trees of Florida have been enveloped in protecting cloth the past winter, I doubt if a bud would have been injured. Of course, in that case, it would have been impracticable to do so, but it is easily practicable to protect low-growing plants, such as cabbage plants or fruiting strawberry crops. A gentleman from Florida told me, last winter, that he had repeatedly saved his crop of strawberries—covering an acre while in bloom—from early frost, by the use of ordinary cotton cloth, thereby vastly increasing the value of his crop.

This protecting cloth, while being no cheaper than ordinary grades of cotton cloth, has the advantage in being so prepared that it is mildew proof, and with ordinary care will last five years. It is made in yard widths, and can be shaped for use according to circumstances. Probably the simplest way is to tack it to light frames, three by six feet, and use these in the same manner as sashes. Such "sashes," made of protecting cloth, would cost not more than twenty cents each, while glass sashes, to say nothing of expense in freighting, cost $2 each. Besides, in the hands of inexperienced cultivators, the protecting cloth is safest; for, if this covering is left on in the daytime, when the sun is shining, there is comparative little rise of temperature underneath it, while it is well known that if ventilation of frames covered by glass sashes is not carefully attended to, the crop beneath may be quickly ruined. The past spring we covered a lot of cabbage plants with the protecting cloth for three weeks, never once taking it off, night or day, and the plants were nearly as good as those covered by sashes.—[Peter Henderson, in Agriculturist.

Ration for Fattening Steers.

Will Professor Stewart please say what amounts (in pounds) of the following feeds will make a well-balanced ration for fattening three-year-old steers: Timothy and clover hay, oats at 32 cents per bushel, barley at one cent per pound, shorts at $20 per ton, and bran at $20? Have at present twenty steers—seventeen three-year-olds and three two-year-olds. I wish to feed for beef for the Easter market. These steers have cost about three cents per pound, and would bring over four and a half or five cents at Easter. If I can get the market prices for my feed it is all I expect, as the manure will more than cover the expense of the labor. Other feeds can be had at about the following prices: Corn at 1½ cents per pound, flaxseed at 2 cents, rice meal at $20 per ton, and wheat at 1⅔ cents per pound.

[Answer by Professor E. W. Stewart.]

This is a pretty hard problem to solve, to take lean three-year-old steers, weighing probably 850 to 900 pounds, in that cold climate, and fattening them for Easter beef—costing three cents, and selling four and one-half cents, possibly five cents. The latter figure would help out very much. Such kind of cattle generally require good feeding for about four weeks to put them in a thrifty condition. One part of the ration to produce the best result, would be eight bushels of oats, seven bushels of barley and one of flaxseed, all ground together fine. This flaxseed completely changes the effect of the ration upon unthrifty steers. The proportion is small, but the oil is very soothing to the digestive organs, and will prevent or cure any tendency to constipation or looseness. It will show itself in smoothing down the hair, brightening the eye, and in the whole appearance of the animal. When the steers are first put up to feed, it will be well to feed ten pounds of this mixture per day, so as to cleanse the digestive organs; afterward, not more than five or six pounds will be given.

But we must explain, at this point, that no grain is to be fed alone. This is the great error of most feeders, giving grain and hay separately, both the grain and the hay lose a large percentage of their food value by separating them. To feed cattle in the best way, the hay should all be cut and moistened and the ground feed mixed with it, so that the two become blended together; on mastication it all enters the rumen together, and, after being subjected to the mascerating process of the rumen, is raised and well remasticated, when it passes to the manifolds. This hay, mixed with the grain, gives a porous condition to the food all through the processes of digestion, and the food elements are the most completely digested and assimilated. Fattening cattle need no more hay than is sufficient to mix with the grain. Long, dry hay, given between feeds, will only obstruct digestion.

To test the different effects of the two systems of feeding, the one mingling the hay and grain and the other feeding them separately, it is only necessary to examine the droppings. When the grain and hay are completely mingled, the droppings will be found to contain no undigested food; but in the other case from 15 to 20 per cent. of undigested food will be found in the droppings. If the hay is clover, a larger proportion of it may be profitably used. The best clover contains the digestible elements of a fattening ration. The best clover will assist in digesting the other elements of the ration; but it is quite otherwise with common hay, such as timothy and red-top. Only so much of this should be fed as is required to give bulk to the grain.

We will now consider the best ration to feed to the steers from the materials he mentions. We will suppose the hay to be half clover and half timothy, but only estimate a common quality; and the balance of the ration is made up of bran and the mixture of oats, barley and flaxseed.

	Albuminoids. lbs.	Carbo-hydrates. lbs.	Fat. lbs.
14 lbs clover and timothy	0.89	5.69	0.18
6 lbs bran	0.60	3.00	0.09
6 lbs oats, barley and flaxseed	0.60	3.06	0.24
Total	2.09	11.75	0.51

This is not a strong ration, having a nutritive ratio of 1 to 6.1; but it will answer very well for this class of steers, since they are lean and can use a larger proportion of carbo-hydrates than steers of higher grade. It would not pay to feed corn meal, as it costs more than barley. In case no clover hay is fed, then twelve pounds of timothy or meadow hay is all that is needed, and there must be two pounds more added to the grain ration. The greatest care must be taken to mix the grain intimately with the hay, and feed no more hay than twelve pounds.

These steers should gain at least 300 pounds, and if we suppose them to average 850 pounds at the start, this would make them average 1150 pounds at Easter. This would give an average, at 4½ cents, of $26 25 per head, which should about pay for the food, leaving the manure to balance labor. But everything depends upon the complete saving of the liquid and solid droppings; and it should be presumed that the stable, where these steers are to be fed, is warm and well ventilated, so that no food is to be lost by a low temperature. All these necessary points must be presumed, as they are not mentioned.—[Country Gentleman.

Possibilities in Pigs.

The possibilities and the profits in pigs have never been demonstrated on many farms. The idea of making the hogs anything more than a necessary sort of nuisance is quite a new idea in the older States.

The chief reason why these animals are thus held in questionable esteem is because preparations are not made for their keeping and feeding. When a man is obliged to confine his swine, old and young, in a close pen or a yard during the summer, or perhaps during all of their lives, and to wait on them; and to see daily his stores of harvested food getting less and less under the vociferous calls of their unparalleled appetites; no wonder he has a poor opinion of them. The opposite is equally true. When ample arrangements are made for the comfort, and for gratifying the natural instincts of hogs they will be very little trouble, and their rearing may be made profitable.

How shall this be done? is the practical question. There must be a hog pasture, and in it a shed for them to lie under. The amount of extra food they may require depends on the kind of hogs put into the pasture. Sows, to have pigs, require nothing more than the grass until the pigs are three or four days old, and then the addition of a little slop made of middlings and water will make the pigs grow and keep the mother in good condition.

When the pigs are three or four weeks old they should have a pasture or yard connected with the main one, where the mother is and in this they should be fed a little extra food out of a shallow trough. They may have milk, wheat middlings mixed with water, dry oats or corn, or what is better a mixture of both. If handy to the house the swill food is best; but if at a distance the corn and oats will do finely.

In this way five sows and their pigs were cared for this summer on Kirby homestead, and they grew very fast. The field was a quarter of a mile away, and on this account the sows were only fed night and morning two pailfuls of meal or middlings and water. The pigs ran with the sows, and ate grass. When the sows were all dried up they were put into closer quarters and fattened and the pigs sold for breeders. These sows and pigs were made partners in enriching this field, which next year will yield a great deal more grass or a better crop of corn for the good the hogs did it.

Another lot of sows were put into a field the same way, with the same arrangements for giving the little pigs extra food, and they were fed in a similar manner and kept right there until autumn after the roots were harvested, and then they were turned into the root lot to eat up the leaves and scattering roots. They are there today, (November 15), and any one of these old sows or pigs, will make good pork, or the best of breeders. They are all healthy and vigorous and fat enough. They sleep in a snug building and cold mornings get some apples but no grain of any kind. The pigs got middlings and water up to the time of being turned into the root lot. There is enough food in this field to last these hogs for weeks if they are not driven off by cold. Here they root and dig in the snow and earth to their heart's content. This is nature and it is the way to raise breeding hogs. They will have the run out of doors and this field all winter. Another lot of sows and pigs were reared in the apple orchard and managed the same as the others, with the addition of the apples which fell off; this lot required very little extra food. They run in the orchard now and pick up the stray apples and eat the tops of the Swedish turnips which are thrown over to them three times a day. These tops are in heaps in the turnip field, and are drawn for the hogs by the wagon load; store hogs will do well on them, and they are excellent supplementary food for fattening hogs or for the small pigs. All of the pigs in the pens, and there are more than fifty, get their leaves twice a day. A heap is kept by the hog-house for this purpose. Of the 100 hogs now on the farm, none but those in the fattening pens are fed grain more than once a day, and many of these are fed none at all.

When the root tops are all exhausted then the apples and roots in the hog house cellar will be fed in turn.

A lot of boar pigs are in a yard with a warm sty adjoining, and here they get leaves, apples and the swill from the house, with a little bran stirred in it. They will do credit to the Duroc-Jerseys anywhere and they will be kept all winter on this simple food and where they have plenty of out door stirring around.

This kind of rearing makes plenty of muscle and good strong bones. They are privileged to dig ten feet into the earth if they want to. The coal ashes and fine cinders are all given to the hogs. They will eat every bit. Those in the fattening pens are in the most need of them and relish them the most. The late pigs are fed the milk, and when this is short wheat middlings mixed with water, although we try to always have in their barrel a supply ahead of the water, middlings and milk mixed. They get some shelled corn, leaves and apples.

Out of more than 250 swine on the farm, the past year, none have died from sickness. Hogs want more or less of succulent food, lots of out of doors, to be kept clean and not many in a bunch, and they will do well.—[Colonel F. D. Curtis, in New Hampshire Mirror.

Winter Protection of Wheat.

The above heading is not restricted to any one method of protection, as by covering, but is used in a general sense. That winter killing is a source of great loss to the wheat raiser needs no discussion. I will briefly attempt to point out some of the causes and suggest some things of a remedial nature. Some of the chief causes of winter-killing may be enumerated as follows: Lack of proper preparation of the soil, lack of drainage, too late sowing, repeated freezing and thawing, and last and also as I believe least, extremely low temperature at which the plant is actually frozen to death.

As to the first cause mentioned, preparation of the soil has already been discussed in this series of articles, and need not be repeated here. I will only add that the remedy here is entirely within the reach of every farmer who cultivates an acre of soil.

Insufficient drainage is a very prominent cause of winter-killing, and is, so far as my observations go, intimately connected with what is termed "freezing out" that they should be discussed together. Soil that is poorly drained cannot be worked into prime condition under any circumstances nor with any manner of tools. Drainage is the thing demanded for success, and the farmer will pay for the drain many times over if he does not provide it.

The roots of plants cannot thrive in a soil soaked with water, even if we had not the severe freezes of winter to contend with. The subsoil of poorly drained land is usually hard and non-porous, water which falls upon it is absorbed into the surface soil until it is full, then must remain in pools or flow away over the surface as the contour of the land may be. On the contrary, well-drained land (if properly prepared) has a porous subsoil capable of receiving much moisture in a wet season, leaving the surface soil much more compact, and all of the excess of moisture will eventually be carried away through the drains.

Water, in freezing, expands about one-tenth of its bulk, and on this fact alone depends the so-called honeycomb freezes which are so fatal to the wheat plants. My observation for several years has led me to believe that repeated freezes and thaws are not nearly so injurious on well drained land. That the drain is entirely efficacious in this case I am not yet prepared to believe, from the fact that this condition of the atmosphere is very favorable to the position of moisture in the surface soil, and, too, at a time when the drains cannot act. However, I have carefully observed this point for several years and am satisfied that well drained land where carefully put in especially well compact, when dry is not injured anything like undrained soil. Frequent freezing and thawing is very considerably counteracted in its ill effects by the use of a slight mulch.

Just what may be the best in the way of mulch and how it should be applied I have not had opportunities to fully determine. Mulch as a protection to tender varieties is not a success in a severe winter.

If mulching could be done just as the ground freezes with some light substance which would disappear in the soil on the opening of spring, I am satisfied it would serve a good purpose as a protection first, and secondly as a fertilizer. Mulching with any substance which will remain in any quantity on the surface during the growing months of the crop is sure to result in damage. The amount of injury the wheat plants receive from the fierce winter winds which blow over exposed fields is difficult to say, but I am satisfied it is considerable. This would suggest protection of some sort. Whether mulching or the growing of wind-breaks is better must be settled by actual practice, but of the fact that winds are every year becoming more destructive to crops both in winter and summer, cannot be doubted.

That too late sowing is a fruitful source of winter-killing, one need only to ride through the country at this time of the year, and again in the spring, to be convinced. Despite the best of opportunities, I now see many fields in the surrounding country which cannot fail to be injured by an ordinarily severe winter. Experiments have plainly shown that the limit of time for seeding in all ordinary seasons is quite wide, yet all should avoid the extremes either of earliness or lateness.

Of the fact that wheat is at times frozen to death in the soil under the most favorable conditions as to the preparation and drainage of soil, time of sowing, etc., I have not had a doubt since the winter of '84-'85. The wheat plats on the greater part of the experiment field were frozen so dead that winter that many of them did not produce a stalk, and none of them anything to speak of. The plants, so far as could be seen, were uninjured, except that the blades were frozen. A heavy harrow did not disturb them in the soil, but they, in most cases, did not start a blade.

This field lay high and exposed. On the bottoms a short distance away, but at thirty to fifty feet lower level, the blades of the plants were badly frozen, but came on and made a fairly good crop, from fifteen to thirty-two bushels per acre. The reasons for this would be difficult to give, as in instances observed by me, lowland wheat was killed and upland survived, and vice versa. However, differences of exposure and moisture in the soil doubtless had much to do with it. As the forces and elements of nature are round about us, our willing servant if we learn to control them, yet equally our destructive enemies if we disregard their teaching, the discussion of the above and similar topics ought to be of interest.—[Ohio Farmer.

Refuse from Starch Works as a Cattle Food.

The actual value of the refuse from starch works as a food for cattle can be determined most satisfactorily by feeding experiments. And yet, by means of chemical analysis, much valuable information can be obtained regarding the quantity of albuminoids, the criterion for judging of value as a means of producing flesh, because of the nitrogen which is contained therein. An important use of all products in feeding cattle is recommended to increase the proportion of nitrogenous constituents in the ration. In the manufacture of starch from corn the refuse is classed "feed," a considerable proportion of which is cellulose and "gluten," being particles of starch that are uncollected.

Authorities place the "nutritive ratio" to be for oxen at rest 1:12, but for working or growing cattle 1:5 or 1:8 is recommended. The analyses give the nutritive ratio in "feed" 1:53.1, and the "gluten" 1:2.46. So that the feed appears to be very near a normal feed, and at the prices for which it is usually sold is cheaper than many other feeds, based upon its computed cost for each 100 pounds of dry matter. But an actual test by feeding experiments might give different results.—[Germantown Telegraph.

Flowers and Fruits.

Bulb planting may be kept up all during the month, and in fact, until the ground freezes. The newly-planted beds of these should be covered with litter before the winter fairly sets in.

Evergreens, especially the large-leaved kinds, like mahonia and rhododendron, are liable to sun-scald and to injury from sweeping winter gales. A good protection is some evergreen branches with their butt-ends set into the earth, the tops overhanging the bushes on the windward and south sides.

There is no better time than the present for grading, laying drains, making walks, drives and the like. As to the first two, there will then be a chance for due settling by the time of spring garden making. Continual mowing of the lawns weakens the grass plants, to make up for which generous manuring becomes necessary. With poor soil the grass is liable to be crowded out by moss and minute weeds. This is a good season for applying manure. We prefer bone manures and phosphates to stable manures for this purpose because of the odor and unsightliness of the latter.

Protect trees in the streets and lawns by animal guards. This may be done by the use of stakes and barbed or other wire. The stakes may be brought close together at the top, or may be left a little spreading. The number of trees that are injured, and even killed, by the gnawing of animals is a caution to careful growers.

To mulch strawberry beds with a heavy coat of leaves at this season is a good treatment, serving both to protect the roots and to supply needed fertility to the soil. Leaves should not be removed in the spring following, but should be lightly turned under and allowed to decay.

Cactuses for the house, to rest through the fall up to February or March, keeping the soil all but dust-dry, need not go to the cellar, but may be kept on shelves or tables in the living room. A glass case over the more delicate ones will keep them bright and fine.

Callas should now be approaching bloom. At this stage they need much light, space and water for inducing a stocky growth and better flowers. If the soil lacks in richness, a frequent dash of soot or other manure water will help them. Carnations succeed in the window, if kept near the glass, and if the place be cool and airy. Dryness rather suits them, but the soil must be kept moist.

The soil in ferneries should be light and well drained. While ferns and lycopodiums are the plants most used, all moisture-loving plants of a suitable size succeed well in them.

Bulbs flower admirably in the case. Do not crowd the plants. One that has good space and is well developed is finer than a close crowd of many. A little sunshine on the fern case at times is no detriment, and air should be admitted occasionally by tilting up the glass a little at one side.

Avoid extremes of heat for house plants. From 45° to 60° at night is the safest temperature for most kinds. At the former there will be a handsomer plant-growth; by the latter more flowers will be obtained, but they are not so fine as by the cooler treatment.

The potting of young cuttings may be done as soon as they show small roots. To wait until these are out is to spoil many, and the plant will not do as well for this treatment.

In the anxiety to water enough, it is often overdone. The surface of the soil should get quite dry, but before flagging of the leaves takes place in the least, apply water, and enough water to soak the ball of earth through and through. Some plants need much more water than others.

There is no better time in the whole year for trimming fruit trees than this month. Judgment must be used in trimming. The same kind of trimming cannot be given to the Rhode Island Greenings, with its broad-spreading branches, as to the Northern Spy, with its close top, or the Tompkins County King, with its long, upright limbs. While the Northern Spy needs thinning much in the centre, the Rhode Island Greening requires cutting back, and not too many limbs allowed to grow.

We have the best success with all kinds of cuttings by cutting in the fall, tying them in bunches of twenty-five or fifty, and leaving in a protected place during the winter where frost will not disturb them, and taking out and transplanting early in spring.

Less land, less help and expense, and more manure and better cultivation of fruit, and the surplus land in farm crops, is our motto hereafter. First-class fruit will sell at all times at paying rates. Hence we propose to grow better fruit on less land. We have had the best success in keeping apples by wrapping paper around each apple and packing closely in barrels. We prefer packing them in barrels and allowing them to stand even outdoors in a cool, shady place until freezing weather comes on, and then putting in the cellar.

Experienced fruit cultivators do not allow any of the branches of their peach trees to extend more than five feet from the centre, as hardly more than two feet at the outside ever bear fruit. With this care, the trees at any age need never have a spread of more than ten feet. Large orchardists in regions of the country where the trees do not live long after coming into full bearing, let the trees take their own course. Finer peaches would be had with good pruning.

A few days since, we were in Cayuga county, N. Y., and a friend pointed out a peach orchard that had been closely pruned each year, and had not failed a crop for five or six years, while orchards near by, and under just as favorable circumstances, had failed at least half the time. He claimed that the shortening in made the wood hardier.

We advise planting peach trees closely, not over twelve to fourteen feet apart, and cutting back strong and putting only planted crops among them for a year or two, and then giving the ground to the orchard, keeping it well cultivated.

We have two rows of Concord grapes that we have allowed to grow every way, more to get wood for propagation than anything else. We are now renewing it for fruiting purposes by cutting out all the old wood and leaving but two canes of three years' growth, four to six feet long, and by digging well around the roots and working into the soil plenty of compost, expecting thereby to make them productive again.

Instead of selling old cast iron at half a cent per pound, place small pieces near the roots of grapes, currants, gooseberries and fruit trees. It is very beneficial.

Grapes grown on trees are free from disease and yield plentifully. Plant them a rod away from large trees and train them up to limbs, and they will soon run through the trees.

The best way to use bone for immediate effect is to keep a barrel of lye on hand and put in this all bones. Soon phosphate of potash will be formed, which is one of the best fertilizers.

It will be noticed that the sweetest and best crop of plums is grown in dry seasons, thus showing that dry, well-drained upland locations are best for them. The same is true also of grapes.

To increase sucker plants, such as blackberries and red raspberries, rapidly, cut rings around the old bushes, say the first eighteen inches away, and others at three or four inches apart, and you will have plants in abundance next spring.

In dealing with unfruitful pear trees, root pruning will often induce fruitfulness, and sometimes top pruning in March or early in April will answer the same purpose. Some varieties of pears and apples require age before bearing. Over-manuring and working among the trees will cause a strong growth of wood and but little fruit with some sorts. We advise manuring in fall and winter rather than in spring.

Putting Away Apples for Spring.

One fall, when packing apples in Missouri, I run out of barrels, and the coopers were behind with orders, so I could get none. I had four carloads of apples picked in two contiguous orchards near the close of November, and old Boreas was whistling at us, and something had to be done immediately. I decided to bury them and hold them till spring. I selected a gentle slope and spread down a long strip of straw, six inches deep and eight feet wide. I had the apples hauled and banked upon this straw about four or five feet high, making a long ridge or bank of apples that came to an edge on top like the comb of a roof. On each side of this edge I put rails about a foot apart and nailed cleats across them to hold them in place. On the top of these cleats I put two other rails, packing straw between them. I then covered the entire bank with six inches of straw and banked up with six inches of dirt. I made several little boxes of fence boards about two feet long, and placed them on end on the rails about twelve feet apart. These were intended for ventilators. The straw between the rails on top of ridge collected the surplus moisture that rose from the apples and carried it slowly toward ventilators, where it escaped. The straw prevented the frost from working in. When making the ventilators, make the opposite sides longer than the others, and nail a board across the top to keep the rain out. Stuff the ventilator full of straw to keep out snow and frost.

When the ground began to freeze pretty hard, I banked up another foot of dirt.

The latter part of the following March I opened the cave and found a lot of the finest apples I ever tasted. Winesups, Romanites and McAfees were crisp and juicy as could be. White Winter Pearmain was simply delicious. Many of the Janets were cracked open with goodness. I sampled them around among some of the neighbors, and was boasting of my achievement, when I found that many of them had made a practice of keeping apples that way till spring. The only trouble about the plan is they will not keep very long after being exposed. But then I have often heard very careful men complain about their apples not keeping very long in the cellar when they were exposed—to the boys. I found that some put long store boxes in the orchards, lined well with straw, filled with apples, covered with straw and boards, and let them freeze. In the spring they were all right.

I remember when I was a boy in Ohio I saw them put up apples in tight barrels, roll them together under a tree and cover them with straw, and when they thawed out in the spring ship them to Cincinnati. But no apples that are kept till spring are as high flavored as those that are buried under the soil.—[Indiana Farmer.

What Farmers Should Know.

Those who wish to store onions must look carefully at two points in preparing them. First, the onions should be ripe; second, they should be taken from the field and kept dry before they begin to grow.

Onions are sometimes topped in the field, sometimes in the barn. This point is not material. They keep well with the tops on if dry and ripe, and in storing them all "scullions" and "bull necks" should be carefully picked out and sold at once for what they will bring, or used up for making pickles.

Onions are best kept in fall on a dry floor or loft or on shelves spread out as thinly as possible. If room is scarce they may be piled three or four feet deep, if perfectly dry, and if they can be overhauled quickly in case of heating. As cold weather comes on, about December first, they may be frozen and then covered so as not to thaw out till spring, which can be done in any shady place out of doors, the north side of a barn being excellent. Pile them one or two feet deep and leave them uncovered till frozen hard clear through, and then cover with litter so that they will not thaw till spring. If, however, it is desired to use them in winter, a good way is to pack them in barrels or open-sided bins in a cool cellar where the temperature is not much above the freezing point. If warm weather prevails some of them will begin to grow, and toward spring they will need to be assorted over so as to pick out those that sprout. The drier and cooler the cellar, and the smaller the bins or packages in which they are stored the better they will keep.

Bones are a great fertilizer, and should be carefully preserved. They have been applied to land in a variety of ways. Formerly they were simply crushed, and so spread on the land. Sometimes finely crushed bones were laid in heaps, moistened and covered with earth for about a week or ten days before they were applied; they heated, became more or less soft, and afforded in consequence a greater immediate supply of food than if they had been used in the raw state. This was a point of considerable importance in the culture of the turnip. The young plants were more speedily pushed into the rough leaf, and had a better chance of escaping the ravages of the fly in consequence. Crushed bones may be more effectually reduced by mixing them with fermenting manure. Fresh wood ashes, moistened, have also the power of reducing bones. But the mode of decomposing bones now most extensively practiced is to dissolve them by means of sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol). The substance obtained by this process is that known as superphosphate of lime. Bones treated in this way have a more powerful immediate action than crushed bones, but the latter produce a more permanent effect. Bones seem to be a peculiarly grateful food to fruit trees. Barry remarks that "in taking up trees from soil where bones have been used as manure, we find every particle within reach of the roots completely enveloped in masses of fibre." Clement Hoare, in his excellent "Treatise on the Culture of the Grape Vine," states that a large bone, which was dug out of a vine border, was covered with a network of fibres inside and out, and the roots, instead of passing into the soil beyond, when they reached the end of the bone, had turned over the edge and passed inside. Superphosphate of lime is said by Lindley to facilitate the emission of roots by newly-transplanted trees.

Dr. Hoskins of northern Vermont writes to the Maine Board of Agriculture that fully one-half of New England, all of New Brunswick and Quebec, a large part of Ontario, a fourth of New York, Wisconsin, Dakota, Minnesota, Montana, eastern Washington, northern Illinois and Iowa and Manitoba, must grow what are called ironclads, or grow nothing. Three varieties of the apple have been well tested for this purpose, their hardiness being proved in the following order, namely, Red Astrachan, Alexander, Oldenburg, the latter enduring any climate. The Russian apples vary in hardiness. The Oldenburg withstands 40° below zero without harm. Among the hardy summer Russian apples he names Yellow Transparent, Tetofsky, Summer Red Calville and Charlottenthaler. Autumn sorts—Alexander, Titovka, Oldenburg, Switzer and Borovinka. Winter—Antonovka, Longfield, Cross Apple, Red Anis, Bogdanoff and others. In addition to these Russian varieties, the following American seedlings are named: Wealthy, Wolf River, McMahon's White, Whitney's No. 20, and Scott's Winter. Some pears and other fruits are under trial, but more time will be required for them.

C. A. Green writes that the best way to keep snow drifts from nurseries and young plantations of fruit trees, is to build a rail fence on the windward side, four or five rods distant. This fence will cause the snow drifts to form near it and not reach the trees, the fence causing the snow in the wind to be deposited before it reaches them.

Roots and celery in trenches, if covered thickly too soon, may start into growth and thus be injured. If not sufficiently protected, there is danger from freezing. The final covering should be given this month. Celery in boxes in cellars must not get too warm; keep as cool as possible without freezing.

Cold frames need daily airing when the weather is not severely cold. When the temperature is above freezing, remove the sashes altogether.

Cellars of the dwelling, if used for storing fruit and vegetables, should connect with a chimney if possible, for ventilation. Govern temperature by use of a thermometer.

Sweet potatoes and squashes need a dry place, where the temperature may be kept not far below sixty degrees.

Horseradish may be had all winter if dug and stored in a box of earth in the cellar.

A mound of earth, free of litter, made at the base of each young tree, will serve to brace it, and also keep off the mice. If this will not be sufficient, stakes must be used. Two stakes, one each side of the tree, which is to be fastened between them, are best. Tie with straw bands or woollen strips.

Keep rabbits from trees by rubbing the trunks with bloody meat, or sprinkling with blood.

Surface drains should be ploughed out to carry off the water.

Grapes, currants, etc., may be pruned in mild weather.

Half-hardy raspberries are to be laid down, and the upper ends of the canes covered with soil.

Strawberries should be mulched, applying straw between the rows. Cornstalks are the best substitute.

BOOT HEELS.

Consideration Due the Down-Trodden.

Scraps of Leather Utilized in a Very Interesting Fashion.

Not So Interesting, However, to the Prisoners in the Jail.

[Lewiston Journal.]

The heel of a boot may seem an insignificant thing to have a history, but it has one equal in importance to the history of boots and shoes. Latterly the progress has been in the direction of cheapness, and since people have begun to rise in the world on the heels of their boots, the shoemaker has been digging lower and lower for material. The ancient Crispin, who hammered his leather on his lap-stone, skivered his "rind" and built his heel as solid as the rock of ages, is superseded by the hydraulic press, the boiling vats, the "grooving" machine and the combination of cement, paste and scraps, subjected to pressure. The days of the wooden shoe are by. Is the day of leather-board and pulp-board and "upper leather" heels coming in? Certainly the disposition of the world is economic. "Save all," is the motto. The fact that in one section of the North American continent, not bigger than Lewiston and Auburn combined, enough leather scraps are burned every year to make boot heels for a commonwealth, and enough, certainly, to make six men rich, one year after another, is enough to cause a man to stop and ask if the world does not make a mistake in not going more slowly.

Primarily, the shoes of humanity had no heel. Witness for instance the moccasin of the savage! Later, in courtly days, heels grew abnormal in height, and fashion has always teetered up and down on its boot heels and twisted up and down the toes of its shoes. Up to eighteen or twenty years ago, the material for an honest boot heel was good hemlock-tanned sole leather, with an upper lift of a little finer grade and a trifle more smooth. It is undoubtedly one of the best of materials today, but it is not the only one. Ingenuity finds a cheap substitute that unites utility to economy and a common-sense utilization of a material that

Otherwise Would be Wasted.

After one has seen the inventive genius manifested in turning out 6000 heels from infinitesimal scraps of upper leather by the thousands, he doesn't marvel at this multiplication of detail. In them material is totally annihilated, as far as it goes. It is like the "doing up" of the skin, hoofs, bones and bristles of the fat pig in the Western packing house, where they utilize everything but the squeal. The down-trodden boot heel has a certain right to consideration.

You ring a bell at a tall gate in order to get into the county workshop in Auburn. The fence and gate are at least twelve feet high, and fringed at the top in barbed wire. This gate enters from Court street, back of the Court House. It is brick colored and has a square hole in the centre big enough for a man to stick an arm through. The bell ting-a-lings in the workshop across the yard and a small boy with a big key lets you into the jail yard. Mr. Corey, the manager of the county workshop is found in his office. Mr. Corey is a big man, active and energetic. He is the first for years who has made the county workshops pay.

"We don't make," said he, "the heel itself here. We make the lifts. We cut them from the waste scraps of upper leather—the refuse from the cutting tables of the shoe factories, not only of Lewiston and Auburn, but also from Belfast, New Portland, South Berwick, and even Montreal and Quebec. In this refuse are found pieces of upper leather of all sizes. It is picked over, and every piece that is large enough is cut into a lift, the smaller pieces being thrown to one side. These lifts are assorted in sizes and sent away. Here, you see, are our shipments of heel lifts. They average about 3000 pounds a week. They go from here to J. H. Rogers of Bradford, Mass. They are shipped in bags—each bag tagged so as to show the style and size of the lift. Here are sizes (showing a list of sizes for both French heel and common heel). Mr. Rogers puts these lifts into boiling vats without taking them from the bags in which we ship them. They are subjected to heat and water until

Every Particle of Grease

is boiled out of them. Then they go, in the same bags, to our paste shop at Dover, N. H., which is in charge of Mr. Morrison of this firm. His force of help pastes them and trims and moulds them into the boot heel. Such a boot heel, you must always remember, is made not of sole leather but of upper leather—the scraps of kip and buff and calf and split that would otherwise be shovelled into the furnace and burned. The oil and grease we boiled out of the lifts so that the heel, when pasted up may be burnished. If there were any oil in it it would not take the burnish. Before they discovered this fact they made a varnish to take the place of burnish, but it was not practical. After our boot heels are pasted up and shaped they are dried thoroughly. They are pasted today, for instance, placed twelve hours in a dry house and on tomorrow would be ready to be shipped. If they were shipped wet, in winter, they would freeze and crack."

Out in the shop some one was smoking a cigarette, and the air was so still that the smoke curled in wreaths on the air. Along a bench by the window, worked a dozen men. They wielded wooden mallets, and made a steady "rap-a-te-tap" as the dies under the mallets cut through the leather. Nobody was talking. High on a stool sat a familiar Lewiston unfortunate, whose besetting sin is love of the wine when it is red within the cup, or any other color anywhere else.

"Do you like it?" asked we.

"Divil a bit," said he. "It's loike marchin' to war with a danged rub-a-dub-dub all the time, all the time."

Twenty-seven men were at work Friday. They do nothing but lay scraps of leather on the dies, hit them whacks with a mallet and say nothing.

"These scraps come from the shoe factories," said Mr. Corey. "You see what they are. Odds and ends from the benches; pieces that would otherwise be used as fuel. We put them in bags and pick over what we can—all that are large enough to make a lift. The rest of them go somewhere else. Come with me and I will show you."

We cross the jail yard to a low building, out of which clouds of steam escape. Two men are at work here. The low roof is obscured by steam. The air has the leathery smell and is stifling. A stout-looking man was working here alone. A dozen hogsheads and tanks are

Bubbling, With a Decoction

that looks like thin molasses. We watch the man as he pours a great bag of minute scraps of leather into one of the tanks and turns on the steam. A thick scum soon arises. He drops this off into the next, and this into the next, and so on to the last, and this is oil—clear and refined, and better they say than the finest mixture that can be invented in the tannery for the dressing of leather. Mr. Corey tells us that in composition it is a mixture of paraffine wax and tanners' oil, is called upper leather "chip oil" and is better than the original oil, because this has become united with the leather in some way and more perfectly combined. A cool specimen is amber colored and transparent. They dry the scraps after the oil is boiled out, and use them under the boiler that makes the steam. They sell a good many of the refuse scraps after the oil is extracted to Auburn shoe factories for fuel and they burn like tinder. We have traced, therefore, the leather scraps from the shoe factory to the grease extracted lift and the pasted up boot heel, not to speak of the chip oil and the resultant heel.

Another kind of heel is also made here. It is of sole leather scraps and made mostly in winter for the summer trade. Scraps of sole leather, too small to be of any use, are grooved and bevelled by a machine so that their bevelled and grooved edges fit like mortise and tenon. Then they are cemented, run through a machine at great pressure, and when they emerge are so closely united that the place of the joining can hardly be seen. Then the lift is cut by mallet and die.

Mr. Corey uses the waste of eleven factories in Montreal. He used last year 520,000 pounds of upper leather scraps. The heels are usually made of part upper leather and the top lift of sole leather. It makes a very fine heel, at about half the cost of solid sole leather.

An Interesting Catalogue.

The catalogue of the American Pomological Society gives double stars, or high commendation, to the following apples for portions of the Southern and Gulf States and adjacent regions: American Summer Pearmain, Ben Davis, Buckingham or Equinetely, Carolina June, Carter's Blue, Early Harvest, Julian, Horse, Nickajack, Yates, Taunton, Stevenson's Winter, Sops of Wine, Shockley and Red Astrachan. It will be observed that the early or summer varieties are mostly adapted to both North and South, the only difference being in the longer Southern summers producing maturity some weeks earlier. But Northern winter fruits are so changed by the long Southern heat as to be of little value there.

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THE RIGHT ROAD.

[Ella Wheeler Wilcox.]

"I have lost the road to happiness—
Does any one know it, pray?
I was dwelling there when the morn was fair
But somehow I wandered away.

I saw rare treasures in scenes of pleasures,
And ran to pursue them, when lo!
I had lost the path to happiness
And I knew not whither to go.

I have lost the way to happiness—
Oh, who will lead me back?"
Turn off from the highway of selfishness
To the right—up duty's track!

Keep straight along and you can't go wrong,
For as sure as you live, I say,
The fair, lost fields of happiness
Can only be found that way.

Keep the Stable Warm.

While it is desirable to have the horse stable as warm as can conveniently be in winter, it must be borne in mind that no farm animal requires pure air more than the horse; and so while kindness would prompt to making the stable as warm as possible, it should not be done at the expense of ventilation. The ventilation should be as perfect as possible, so that all the odors and gasses that generate will have an opportunity to escape. This is necessary to the health of the horse.

I. E. The Legislator Who Can't Get One.

[New Haven News.]

One of the seven wonders is a legislator who does not care to ride on a free pass.

SOLDIERS, NOT SPIES.

Mosby's Defence of His Famous Guerrillas.

His Awe and Reverence for General Robert E. Lee.

Pope, Porter and the Second Battle of Bull Run.

The following is an abstract of Colonel John S. Mosby's lecture in Tremont Temple last evening. It is furnished through the courtesy of the George A. Jones & Co. lecture agency, through which John A. Andrew Post, 15, secured the famous "guerilla chief's" services in its series of war lectures.

Soon after the outbreak of the war, in the spring of 1861, the First Regiment of Virginia cavalry was organized, with J. E. B. Stuart as colonel, and was attached to the command of General Joseph E. Johnston in the Shenandoah valley. I was a private in a company of cavalry called the Washington Mounted Rifles, which was commanded by Captain William E. Jones. Shortly after the battle of Bull Run all the cavalry of the army were organized into a brigade, with Stuart in command. Jones was also promoted to colonel of the regiment and Fitz Lee became lieutenant-colonel. From this time until the army evacuated Manassas, in the spring of 1862, the cavalry was almost exclusively engaged in outpost duty. Through the influence of Stonewall Jackson, Jones was made a brigadier-general, and on the death of Ashby given the command of his brigade. Stuart invited me to come to his headquarters and act as a scout for him. In this way I began my career as a partisan, which now, when I recall it through the mists of years, seems as unreal as the lives of the Paladins. I wish it to be understood that a scout is not a spy who goes in disguise, but a soldier in arms and uniform, who reconnoitres either inside or outside an enemy's lines. Such a life is full of adventure, excitement and romance. One morning, when Stuart's headquarters were near Richmond, he invited me to breakfast with him, and at the table asked me to take two or three men and find out whether McClellan was fortifying on the Totopotomy creek.

In order to understand the enterprise on which I was going, a geographical description of the country and situation of the army is necessary. The battle of Fair Oaks, or Seven Pines, had been fought, and the army of the Potomac was lying on the peninsula between the James and Pamunky rivers and astraddle of the Chickahominy, which meanders between them and finally empties into the James. McClellan's right wing rested on the Pamunky, with his base at the White House and his line of supply by the York River railroad. His left extended to within a few miles of the James. The Totopotomoy creek flows into the Pamunky. I got down in the enemy's lines on the Totopotomoy, and ascertained that six or eight

Miles of McClellan's Front

was a mere shroud of cavalry pickets that covered his line of communication with his depot at the White House. Of course, as he had no infantry on his right, there could be no fortifications there. The idea immediately suggested itself to me that here was a grand opportunity for Stuart to strike a blow. I hastened to Stuart's headquarters to give him the information. Everybody there was in high glee. News had just come of Jackson's victories over Fremont and Shields. It was a hot day in June, Stuart was sitting under the shade of a tree, and I laid down on the grass to tell him what I had learned. After giving him the information, I suggested that, as the cavalry was idle, he could find on the Pamunky a fine field for operations. A blow on this weak point would greatly alarm McClellan for the safety of his supplies, and compel him to detach heavily from his front to guard them. With about 1200 cavalry and two pieces of artillery, on the morning of June 12 Stuart left Richmond, moving in a northerly direction to create the impression that he was going to reinforce Jackson.

The column pushed rapidly toward the camp of Union cavalry at Old Church. At that place Captain Royall was stationed with two squadrons of the Fifth United States Regular Cavalry. There was a running fight of several miles with the pickets, and finally we met Captain Royall, who came out with his whole force to oppose us. Royall was wounded and routed. On our side Captain Latane was killed. We could not stay to give him the hasty burial that the hero received who died on the ramparts at Corunna. This was left for female hands to do. As Royall's command was scattered we soon had possession of his camp, and were feasting on the good things we found in it. Nearly everybody forgot, many never knew, the danger we were in. A mile or so on our left was an impassable river; not more than six miles to the right were McClellan's headquarters, with Fitz John Porter's corps and the reserve division of cavalry camped between us. Here was the turning point of the expedition. Stuart was as jolly as anybody, but his head was always level in critical moments, even in the midst of fun. There was a short conference between him and the Lees, who were the colonels of the two Virginia cavalry regiments. I was sitting on my horse, buckling on a pistol I had just captured, within a few feet of them, and heard all that passed. Stuart had no idea of turning back, and determined to go on and strike McClellan in his rear. In the conception and execution of this bold enterprise he showed the genius and the intrepid spirit that took the plunge of the Rubicon. Just as he gave the command, "Forward!" he turned to me and said: "Mosby, I want you to ride some distance ahead." I replied: "Very well; but you must give me a guide. I don't know the road." He then ordered two cavalrymen who were familiar with the country to go with me and I started on Tunstall's station.

As I was jogging along with my two companions a mile or two ahead of the column, I came upon a well-filled sutler's wagon at a cross-roads, of which I took possession by right of discovery. At the same time, about a mile off to my left, I could see the masts of several vessels at anchor in the river. I sent one of the men back to tell Stuart to hurry on. The sutler was too rich a prize to abandon, so I left the other man in charge of him and his wagon and hurried on. Just as I turned a bend of the road I came plump upon another sutler, and a cavalry vidette was by him. They were so

Shocked at the Apparition

that they surrendered as quietly as the coon did to Captain Scott. Tunstall's station was in full view and a half-mile off. I was all alone. Just then a bugle sounded. I saw about a squadron of cavalry drawn up in line near the railroad. I knew that the head of our column must be close by, so I just drew my sabre and waved it in the air. They knew from this that support was near; in a few seconds our advance guard, under Lieutenant Robbins, appeared in sight, and the squadron in front of me vanished from view. Robbins captured the depot with the guard, without firing a shot. Stuart soon rode up. Just then a train of cars came in sight, and as we had no implements with which to pull up a rail, a number of logs were put on the track. When the engineer got near us he saw that he was in a hornet's nest, and, with a full head of steam, dashed on under a heavy fire—knocked the logs off the track—and carried the news to the White House.

The despatch to Stanton shows the bewildered state of McClellan's mind. At the time he was writing it we were lying on the banks of the Chickahominy building a bridge to cross on. To have caught us, it was not necessary to pursue at all; all that he had to do was to spread his wings. We halted at Tunstall's long enough for the column to close up. Our march was slow; the artillery horses had broken down, and we were encumbered with a large number of prisoners on foot, and of course we could march no faster than they did. After dark we moved on through New Kent towards the Chickahominy. On the road were large encampments of army wagons. Many a sutler was ruined that night; with sad hearts they fell into line with the prisoners and saw their wagons with their contents vanish in flames. The heavens were lurid with the light reflected from the burning trains, and our track was as brilliant as the tail of a comet.

Stuart halted three hours at Baltimore Store, only five miles from Tunstall's; at 12 o'clock he started again for a ford of the Chickahominy, which was eight miles distant, and reached it about daylight. That summer night was a carnival of fun I can never forget. Nobody thought of danger or of sleep, when champagne bottles were bursting and Rhine wine flowed in copious streams. All had perfect confidence in their leader. In the riot among the sutlers' stores "grim visaged war had smoothed his wrinkled front," and Mars resigned his sceptre to the jolly god; the discipline of soldiers for a while gave way to the wild revelry of the crew of Comus. During all of this time General Emory was a few miles off at Tunstall's station hunting our tracks in the sand with a lighted candle. Stuart had expected to ford the Chickahominy, but when we got there it was found overflowing from the recent rains and impassable. Up to this point our progress had been as easy as the descent to Avernus—but now—to get over the river—hic labor—hoc opus est. He was fortunate in having two guides.

Christian and Frayser,

who lived in the neighborhood and knew all the roads and fords on the river. Christian knew of a bridge or rather where a bridge had been, about a mile below the ford, and the column was immediately headed for it. But it had been destroyed, and nothing was left but some of the piles standing in the water. He was again fortunate in having two men—Burke and Hagan—who knew something about bridge building. Near by were the remains of an old warehouse, out of which they constructed a bridge.

It was marvellous with what rapidity the structure grew—in a few hours it was finished—it seemed almost by magic. It was not as good a bridge as Cæsar threw over the Rhine, but it was good enough for our purpose. While the men were at work on it, Stuart was lying down on the bank of the stream in the gayest humor I ever saw him, laughing at the prank he had played on McClellan. When at last, about 2 o'clock, the cavalry, artillery, prisoners and captured horses and mules were all over, and fire had been set to the bridge, some of Rush's Lancers came on a hill and took a farewell look at us. They came, and saw, and went away, taking as their only trophy a drunken Dutchman we had left on the road. General Emory received news of the crossing eight miles on at Baltimore Store. Our escape over the river was immediately reported to him.

If we had been pursued at the rate of a mile an hour we would have been overtaken. But the danger was not over when we had got over the Chickahominy. We were still thirty-five miles from Richmond, and in the rear of McClellan's army, which was five or six miles above us. It was necessary to pass through swamps where the horses sunk to their saddle girths, and, when we emerged from these, had to go for twenty miles on a road in full view of the enemy's gunboats on one side of us in James river and McClellan's army within a few miles on the other. Nothing would have been easier than for him to have thrown a division of infantry, as well as cavalry, across our path. Then nothing could have saved us except such a miracle as destroyed Pharaoh and his hosts. Stuart, apprehending a movement on McClellan's left against us, had sent a messenger early in the morning to General Lee, requesting him to make a diversion in our favor. But we were out of danger before he had time to do it. After getting through the swamps the command halted in Charles City for several hours, to give rest to the men and horses. Stuart then turned over the command to Fitz Lee, as we were in comparative safety, and with two men rode on to General Lee's headquarters, which he reached about daybreak the next morning. During the night march I was in advance of the column, but saw nothing in the path except occasionally an intelligent contraband, who would dart across it. Early in the morning, just as I got in sight of Richmond,

I Met Stuart

returning to the command. Although he had been in the saddle two days and nights without sleep, he was as gay as a lark, and showed no signs of weariness. He had a right to be proud, for he had performed a feat that to this day has no parallel in the annals of war. I said to him, "This will make you a major-general." He said: "No. I don't think I can be a major-general until we have 10,000 cavalry." But in six weeks he had that rank.

This expedition, in which Stuart had ridden around McClellan in a circle of a radius of ten miles, created almost as much astonishment in Richmond as if he had dropped from the clouds, and made him the hero of the army. It had an electric effect on the morale of the army, and excited its enthusiasm to a high pitch.

McClellan attempts in his report to belittle it by saying that in this affair Stuart's cavalry did nothing but gain a good deal of eclat; but, with more truth, it might be said that he lost a good deal. This raid of Stuart's is unique, distinguished from all others on either side during the war on account of the narrow limits in which he was compelled to operate. From the time when he broke through McClellan's line on his right until he had passed around him on his left, he was inclosed by three unfordable rivers, over one of which he had to build a bridge to cross. During the whole operation the cavalry never drew a sabre, except at the first picket post they encountered. But it was something more than a mere raid on McClellan's communications—it was, in fact, a reconnoisance in force to ascertain the exact location of the different corps of his army and the prelude to the great battles that began ten days afterward when Jackson's flank was covered by Stuart's cavalry.

Stuart wanted Jackson to furnish a detail of cavalry to go with me behind Pope, who had just published the fact to the world that he intended to leave his rear to take care of itself. With a single companion, and full of enthusiasm, I started on my mission to Jackson. I concluded to take the cars at Beaver Dam, and go on in advance to his headquarters, and wait there for my horse to be led on. I was sitting in the depot, and my companion had hardly got out of sight, when a regiment of Union cavalry rode up and put an attachment on my person. They had ridden all night from Fredericksburg to capture the train that was due in a few minutes. I was chagrined, not only at being a prisoner, but because my cherished hopes were disappointed. The regiment fronted into a line to wait for the train, and they placed me in the front rank. I called to an officer and protested against being put where I would be shot by the guard on the train. That night

I Slept on the Floor

of the guard house at Fredericksburg. On the next day the cartel for exchange of prisoners was agreed on. My imprisonment lasted ten days, and I confess that I rather enjoyed my visit to Washington. I kept up my habits as a scout, and collected a budget of information. The steamer on which I came back lay four days at Hampton Roads, and then proceeded up James river. When we first arrived I noticed a large number of transports, with troops on board, lying near Newport News, and learned that they belonged to Burnside's corps, just arrived from North Carolina. Here, now, was a problem for me to solve. Where were they going—to re-enforce Pope or McClellan? I set about to find out. If they went to Pope, it meant the withdrawal of McClellan. The captain of the steamer promised me to find out their destination. A few hours before we left I observed them all coming down and passing out by Fort Monroe.

When the captain returned from on shore he told me that the transports were going up the Potomac. This settled the question; the peninsula campaign was over. About 10 o'clock the next morning we reached the point on James river, where the commissioners had met. I knew that it would take several hours to complete the exchange, and every minute then was precious. I whispered to the Confederate commissioner, Judge Culd, that I had important news for General Lee and he let me go immediately. I started off with a haversack full of lemons to walk twelve miles to headquarters on a hot day in August. I trudged on several hours, weary and footsore, until, completely exhausted, I had fallen down on the roadside. While lying there a horseman of the Hampton Legion came riding by, and I stopped him and explained my condition and anxiety to see General Lee. He dismounted, put me on his horse, took me to his camp near by, and, getting a horse for himself, went with me to the general's headquarters. I wish that I knew his name that I might accord the praise that is due to his generous deed. The first one I met at headquarters, with a good deal of the insolence of office, told me that I could not see General Lee. I tried to explain that I did not come to ask a favor, but to bring important information. Another one of the staff standing by told me to wait a moment. He stepped into

The Adjoining Room

and soon called me in. I now found myself for the first time in the presence of the great commander of the army of Northern Virginia. He was alone, poring over some maps on the table, and no doubt planning a new campaign. Although his manner was gentle and kind, I felt for him an awe and a reverence which I have never felt for any other man.

He was then the foremost man in all the world, and I almost imagined that I saw one of the Homeric heroes before me. With some embarrassment I told him what I had learned about Burnside's troops. He listened attentively, and, after I was through, called to a staff officer to have a courier ready to take a despatch to General Jackson. Jackson received the despatch that night informing him that Burnside was on his way to Pope, and hastened to strike him at Cedar mountain before reinforcements could arrive.

Having considered in detail the Confederate movement up the river to turn Pope's right, the lecturer said: The material results of the expedition were not what had been expected. The storm of that night—which caused a rise of six feet in the river—was the salvation of Pope. The raid had, however, a demoralizing effect on the army whose communications had been so audaciously assailed. On the 25th, Jackson having gone higher up the river, crossed four miles above Waterloo bridge, which was held by Sigel's corps and Buford's cavalry. The Black Horse Company acted as his escort and the Second Virginia Cavalry led the advance. The signal stations reported this movement to General Pope. A competent general would have struck Jackson's flank with a cavalry reconnoisance on his first day's march. I do not know whether the failure to do so was the fault of the chief of cavalry or the commander-in-chief. On the 26th, before daylight, Stuart's cavalry corps crossed the Rappahannock and followed the route Jackson had taken the day before. About 4 p. m. we overtook General Jackson at Gainesville, having marched all day around the flank and rear of the Federal army without seeing an enemy.

We were now within about seven miles of Manassas junction. On the same day Longstreet followed on Jackson's track. While all this was going on in his rear, General Pope's attention had been attracted by some Confederate batteries that kept up a fire in his front. His army remained motionless. Its very tranquility at last became oppressive; some feared that it was the awful stillness that precedes the storm; that he was imitating Napoleon at Austerlitz and allowing one wing of our army to be extended in order to pierce the centre and destroy it. About 6 o'clock on the afternoon of the 26th the advance of Jackson's column under Colonel Munford struck the Orange & Alexandria railroad at Bristoe, nine miles from Pope's headquarters at Warrenton Junction. The small guard was surprised and captured. They had no more expectation of seeing Stonewall Jackson than Hamlet's ghost. Just then a train came up and ran the gauntlet under fire that carried the astounding news to Manassas five miles off. From there it was telegraphed to Washington. Two more trains came along in a few minutes that had just left headquarters, and were caught.

Stuart Was Then Sent On

with a force of infantry and cavalry to capture Manassas, which, with all its immense stores, fell into his hands. Twenty thousand Confederate troops were now behind General Pope, and Longstreet was marching around his flank; but his army still faced the other way. As General Jackson says: "My command was now in rear of General Pope's army, separating it from the Federal capital and base of supply." This march of Jackson's I regard as one of the most wonderful things ever achieved in war.

All of General Pope's orders and despatches at the time have been published; there is not a hint in any of them that he knew of Jackson's movement. The first time he suspected it was when the telegraph was cut and he had to stop talking with Halleck. At that time Jackson's men, after a march of fifty miles in two days, were resting and eating Pope's rations in sight of the blazing bridges and railroad trains. At night, Jackson marched back toward Thoroughfare to unite with Longstreet. The supplies that he could not transport were burned. Pope's army, with the railroad broken, was now in a starving condition. To lead Pope astray, A. P. Hill's division was sent a roundabout way by Centreville, and joined Jackson the next morning at Sudley. Pope was deceived by Jackson's stratagem, and marched off to Centreville to find him. Every step he took in that direction carried him further from Jackson. He seemed to be groping in the dark. I do not think any other commander ever performed such a feat or extricated himself from such perils as environed Jackson on this expedition. His success was largely due to Stuart's cavalry, who were the eyes of the army, that brought in quick intelligence of the enemy. I cannot close this account of the part borne by Stuart's cavalry in this campaign without some reference to the use that has been made of his report by the partisans of General Pope, and the criticism it has borne from the friends of General Porter. It is remarkable that both parties should agree in the construction put upon it, and that so clearly a wrong one. One side refers to it to prove the assertion of General Pope. "I believe, in fact, I am positive, that at 5 o'clock on the afternoon of the 29th General Porter had in his front no considerable body of the enemy.

"I believed then, as I am very sure now, that it was easily practicable for him to have turned the right flank of Jackson and to have fallen upon his rear; and if he had done so, we should have gained a decisive victory over the army under Jackson before he could have been joined by any of the forces of Longstreet," etc. He further says that about sunset of the 29th the advance of Longstreet began to arrive on the field. The essence of the controversy is the time of Longstreet's arrival. Could Porter have reached Gainesville, the objective point on which he and Longstreet marched that day, in time to have executed the order of 4.30 p. m. of the 29th to turn the Confederate flank? While the order does not specify Jackson's, but says the enemy's, flank, it clearly referred to Jackson, for General Pope asserts that Longstreet was not then on the field. As Porter and Longstreet had camped the night before about the same distance from that place, and as Porter, owing to contradictory orders, had marched twice the distance that Longstreet did, the presumption is that the latter arrived there first. To my mind Stuart is a conclusive witness for Porter. Stuart says that General Lee arrived at Gainesville on the morning of the 29th with Longstreet's corps; that he passed his cavalry through Longstreet's column, and placed it on his flank: that during the day his videttes reported

The Approach of Porter's Corps,

and that he sent notice of it to General Lee, who ordered infantry and artillery to his support. He adds that in the meantime he kept his cavalry dragging brush to raise a dust, and that the ruse had the desired effect. As Stuart was covering Longstreet's flank he would be close to it. Now, the object he had in dragging the brush was to deceive Porter as to the force with which he was in immediate contact. His saying that Porter was deceived by it was the mere expression of his opinion—not the statement of a fact. Stuart's object was to gain time enough for Longstreet to adjust his line to meet a threatened attack on his flank. That was all. If Porter saw a heavy cloud of dust rising before him, he could not tell, without halting his column and reconnoitering, what created it. But the delay involved in doing this was all that Stuart wanted.

Longstreet had been in the same dilemma at Salem two days before. When he reached there he met Buford's cavalry. If he had known what was in front of him he would have brushed them away with a few skirmishers without losing a minute. But he halted his column, he says, and was detained an hour before he could find out what it was. Pope was deceived by a few shells the Confederates threw at him on the Rappahannock into the belief that our army was in his front, when, in fact, it was in his rear. The divine genius has never yet appeared in war that could always, at a glance, detect every stratagem and see through every mask. "He who wars," says Napier, "walks in a mist, through which the keenest eye cannot always discern the right path."

A portrait of General Grant, which was seen at the lecture, was executed by William Edgar Marshall and as a pure line engraving of the dead hero is a remarkable work of art. The plate represents the general as he appeared at the close of the war, or just before his election for the first time to the presidency. The likeness is perfect, expressing firmness, resolution, dignity and energy, and viewed merely as a work of art it is deserving of the highest praise. The flesh tints have been well reproduced, the texture of the uniform admirably imitated, while there there is an individuality in the treatment of the picture as a whole which gives it a positive value as a capital piece of execution.

GROVER'S HABITS.

President Cleveland's Daily Routine—How He Eats, Sleeps and Works.

[Lippincott's Magazine.]

President Cleveland rises at 7.30 o'clock, dresses and shaves himself, and is ready for breakfast at 8. He breakfasts en famille, and finishes his morning repast in less than thirty minutes. His breakfast usually consists of oatmeal, beefsteak, coffee, hot cakes and eggs. He is very fond of fruit, and eats freely of it. He leaves the breakfast table and goes directly to his office and begins work, without any exercise whatever, writing letters and looking over papers until 10 o'clock, when the callers begin to arrive. He then has a couple of hours with the statesmen and a seige of office seekers, which lasts until 1.30 o'clock, when he is ready for his luncheon. He eats this in less than fifteen minutes, and, like his everyday breakfasts and dinners, it is eaten in the private dining-room, and the whole family sit down together. President Cleveland's lunch consists of bread and butter, cold meats, a little fruit and a cup of tea.

After he has eaten it he goes directly back to his office and works steadily until 4. At this time he goes out to drive, in company with his private secretary, Colonel Lamont. He returns in time for dinner, which is ready at 7 o'clock. He does not dress for dinner in the conventional style, except when he has guests who will appear in evening dress. His private dinners are plain. Wine is served only when there are guests present who are accustomed to drinking wine with their meals. He is not so fond of beer as has been reported by the newspapers, the total White House consumption of this article during the past year being not more than two dozen bottles. The President's daily dinner consists of five or six courses; first there is soup, then fish, then a roast, followed by game, dessert, fruit, and, after dinner, coffee. He does not sit long at table, and immediately on leaving it he goes up into the corridors of the second story of the White House and smokes a cigar, after which he goes back to his work. President Cleveland never smokes in his office, and the only smoking he does is this solitary post-prandial cigar. He goes to bed about midnight and falls asleep as soon as his head touches the pillow. His system is such that six or seven hours' sleep is sufficient for him.

Where Ten-Year-Olds Go Armed.

[Chicago Times.]

A ten-year-old lad at Seneca, Wis., had an exciting time with a big coon one day, recently. The coon attacked him while he was going through the woods and made the hair and flesh fly in a lively manner, until the ten-year-old pulled out a revolver and shot it.

TOWNSEND'S LETTER.

New York's Resources for Amusements.

The Historical Society's Rooms and Two of Munkacsy's Pictures.

Chat About Stanley—The Navarro Flats and Other Things.

New York, December 2.—New York often seems a place of few resorts, but one can live here a lifetime and find something new. I took a friend, who is an actor and playwright of good general information, to the Historical Society's rooms last week. They have a building nearly opposite the old church where A. T. Stewart's bones were stolen, and where Peter Stuyvesant lies buried. It is a rather good place for an historical society, on the farm of old Stuyvesant, who was the foremost figure of Dutch times, for several reasons. In the first place he left a posterity which is rich, and considers itself highly. Without a good posterity there can of course be no ancestry. Hamilton Fish is about the highest descendant Stuyvesant ever had. Peter, indeed, was merely a major by promotion, having been used by the Dutch in some of their colonial fights. That which gives him great celebrity next to his posterity is his misfortunes and his biographer. When Washington Irving made the old fellow's foot slip at a certain spot on the battlefield where a cow had been, he produced such a hearty laugh amongst the boys that from that time forward they knew old Stuyvesant as well as if he had been Robinson Crusoe. Many a great man is introduced into history by a laugh; there was Charles V. of Germany and Spain. If you go to Brussels and ask where he was born, the answer will be a laugh. Then you can laugh also, and so you take a better view of Charles V. Stuyvesant had to surrender the city to the English, and that makes him the Dutch martyr of the new world. After the English came in, the old fellow, who had

Provoked Many Quarrels

amongst his Dutch compatriots, felt lonesome, and he went out into the country, as the Dutch like to do, somewhere near a frog pond, and put up a Dutch Reformed church, so that he could be strengthened in his hope every Sabbath that all but the elect, of which he was one, were going to be damned. To think that a man like this should have his latest great-great-great-grandson turned out of the telegraph subway commission or squelched upon it!

When I got my friend into the Historical Society's rooms, he was very much surprised.

Said he, "I have been living in New York about seventeen years, and I never knew there was such a collection as this."

He went around the room and found in various bequests from old members of the society copies of nearly all the masters abroad, except the very greatest. The Dutch school, the Spanish school, the German school, the earlier French school and the middle and later Italian schools had excellent specimens. Some of the pictures would have done credit to the British national gallery or even the Louvre. "Where the deuce did they get them?" said my friend. I told him that pictures had not always possessed the value that has been conferred upon them by the American civil war, and the fixed reunion of these States. "Everything in the world," said I, feeling big that day, "has gained value by our reunion. If we had gone to pieces and inflicted on the world another South America, or Africa, or Asia, there would have been no opportunities for investment and production such as have happened in the past twenty years. Therefore all things of high art have grown in value. But when these pictures were bought there were

Few Americans Wandering Abroad;

those had some ready money, and in the old out-of-the-way places before the day of railroads they peeped in and took advantage of the necessities of folks and bought what you see. If other persons had been as considerate as they, we might have had a very great gallery here, because such wars as the French revolution enormously distributed fine-art property."

My friend went round and round, looking not only at paintings, but antiquities, and finally we started up to the Lenox library. There we saw the best picture Munkacsy has probably painted, Milton dictating Paradise Lost to his daughter when blind. It is not so large a picture as the Christ before Pilate, but it has more intellectual feeling. You may take a very great subject, and by realism destroy its mentality. That may be the case with the picture of Christ: too much is made of the rabble, perhaps, who call out for him to be crucified. The Cæsar on the bench is a kind of thick-headed old colonel, rather reducing our ideas of Pontius Pilate. My idea of Pilate had been a Roman with good intentions, rather chipper and patrician, who had a respectable feeling for Jesus as a poor young man who had been interviewing people above him, and somewhat mocking them from his exuberance of talent. Yet I hardly see how Pilate,

Stupid as He is in the Big Picture,

could have looked with more than commiseration on that worn, unclassifiable, cranked looking son of man. But when you come to the Milton picture you see a rather dark, oak interior, such as was common in the old English houses, with an oak table, which might be used for meals as well as literary composition. The shadows in the room gave it a little richness, which has been criticised by persons as unbecoming to Milton's poverty at that time; yet there are no necessarily rich accompaniments in merely rich shadows, for in that case some of the poorest of us would be wealthy. A man sitting in the shadow of himself, in the shadow of his promise, in the shadow of evening, and in the shadow of poverty is highly furnished, but it has not cost much money. There the old fellow sits, an excellent type of the author, the world gone out to him like one perpetually sent to live in bed. No morning comes to him; all that the world has left for him is to execute his poetical purposes. Is it not strange that a man like this should have been selected for a theme by a Hungarian? The probability is that the Hungarians are not Protestants, and how Milton should have become a notable character in that far-off world one can hardly ascertain. It is true that his Paradise Lost has been gorgeously issued in France by Lamartine and others, but we do not understand that in the southeast of Europe a mere Latin secretary to a general and ruler who lived in England should have obtained very great fame. Anyhow, there is Milton with his children, a thin-looking girl striving to catch his words and put them down correctly. The very selection of this subject was a

Grand Advertisement for Munkacsy

in this country. It showed that the painter had self-respect, and was not a mere striver after money.

I was going to illustrate how many things there are to see in this expanding city, but the theme stretches wide. There are not, after all, more people here than you would think qualified for any especial society. I went to Mrs. A. B. Stone's reception last Monday afternoon. Her husband met Henry M. Stanley in England fifteen or sixteen years ago, and struck up an acquaintance with him. So, when he arrived here last Saturday, and the Lotus Club had feted him and he had rested Sunday, Mrs. Stone had him stood up, and invited about 1500 persons. When I got there and looked around, it seemed to me that after all New York, with its great population, had but a limited number of persons who share the same interest, or who rise above the dollar to some ideal or other. I judged it from the number of persons I had seen before and met at similar places, that after all there were circles which do not greatly expand, but have their accessions and departures. An interesting feature of this reception was to look at the Navarro flats. Navarro is a Spaniard here who has made a fortune in America, chiefly in building the elevated railroad. He thought that, with the elevated railroads built, a magnificent flat at their termination opposite the south end of the park would

Be a Great Property.

Like other New Yorkers, he computed that the ground would be the most expensive thing, and that if he could only build high enough into the air he could make a great revenue on such ground. I have my doubts whether in the United States there is any other building of indestructible materials, such as stone, iron, tile, glass, etc., which contains as many superficial feet as these Navarro flats. There is hardly a palace in the world which compares with them in appearance as you stand off at some distance to look. The eye fails to seize the features of the architecture, and despairs at counting the number of windows and orifices. The sky lines are broken up with towers and chimneys and minarets; the tints of the building are very rich under our gray nights and strong suns, red, yellow, black, green, colored marbles, gilded finials, slate and tile. Yet there stands the Navarro flat, a most majestic piece of guess-mism, only partly occupied, already in the hands of receivers, and nobody knows what can be made of it if it shall become a complete failure. When I entered the portal and advanced a little ways I came to the elevator; for such a reception as this the elevator was a good deal like dipping all the water out of a flooded cellar with one bucket. The people came in there so fast, and the elevator went up so slow, that when one cage disappeared full of canary birds, all the other birds turned up their bills and crowded around hungrily to see it come back. Other persons looked up the stairways, and it appeared that the top of the house was buttressed against the afternoon sky.

Monotonous Parallelograms

of stairway turned and turned, each looking just like the other, and as nobody knew where the floor was which was to be visited, everybody waited of course. Myself and friends heard of a back elevator which carried up provisions and coal, and we went and got into that. It was probably intended for servants; we therefore entered the reception by the rear. We got into the room where the eatables and drinkables were first, the very place we should have come to last. We took the receiving ladies by countermarch, coming upon those of the most remote consideration at the outset, and climaxing on Stanley and Mrs. Stone after wandering around through various rooms. Yet the occasion was a fine one. Mrs. A. B. Stone has done many good acts. She took a notable interest in Whitelaw Reid when he was a young bachelor, and lived to see him well disposed of. Then she took his friend John Hay and introduced him to her niece, whose husband he now is. I recollect Hay being at the Astor House after he went on the daily papers of New York, with his eyes sore and a very general appearance of a man who had tackled the worst business in the world rather supernumerarily. As a reporter of other pursuits as well as my own, I consider that there is no business which will so thoroughly destroy the gray matter of the brain as using that organ like a muscle in the forearm to batter and pull and tussle with it as if it was not gray matter at all, but was a part of Sullivan's arm. Stanley has had plenty of experience in receptions, and, being a rather quiet fellow in himself, he submits gracefully.

What a Change in This Man

since I saw him last. Fourteen years ago, though he had then discovered Livingstone, and performed no end of sharp newspaper feats, he was still crude, dislocated in mind, peculiar; many people could make nothing of him at all. His narratives seemed to be interminable and rather dull.

In the intervening fourteen years he has worked out a sincere and respectable ambition far above the job of beating some other correspondent with a piece of undigested news, or even as a curiosity hunter prowling through the deserts and jungles to find an old man who had lost interest in himself to that degree that he had not come back to the very coast which Stanley had left to find him. The finding of Livingstone, though it must have required unusual resources in the young African traveller, was something in the way of luck. False information at one point or another might have sent the traveller where he would have lost himself. I think it hardly apparent to the present day why Livingstone stayed right there to be discovered. It seems to me that I have heard that he became so infatuated with the social surroundings in the interior of Africa, that he thought civilization was a bore, and he would have no more of it; at any rate there he was in a place to be discovered, and he had not budged for a long time to go to the coast. Possibly he was poor and could not make such a journey with the necessary attendants.

George Alfred Townsend.

POINTS ON AGRICULTURE.

What Commissioner Colman Says of Its Different Branches in His Annual Report—Pneumonia Among Cattle.

Washington, December 1.—Commissioner of Agriculture Colman, in his annual report, lays special stress on the benefits to be derived from experimental stations. No measure is pending or proposed of greater import to the agricultural intests of this country, he says, than the bill "For the establisment of experimental stations in connection with the agricultural colleges." He would, however, bestow the $15,000 proposed to be given to each State on one efficient institution in a State instead of distributing it among several. He would also have a central station at Washington to receive and consolidate the results obtained at the various stations.

Speaking of the spread of pneumonia, he says every effort possible under the existing laws has been made to locate and isolate diseased animals. It would have been most fortunate if every animal exposed to the disease could have been summarily slaughtered. With a disease of this character at Chicago, the cattle industry of this country has certainly reached a crisis. There can be no doubt that it will be soon and widely disseminated unless prompt and effectual action can be instituted for its speedy suppression. Even now it may have been scattered to some extent in the West, and the investigations of the next year will probably bring other outbreaks to light. The matter is a most important one, overshadowing in urgency all other affecting our agricultural population, and of vital interest also to every consumer of beef, of milk, of butter and of cheese. To prevent the spread of this scourge, which has already greatly affected our foreign and interstate commerce, additional legislation by Congress is now essential. Pleuro-pneumonia now exists in Illinois, New York, Maryland, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Virginia.

Upon forestry the commissioner says: "As a first step of reform, undoubtedly the land policy of the United States in the timbered regions requires a change according to the changed conditions of those localities. The inadequacy of the force to prevent depredations and to enforce existing laws is productive of the most reckless devastation of these mountain forests. The value of timber destroyed in one year in Colorado alone would suffice to pay a force of 1000 forest guards. The military reservations in these States, owned by the general government, would form a most desirable field of operation. Only by such extensive planting can a desirable modification of the extremes of climate on the Western plains be expected."

FALSE SYNTAX.

Grammar is so exact a science,
So perfect in its main reliance
(Which is the marshalling of phrases
When poets sing of love and daisies),
That from it we exact much pleasure,
And, by its laws, our progress measure.

One time a being, light and nimble,
Whose jewel was a silver thimble,
Refused me once—again refused me;
It was a shame that thus she used me!
And, when I thought she would not marry,
I did not have the heart to tarry.

Now, having lost what seemed perfection,
I turned to reading and reflection;
Till, of my grammar once inquiring,
I found this truth—it was inspiring:
That words which twice express negation
Really imply an affirmation.

Quick to my own by letter flying,
I deep bemoaned my late-descrying;
And followed then with carriage duly,
To prove that still I loved her truly.
It was too late; the plan miscarried—
My love had in the meantime married.

A. F. H.

THE LATEST AGONY.

The Craze That Now Has Possession of the Cleveland Society Belle.

[Cleveland Press.]

If there is one thing more than another that a "sassiety" belle adores it is a hobby. Something new in this line is invented every little while by some fair sister, for hobbies grow stale and uninteresting in a short time. The latest out is the collection of the small neckties which gentlemen now wear, and which are used by the dear creatures, who beg them in a most moral and sentimental manner. A small cold is stretched from post to post across the head and foot piece of the young lady's bed, to which the ties are fastened. A tie when presented by or begged of a gentleman must be accompanied by a miniature card bearing his name or monogram, under which the lady writes the prettiest compliment the giver has ever paid her. The ties are arranged artistically with regard to color, and the belles of fashion vie with each other in endeavoring to be the first to have her couch fully decked. Each night a tie is taken from the line and placed under her pillow to insure pleasant dreams. If at the end of two months, after a girl has completed the task of the decorations, she be not engaged to marry, the ties are put into a black bag tied with a black ribbon and hung in an obscure corner. She must then begin over again, in hopes that her luck will turn. After marriage a silk quilt must be made, and the ties are fastened in clusters here and there all over the top of it. This will in all probability remain a thing of beauty and adornment until after the first quarrel, when the sight of the ties of his wife's former admirers excites the young husband to greater anger, and he yanks them off one by one and throws them into the fire.

A Regular Warwhoop.

[New Haven News.]

Sam Jones gets $500 a night. Sam evidently did have an urgent call to preach.

HUNTING IN WEST VIRGINIA

Judge Riley's Exciting Ride on a Big Deer's Back.

The Buck Vanquished and the Doughty Rider Badly Used Up.

How He was Revived by a Long Pull at a Pint Flask.

Davis, Tucker county, W. Va., November 28.—Bob Eastham's camp is one of the oldest resorts of deer hunters in the United States, but the rude frame one-room shanty dignified by the name of camp was built less than a year ago. The camp has a pedigree running back a century, but of that fact Mr. Eastham is entirely ignorant.

The Constitution of the United States, when ratified in 1789-90, provided for a Senate and House of Representatives. Over three-quarters of a century later certain States chose as their representatives in the Senate Henry G. Davis, James G. Blaine, James A. Bayard and Jerome Chaffee. These gentlemen, associating with them Stephen B. Elkins and other prominent men, formed a syndicate to buy tens of thousands of acres of valuable coal and timber lands in northeastern West Virginia. Having bought the land at nominal prices, they built a railroad into the heart of the Alleghanies, from the town of Piedmont, at the base of the mountains, on the line of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. The new road, named the West Virginia Central & Pittsburg, was required to enable the company to lease and sell its coal and timber lands, bring the products of the mines and saw-mills to markets, and in other ways to fatten the purses of the projectors.

The western terminus of the road is named Davis, in honor of the ex-senator from West Virginia, just as other stations along the line are named Blaine, Elkins, Chaffee, etc., in commemoration of the nerve these gentlemen displayed when they invested their funds in the construction of this seemingly hazardous enterprise.

When the engineers of the railroad reached Davis about eighteen months ago, they found, after cutting through the dense masses of laurel that fringe the shores of the Blackwater river on the western slope of the mountains, a solitary cabin in which lived Mr. Eastham, his wife and children. They were greeted by a chorus of bowls and barks from a mixed pack of deer hounds and beagles. Mr. Eastham learning that Davis was to be the terminus of the railroad, promptly cut a trail through the laurel along the river side four miles further up the stream, built a log hut and secured for himself a retreat, from whence he could pursue deer, panther, wildcat and bear, temporarily undisturbed by the inroads of advancing civilization. He did not especially desire to pursue or be pursued by the animals of the three types last named, but deer hunting was as essential to his happiness as three square meals per day, and of that pleasure he did not intend to be robbed.

The authors of dime novel fiction and the writers of stories intended to inflame the imagination of small boys have made wonderful heroes of sundry long-haired individuals who were such inveterate haters of mankind, that upon seeing the dust of approaching emigrant trains they would instantly remove to inaccessible retreats in the heart of the forest or desert. Mr. Eastham is a pioneer of the modern type; he built his camp in the wilderness for the accommodation of hunters at $1 per day each, and erected a comfortable frame dwelling in Davis, in the front of which he has a store, stocked with such miscellaneous articles as the hunters', the lumbermen or the inhabitants of the town may require. Any thing from a flitch of bacon to a paper of needles can be bought at Eastham's, and the amateur sportsman can learn there with equal facility how many buckshot will chamber in a twelve gauge shell, or the number of balls of yarn required to knit a woollen stocking.

The scenery on the crest of the Alleghanies here is neither grand nor especially picturesque. The beautiful falls of the Blackwater, less than a mile from the hotel, form the only break in the view of a wild, unbroken, trackless, virgin forest of pine, spruce and hemlock. As far as the eye can see in every direction billows of dark sombre green roll in irregular undulations to the horizon. There are no towering peaks nor rugged rocks lifted high above the surrounding country. These were passed before Davis was reached. The tops of the mountains here are nearly level. It is almost as though one stood in a desert of green foliage stretching out for miles in every direction to meet the sky. In the raw air of a November morning amid occasional spits of falling snow, great banks of heavy gray clouds moving sluggishly overhead, sometimes falling almost to the tops of the tallest trees, the wind sighing gloomily through the evergreens or rattling the dried leaves of the laurel, a more depressing picture of desolation cannot be imagined. But as the hours pass the clouds lighten, the sun makes desperate efforts to pierce the clouds, and finally succeeds. Waves of bright sunlight chase each other across the ridges, putting a brighter color on the pines and hemlocks. The surface of the river reflects the color of the red leaves of the beeches along its shores; the tall, straight, gray trunks of dead spruce trees look less like finger marks of decay; the chirp of an occasional winter bird may be heard, varied by the foggy cluckling of the ground squirrel. The odor of frying bacon welcomingly defiles the clear, pure air. The dogs hang around the cook's feet, regardless of his kicks and curses, and nature, as appetite increases, takes on a fairer hue.

The morning devotions—a wash, a drink and breakfast—are quickly performed and Eastham, after assigning the hunters to their respective stands on the crossings where deer are accustomed to enter the river, takes his dogs and moves back in the direction of a ridge half a mile distant where he expects to strike a fresh trail. Colonel Blounder of the army, with a Winchester rifle, mounts guard at a well known point known as the Five Birches. The colonel says he has stalked antelope on the plains, but his suggestion to tie a red rag to the muzzle of his gun to attract the attention of passing deer is not indorsed by Eastham. Judge Riley of Accomac, a veteran hunter, armed with a musket that he preserves as a relic of the war and a pint flask of pine-top whiskey, is posted at the Fallen Tree, and I am directed by the guide to take my stand at the Big Bend, where for a distance of 200 yards on either hand is an open stretch of water.

Deer hunting on the Blackwater differs from the sport in many other parts of the country. It is the general custom in Pike and Potter counties, Penn., when hunting with dogs, to put the hunter upon runways, and when the deer passes the sportsman gets a shot. The deer does, also, if the hunter is a good marksman. On the Blackwater the deer, when pursued by the dogs, takes to the water to throw off the scent and the sportsmen are posted at such points along the stream as experience has proven the animal is most likely either to cross or to swim past to escape danger. Judge Riley insisted that if the deer possessed the intelligence with which he is commonly accredited he would take a clove instead of water to throw off the scent, but the colonel averred that nothing short of a wholesale drug establishment would deaden the sour mash distillery perfume that pervaded the judge's person.

Two hours passed at the Big Bend without the sign of a deer. A mink played incautiously around a huge rock in the centre of the stream, and a trout occasionally leaped from the water and fell back with a gentle plash. With ears strained and gun cocked I listened intently. Far off down the stream, in the neighborhood of the birches, I heard the faint report of a rifle. Then for another hour all was still. A dozen times I fancied I heard the baying of the hounds, but it proved to be only the creaking of a dead tree. Again I heard the sound, and this time I was not mistaken. The welcome music came nearer, and I grasped my gun in a fever of expectation. The chorus then gradually died away and I threw my breech-loader upon the ground in an agony of despair. Again, far off to the left, the dogs were heard, this time distinctly approaching the river. The report of the musket from Accomac echoed through the woods and every hope was instantly dashed to the ground. The dogs were still upon the trail, however, as their baying proved, and I glanced up and down the river with nervous anxiety. Two wild ducks were apparently coming down the stream, swimming rapidly side by side. I determined to get feathers, if fur was denied, and waited cautiously for them to come within range. The closer the two ducks came the less they resembled waterfowl, and when a shallow place in the stream was reached the two horns of a spike buck were lifted from the spot where I had imagined the necks of two ducks protruded. Cautiously the deer lifted his head from the water, glanced at the laurel-fringed banks of the stream, paused for a moment to listen to the distant baying of the hounds, and carefully lifting his feet waded over the shallow place and, going again into deep water, sunk his head so that only the nose and the horns could be seen above the surface. On he came until within twenty yards of my stand when I saluted the gentleman with eight buckshot from the right barrel. His head sank under the stream, reappeared, and he started for the opposite bank. As he arose from the water he received a charge from the second barrel and fell dead upon the shore.

Ten minutes later Eastham, with half a dozen dogs in his boat, paddled down the stream to the bend and picked up the buck. We moved down the river to Fallen Tree, where Judge Riley had been posted. He was not in sight, and loud calls for Riley met with no response. Eastham blew his horn, but the only answer was in the murmurs of the wind among the trees and the distant response of a lost beagle. We ascended the bank and the only sign of human presence was an empty flask and a battered corkscrew. There had evidently been a severe tussle in the neighborhood. The bushes were beaten down and the footprints of dogs, deer and man could be distinctly discerned in the half frozen sod.

"Oh, R-i-l-e-y!" shouted Eastham. No answer. "Hello, J-u-d-g-e!" screamed the guide. There was no response. "Take-a-drink!" bellowed the cook, who had come unperceived up the trail along the bank, and to this invitation there was heard a feeble groan from a remote part of the thicket. After a short search the hero of Accomac was found, and by his side lay a magnificent four-pronged buck with a knife sticking in its side. The judge was with some difficulty revived. His torn garments were covered with a rubber blanket and he was assisted to the boat.

"Boys," he gasped, "I have had an awful time." The cook tenderly passed the judge a bottle. He took a mighty pull, and after laying back in the bow of the boat between the two deer, resumed: "I was sitting on the log where Eastham told me to stay, when I heard the hounds. I had been suffering from malaria and the cold dark water of the river seemed so unforbidding that I took out my flask and reluctantly transferred a portion of its contents. The first thing I knew a big buck deer dashed into the river on the opposite side, and I blazed away at him without taking close aim. I did not hit the beast and the dogs were right on his heels. He came straight for me and dashed right into the laurel so close that I could have touched him with my hand. So help me, Bob, I don't know how it was but as the buck went by I joined in the chase with the dogs. The buck got caught in the laurel and I thought if I could get on his head I could bring him to the ground with my knife and the help of the dogs kill him. He was run up against an old log and I jumped from the log square on his neck. Then the devil got his horns free and started off with me on his back. The dogs raised Cain at his heels and I got out my knife and began jabbing him in the neck. Did you ever sit astride a horse and drive a pair of spurs into him? Well every time I stuck that buck he jumped, and when he jumped I got a dab of the laurel bushes. It was awful, but the deer was as bad off as I. He fell on his knees. I rolled on the ground. The buck rolled on me, and that was the last I knew until I heard your signal of relief. It was a terrible experience, Bob, and if the cook will please pass the demijohn I will repose on my conquered foe until we reach the camp."

At the birches we met the colonel. He had shot at a deer earlier in the day, he said, but a gentleman from the Canaan Valley having come along with a deck of cards they rigged up a seat alongside a stump and played seven up at a quarter a game until the colonel secured all the ready cash and a mortgage on two yearling heifers that the mountaineer possessed. Judge Riley has declared his intention here after to simply follow the coon by night and never again tackle a prong buck.

RUSKS, SALLY LUNN, BUNS, ETC.

By Eliza R. Parker.

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German Rusks—One cup of yeast, one cup of sugar, one cup of milk, four eggs, with sufficient flour to make soft dough. Let rise, work in more flour, with a tea cup of butter. When light make out in square rolls, let rise and bake.

Rich Rusks—Three ounces of melted butter in one pint of milk. Beat in half a pound of sugar, with six eggs, mix with enough flour to make batter, and add a cup of yeast. When light work in flour to make a stiff dough. Cut in cakes, let rise and bake.

Sugar rusks—Two cups of raised dough, one tea cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, two eggs, flour to make stiff dough. Set to rise; when light, mould into small biscuits, let rise, sift over with sugar and place in the oven.

Cream rusks—One pint of warm water, one tea cup of sugar, one tea cup of rich cream, one coffee cup of yeast, flour to make stiff batter. Let rise over night, work down several times; when ready to bake roll out and cut in small round cakes, put in greased pans; when light bake, and sprinkle with sugar.

Cinnamon rusks—Take one cup of mashed potatoes, one of sugar, one of hop yeast and three eggs; mix altogether. When light add half a cup of butter, one tablespoonful of ground cinnamon and flour to make a stiff dough; let rise, make in small cakes and put in buttered pans. When light grease the tops with butter, sprinkle thickly with sugar and cinnamon, bake in a quick oven.

Tea rusks—In one pint of new milk dissolve one yeast cake, add three eggs, one cup of sugar and two ounces of butter, with enough flour to roll out; let rise; when very light mould into small cakes and set to rise; bake in a quick oven; when done cover the top with sugar dissolved in milk.

Berkshire rusks—One cup of sweet milk, one of yeast, one of flour; set over night; in the morning add half a cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, rubbed together; two eggs; reserve the white of one, beaten to a froth, to spread over the top when the rusks are raised and ready to bake.

Sally Lunn—One quart of flour, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one mashed potato rubbed in with a tablespoonful of lard and butter mixed, half a cup of yeast and three eggs; make soft dough with warm water, knead twenty minutes, put in a greased pan and bake in a slow oven.

Virginia Sally Lunn—One quart of flour, one tablespoon of yeast, four eggs, two ounces of butter, one pint of milk; work well, put in a greased pan, let rise and bake.

English Sally Lunn—Half a cup of yeast, three eggs, tablespoonful of butter, a pinch of salt, and one quart of flour. Make a stiff batter, let rise, pour into a greased pan and keep warm. When light put in the oven to bake.

Baking powder Sally Lunn—Two eggs, one pint of sweet milk, with flour, to make a stiff batter, two teaspoons of baking powder, two tablespoons of sugar, one of butter. Pour into a greased pan and bake in a quick oven.

Buns—One pint of hop yeast, four tablespoons of sugar, half a cup of butter, one egg, and flour to make a stiff dough; work thoroughly, mould in round cakes, put in greased pans, let rise and bake.

English Buns—One yeast cake dissolved in a pint of warm milk, a pinch of salt, add flour to make a soft sponge and let rise; add one teacup of sugar, a cup of butter, two eggs, flour to make a stiff dough; let rise, roll in a large sheet, spread with butter, and cut in biscuits, fold over, let rise again and bake.

Hot cross buns—Sift two pounds of flour, and set before the fire, or where it will get hot without scorching. When the flour is quite warm beat half a pound of sugar and the same quantity of butter very light and put to the flour; half a teaspoon of cinnamon and coriander seed; wet the whole with half a pint of milk. Beat very light and free from lumps, then beat in two tablespoons of fresh yeast. Set to rise; when light form the dough into buns. Bake and serve hot.

Cinnamon buns—Reserve one quart of dough when making light bread; work in a cup of sugar, and two tablespoonfuls of butter and roll half an inch thick, cut in large biscuits, spread with sugar and cinnamon. Let rise and bake.

Spanish buns—One pint of flour, one pint of sugar; one cup of sweet milk, one cup of butter, four eggs beaten separately, two tea cups of yeast, one teaspoon each of cinnamon, cloves and allspice, one grated nutmeg. Knead well, roll out, cut in large biscuits, let rise and bake; when taken from the oven sprinkle with white sugar.

Coffee cakes—Work into a quart of dough a rounded teaspoon of butter, half of sugar, and one cup of dried currants, work in flour sufficient for dough, make in small rolls, dip in melted butter, place in pans and let rise half an hour. Bake.

German coffee cakes—Beat together two cups of sugar and one of butter; beat separately the whites and yolks of six eggs; mix well together with two large cups of dough, first the sugar and butter, next the yolks, then the whites of the eggs; add one teaspoon each of extract of cinnamon, allspice and nutmeg, half a pound of seeded raisins, and a little more flour; let rise, make in small cakes, keep warm twenty minutes and bake.

The Whiskers Question.

[Cincinnati Graphic.]

Two fallacies are in vogue regarding the whisker question. One is that a thin-faced man should support side whiskers to "widen his face;" the other that a round-faced man should favor long chin whiskers to "lengthen his face." Both are adopted on the counteraction and antidote principle, but are wrong as wrong can be. A man with a sharp chin exposed is thin and appears thin in spite of his burnsides. And a moon-shaped man gives himself a humorous and clownish appearance by wearing a long, sharp tuft on his chin. The principle of conformity should be observed or a wholesale change made. A thin man, for instance, should not wear chin whiskers, no whiskers at all or a beard. He no more looks well with side whiskers and a peaked chin than he would to stuff his chest and not his cheeks and calves. To look well he must be uniformly and consistently thin, or he may modify it by a complete beard. A fat man should be smooth faced or wear universal whiskers pretty closely cropped. The well-proportioned and moderately full-faced man may vary the style and quantity of his whiskers with impunity so far as the thin or broad appearance is concerned. A very short beard gives an animal look; if very large it indicates vanity or crankiness.

BOSTON COOKING SCHOOL.

Regular Demonstration Lecture.

Yeast and the Staff of Life the Topic of Miss Maynard's Lecture.

Milk, Graham, Brown Bread and Muffins Discussed.

The subject of the demonstration lecture at the cooking school Wednesday morning, after the Thanksgiving recess, was the "staff of life," otherwise bread and yeast. The points considered were the making of yeast, milk-bread, graham bread, brown bread and muffins. There are three ways of raising food—by yeast, by the union of an acid and alkali, as in soda and cream of tartar rules, and by forcing in air as in aerated bread, the Maryland beaten biscuit, omelets, truffles, etc. In the latter method the air is held as bubbles in the mixture and, expanding when heated in the oven, separate the particles of dough, making all light.

Yeast.

Mix one-fourth cup sugar, one-fourth cup flour, and one tablespoonful salt together. Wash, pare and grate three raw potatoes. Add this to the first mixture. Pour on slowly from one to two quarts boiling water. Strain. When cool add one cup yeast. Cover and keep in a warm place until covered with white foam. Place in jars and set it away.

This may or may not pay for the trouble of making, but the bread is certainly better than that made from the compressed yeast cakes. In a refrigerator this yeast will keep for two months.

Old potatoes are better than new for yeast, as the starch in them has partially turned to sugar. Be sure when you begin to make yeast that you have some boiling water ready, as the starch cells or granules must be broken by this. Potatoes get discolored on exposure to the air, as you know; so, in grating the potatoes, as soon as a little is done, stir into the flour, then go on and stir in again. Many people use boiled potatoes for yeast, but the raw ones will make it quicker.

Do not cover the yeast too closely at first, lest you lose jar, yeast and all.

The idea used to be that yeast must never be more than lukewarm, else the yeast plant will be destroyed. The fact has been proved, however, that yeast may be added to very hot milk without destroying the yeast plant.

Hop yeast can be made by above rule by boiling a quarter of a cup of hops in a quart of water and then taking this water for that used in the rule.

Milk Bread.

Take one pint milk scalded, add one tablespoonful of butter, one of sugar, and a teaspoonful of salt. When cool add one half cup yeast and six or seven cups flour; knead well; cool and let it rise until light; cut it down, divide into loaves or shape into rolls; let it rise again in the pans and bake.

In the bread the sugar changes to alcohol, the alcohol to carbonic acid, and this to acetic acid if allowed.

Most people use too much yeast, and this makes the bread dark and clammy. If you have not the home-made liquid yeast, take one quarter of a yeast cake and dissolve in half a cup of warm water. This is equivalent to half a cup of liquid yeast.

The rule says six or seven cups flour; this flour is the Haxall corrugated, which we consider very choice, though there are many other good grades. Good flour should look creamy white, and not blue white, and should be granular to the touch. Cut the flour in with a knife, as it is easier to handle than a spoon. Mix stiff enough to knead easily. In kneading bread, press from you with the thick portion of the hand and gather up with the tips of the fingers. The more quickly this is done the better; it is not necessary to put very much strength into it or to knead it very long, not more than two minutes. Knead it till it feels smooth, not raw nor sticky.

Place the kneaded loaf in the bowl and cover with a towel and a tin cover. The latter keeps it moist and prevents a hard crust from forming over the dough. Follow directions for rising, etc.

When bread has risen too soon, or you do not wish to use it at once, stir it down, if batter, or cut it down, if a stiff dough. This lets out the carbonic acid, which would turn to acetic acid and make the bread sour if left. Parker House rolls have been kept sweet in this way for three days in August. The dough was put in the refrigerator and cut down three times a day. When allowed to rise finally and cooked on the third day it was perfectly sweet.

Bread should rise to double its bulk. If you find your bread has risen well and is caved in the centre it shows that it has risen too much.

The right temperature for raising bread is about 70°. In very cold weather, if the bread in the morning is found not risen enough, the dough may be set in a pan of hot water, which will start it at once. Biscuits sometimes are not good though made from the same dough as the loaf bread because the former are often hurried by being set on the back of the stove. No regular rule can be given for the length of time necessary for biscuit; in warm weather they may rise in fifteen minutes, in cold weather they may take forty minutes.

To make "sticks," which are so delicious with soup, take a small piece of stiff dough and roll it out very long and small. Place on a pan and let them rise slowly; then bake in a slow oven, browning them well. These will keep for a long time if put in a dry place.

A pupil wished to know how to cut out Parker House rolls.

Parker House rolls are make like milk bread, only you can use a little less yeast if they are to have plenty of time to rise. The dough must not be too stiff, else the rolls will contract and be too small. Roll the dough out; pull up from the board and let the dough contract all it will; then cut out; with the thumbs or the back of a knife make a deep crease or dint across the roll; put a little butter on one half and turn the other over upon the first. Be sure to cover over with a tin when rising, else a crust will form and destroy the shape of the rolls. Bake in a hot oven for about ten minutes.

Finger rolls do not need so hot an oven. Brush each side with butter so they will not stick together.

Graham Bread.

Take one pint milk scalded, add two tablespoonfuls sugar and one teaspoonful salt; when cool add one-half cup yeast, two cups white flour, and from three to three and a half cups graham flour; cover and raise; make into loaves or muffins.

The graham is the health food graham and does not need sifting. The ordinary graham should be sifted, as the outer coat is silicious and not digestible.

Graham bread is more readily soured than white bread, because it has more sugar in it, for one reason.

In preparing the muffins take up a spoonful of dough, just enough for a muffin, place it on the floured hand, put the right thumb in the centre, draw the edges to the centre, and so knead into a little cake; place in the muffin rings; put a towel over the muffin pan and turn a tin pan over all to prevent a crust forming when rising.

In kneading a small quantity of dough into a loaf, press on it with the palm and draw up the edges with the fingers, in the same general way as in case of the muffins; place loaf in pan.

The way to tell if anything has raised enough is not by the looks but by the feeling. If it feels light to the touch it is ready, no matter how it looks.

Brown Bread.

Take one cup cornmeal, one cup rye flour, one cup graham, one teaspoonful salt, three-fourths cup molasses, one teaspoonful soda and one pint sour milk; steam three hours.

Rye flour or rye meal can be used. The former is rye meal which has been sifted several times. Rye meal contains many things which had better be sifted out before it is used. Put salt and sifted soda into the flour. The soda if put into molasses, water or milk effervesces at once, and so a portion of the lightness is lost. This is all saved and soda mixed thoroughly if the soda is put into the flour.

If you wish dark cake or bread you must use Porto Rico molasses, as the New Orleans is so much lighter.

This batter when mixed should be so light as almost to pour readily. The secret of good brown bread is in steaming evenly. Never add cold water to the pot, after the steaming has begun, as this would, of course, alter the temperature and cause the bread to fall. It is well, perhaps, to set the bread into the oven and dry it off after the steaming. This will make a good crust.

Brown bread is sometimes made with sweet milk, but it is not so good as when sour milk is used.

Muffins.

Take one cup of milk, scalded and cooled; then add one-fourth cup yeast, one teaspoonful sugar, one-half teaspoonful salt, one egg, yolk and white beaten separately. Flour to make a drop batter; raise, and when ready to bake add one tablespoonful melted butter. Fill pans two-thirds full, raise, and bake in a hot oven.

An eighth of a yeast cake can, of course, be used instead of the fourth of a cup of yeast, in the same proportions as were given above. A "drop" batter is one which will just drop easily from the spoon. This batter need not be covered with a cloth as it is so thin that a crust will not form.

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PREPARE FOR INVADERS.

Secretary ENDICOTT, in his annual report of the condition of the War Department, takes occasion to again urge the all-important necessity of seacoast defences. He declares emphatically that the work of fortifying New York, San Francisco, Boston and Washington should be begun at once, and his argument is this: The defences required must be erected and prepared to resist attack from the water. For the great ports of Europe such defences must also be arranged to resist the attack of armies by land. But no considerable army will, in all human probability, cross the sea and attempt the invasion of our territory at these populous points. War vessels would be sufficient for such attacks; and, besides, armies can be rapidly raised and armed by us for defence against troops. We have, therefore, a single problem to solve in defending our cities: how best to resist and silence the armored ships and the steel guns and mortars of modern construction. It can only be accomplished by guns of equal force to those which any enemy can bring against us, and by torpedoes or submarine mines laid in the navigable channels, both so guarded and protected that they can do efficient service when required.

The secretary's presentation of the case seems to be unanswerable, and Congress, if it is wise, will adopt his recommendations and make appropriations for carrying them into effect as soon as possible.

WILL THEY FIGHT?

Russia cannot fail to recognize the truth just now of the old adage that she cannot have her cake and eat it. Carried away by grasping passion for military conquest during the past half century or more, she has been brought to the verge of bankruptcy by the maintenance of vast armies with their munitions of war at great cost. Her attacks upon the integrity of the Turkish empire for the possession of Constantinople, as well as the aggressions upon British interests in India, have cost her dear, but without avail. And yet today she is as uneasy as ever, and pining for more battle and more—debt.

The Russian government is reported as negotiating for a loan of 75,000,000 roubles at Paris, and if the money is forthcoming, it is predicted by some in Europe, that Russian troops will immediately take possession of Bulgaria and possibly march on Constantinople, which would result in a general war. Others, however, who are well-informed, think there will be no war. They say that all the money it might be possible for Russia to obtain, with her limited credit, would hardly be a drop in the bucket as compared with the immense financial power of Great Britain. They remember that it was largely this financial factor that settled the question of the last threatened raid upon Turkey by Russia. Lord BEACONSFIELD, prime minister of England at the time, is reported to have said, as he ordered up a brigade of Ghoorkas from Bombay to the Mediterranean: "We have several millions of these folks; they are very pretty fighters; and, by Jingo, we've got the money to keep 'em at it." The Czar decided not to eat Turkey in Constantinople that year.

Meanwhile, the sick man is not so moribund as he was. Somebody has lent him money enough just now to buy 300,000 rifles of the latest approved pattern, and he is getting ready quite energetically with his red cap and tassel for a scrimmage. But it is not thought probable that Russia, colossal in a military way though she be, and backed by France, will care, in her present exhausted condition, to tackle Turkey, aided by two first-class naval and military powers like Italy and England, with the long purse of the latter.

FACTS FOR COLORED MEN.

Mr. FREDERICK DOUGLASS finds time, amid his Parisian pleasurings, to send long-range advice to those colored men in this city and elsewhere who have looked to him for leadership in the past regarding their political duties. He says: "I see nothing better for us than to follow the Republican flag. We have not gained all we had a right to expect under it, but under it we have gained all that we have."

Advice of this tenor is likely to suggest a doubt in the minds of thinking people whether Mr. DOUGLASS should be considered the Moses of his race, and also whether the time has not arrived when the colored people may not dispense with a Moses altogether and be guided by their own better knowledge of the history of reconstruction and present conditions. They may learn, if they will accept facts at their true value, that even emancipation was not due to any moral influence exerted by the Republican party, but was resorted to after considerable hesitation and delay as a war measure. When the war was ended the Republican party assumed all the virtue of the race's deliverance, and bent its energies, not to the elevation of the freedmen, but to their utter subjection to its own political purposes, to the end that it might satiate its gluttony of power. As the old slave masters kept their human property in ignorance for prudential reasons, so for equally selfish ends did the Republican party stimulate the superstitions and prejudices of the colored people that reason might not gain an ascendancy and provoke a revolt against this new form of slavery.

The truth is that such progress as the colored people, formerly in slavery, have made has been in spite of the Republican party rather than by its help. Not until the old Republican usurpations were ended at the South did they begin to enjoy industrial opportunities or anything like the educational advantages that have come to them since. Peace and progress have followed the re-establishment of home rule and Democratic government in the South, and with increased enlightenment has come a breaking up of political lines among the negroes. This has been a good thing for them, but a bad omen for the Republican party, whose case has become still more desperate because of the encouragement and just treatment which colored men have received from a national Democratic administration. Their political thrall is broken and it can never be mended.

Perhaps, without being entirely conscious of it himself, Mr. DOUGLASS is more of a prophet of the Republican party than he is of his race. His associations are largely with white men; his wife is a white woman, and such public prominence as he has received has been by the favor of the Republican party. His remark about following the Republican flag is therefore, personally, very apt. But there is no reason why colored men, as a body, should find in it either wisdom or comfort. They must do their own thinking if they are to advance, and under present conditions we do not think there will be any great rush to accept Mr. DOUGLASS' dictum.

DECEMBER DAYS.

Winter is here, "the season of silence" has begun. The city dweller, if he is a family man, is anticipating the new year, with its unpaid bills, and the man of business thinks with dismay of the annual stock-taking that follows the Christmas holidays. Meantime the social pleasures of the city multiply—the theatres are at their best, the children are dreaming of Santa Claus, and older folks have visions of the Brighton road and the snow, of germans, card parties and other enjoyments. Away in the country, too, December brings its special delights. At first the days are bleak and dismal, a legacy from cheerless November. A few brown leaves still cling to the oaks, but the bright autumn foliage has been all swept away. On the hillsides the trees look dark and forbidding. The cricket, whose shrill chirp could be heard but a few days since, is silent at last. The fields are smooth and brown, ready for the winter's snows, while here and there the hoar-frost glitters in the morning sun. Then comes the snow. What denizen of a city can appreciate the glories of a New England winter in the country? To the children it brings the joys of snow-balling and coasting, and, as the cold strengthens, skating is added to the list of amusements. For the young people there are sleigh-rides and parties—not the conventional "german" or card party of the city, but jolly social gatherings, a little noisy, perhaps, but full of life and pleasure. And then the long ride home afterwards over the crisp snow! The older people find opportunities to read the magazines and papers that have been neglected during the busy summer, the cider jug and dish of apples often being adjuncts of the literary feast, which the neighbors, too, drop in to share, while they discuss politics and the weather.

THE NEW NAVY.

Secretary WHITNEY'S report on the progress made in building the new navy is a gratifying one under all the circumstances, and likely to inspire confidence as well as hope. After so many years of mingled neglect and corrupt management, during which the once proud American navy was reduced below that of a fifth or sixth rate power, it is, of course, no small task to again place it on a footing of efficiency. But the attempt is being faithfully made with good prospects of success. The best and most responsible constructors of ships and machinery in the country have been in conference with the Navy Department during the past year, and have now offered their able co-operation with the utmost cordiality in carrying out the secretary's plans. Secretary WHITNEY, with characteristic patriotism and discrimination, has determined to employ, if possible, only American material as well as talent in the construction of the armored ships, with their guns and other equipments, even though the cost may be greater, and more time be required than in getting them abroad.

*WHY DO WE KEEP HOUSE?

Women are always somewhat supersensitive about their work. There is probably no point on which this supersensitiveness is more displayed than that of housekeeping. To be called a "slack" housekeeper stings a woman to the quick, no matter how deserved the impeachment may be; yet the moment a woman does that she is exciting herself in her housekeeping to do more than she otherwise would; for fear that "people will talk," that moment she begins to endanger her whole theory of life. It is this keeping house so as to please society and to placate "the neighbors" which is at the bottom of much of the overwork and the belittling of the mind, which are the bane of housekeepers.

"Don't try to keep your house too clean," says a clever writer, "or else a stepmother will bring up your children."

This simple but strong presentation of the matter throws a flood of light upon it. It intimates that a housekeeper has duties besides keeping house and paramount to that one.

A housekeeper is usually a wife. A wife, besides seeing that her husband has clean rooms to live in, well-cooked meals and neat clothes, should make herself a companion for him. His mind is usually sharpened by his activity in business or professional life. She must see to it that her own mind is kept as sharp as possible, by reading and study. She should try to remain so far as her efforts can go what she probably was in the days of their courtship—the most interesting person in the world for him to be with. Above all things, she must keep herself well and strong, or else good spirits, which are the most charming attributes in either man or woman, will be lacking.

Then she is usually a mother. Her children are full of questions. They desire her companionship and her conversation. Whose else can be so good for them as hers? She should see to it that they have these in full measure and of good quality.

She is also a member of some social circle. The greatest work that woman can do to improve the social fabric is, of course, in the home; but there are many outside duties which no self-respecting woman should neglect, and for which she should save a portion of her time and strength.

The keeping of the house, then, is only one of several vocations of the housekeeper, and subordinate to those of the wife, the mother and the social being. That is to say, the keeping of the home in which family and friends are to be fed and sheltered is only a means to the securing of their health and happiness. Just as soon as a woman begins to think of the cleaning and cooking as ends in themselves, and devotes herself to them to such an extent that her usefulness in higher spheres is impaired, she is making a mistake. Keep the balance true. Remember that the objects of our earthly toil are to keep our loved ones well and happy. Relegate conversation about the household affairs to the background, unless the humorous side is uppermost. See that good meals, plain and substantial, are served, no matter what cleaning or other work is going on. Do not tire yourself out with trying to do double work in a day. By system this can be avoided. Never mind what "the neighbors" say. Keep continually in mind that you are keeping house not for the sake of keeping house, but to make homes in which husbands and children and friends shall thrive and rejoice continually.

KATE UPSON CLARKE.

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EDITORIAL POINTS.

In an article upon English tram ways horse-car lines as we call them, a London paper recalls the fact that "It is now more than a quarter of a century since GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN laid the first English tramway in Birkenhead." It provoked fierce opposition and some riotous demonstrations at the time, but now over 1000 miles of tramways are laid in English city streets. Locomotive engines are used in drawing the English street cars to a considerable extent.

JOSEPH COWEN'S paper, the Newcastle Chronicle, says that 40,000 persons rise in London every morning without knowing where or how they shall break their fast, and that the number of those who are in this time of distress driven to the very verge of the same destitute state is put down at 150,000. This is the huge reservoir of semi-starved humanity that feeds Socialism and makes well-to-do London shake in its shoes every few weeks.

Hon. William E. CHANDLER, some time ruler of Uncle Sam's navee, writes one of his always racy letters to say that the late Mr. ARTHUR and Mr. BLAINE were never on such very bad terms that they couldn't speak as they passed by. Mr. CHANDLER chides the press a little for widening, instead of healing quarrels between public men. As a political peace-maker, however, Mr. C. himself has not been a marked success.

Congressman MORRISON'S declaration that he will not contest the late election in his district, even though the majority against him should not be more than one, is worthy of an honest, old-fashioned Jeffersonian Democrat, which he is. The party in Illinois will honor itself as much as it will honor him if it names him for the next governor of that State.

Now LOGAN takes a slap at BLAINE, and FRANK HATTON, Mr. ARTHUR'S postmaster-general, makes free to say that he regards the Maine statesman as "a base hypocrite." Well may the New York Tribune say that BLAINE is "the leading Republican of the country." The rest of the party are certainly coming after him with sharp sticks.

It is a pity that so much gentleness is shown to ugly cranks like the fellow BODDIE, who has been worrying Mrs. GARFIELD for months past, and has now been locked up in a poorhouse, with free board, the court finding him perfectly sane. A sound horsewhipping would seem to be a suitable prescription for such wretches.

The controversy over the question of whether wicked people will have a chance to repent after death waxes warmer. There is no question, however, that repentance before death is always in order. In a case like this it is just as well to give yourself the benefit of the doubt. Speculating in futures is risky business.

Paris is determined to outdo the world on tall towers. M. EIFFEL has designed a modern Babel for her which is to be 1000 feet high, just about twice the height of the Great Pyramid and the Washington Monument. It is to be built of iron, and stand in the Champ de Mars, as a feature of the next great exhibition.

The Pall Mall Gazette says: "The Irish farmer could pay his rent if it had been fixed in produce; he cannot pay it because it is fixed in gold." The gold standard Shylockery is ruining everybody but the gold kings. It is the great crime against the working people of all countries.

The Czar of Russia's favorite home amusement is to lie for hours at full length with his dog before an open fire. A New York paper cites this as a symptom of madness. But why so? An open fire is a comfortable thing, and a well-bred dog is not bad company by any means.

Attorney-General GARLAND did nothing wrong in the Pan-Electric matter, in the opinion of Judge LOWELL. THE GLOBE took that view of the matter a long time back, when the storm of unmerited denunciation of the attorney-general was at its height.

The Philadelphia Record is right in saying that a dying Congress ought not to be vested with the power to choose a president when the people have failed to elect one. But it will be a long job to put through the needed amendment to the Constitution.

Secretary MANNING wants President CLEVELAND renominated. The President has it in his power to gratify the secretary on this point. Good straight Democracy, such as the chief executive gave us in the STONE case, will make it O. K., Mr. Secretary.

GUINNESS' famous brewery was recently sold to a company. Twenty-four million dollars was the amount subscribed, and four times that sum was eager for investment in this celebrated establishment. GUINNESS' is evidently a very stout concern.

Secretary WHITNEY'S declaration that the navy needed reorganizing required a stretch of courtesy. It has not generally been supposed that the Republicans left any navy for reorganization, or anything else.

Young BOB LINCOLN, as he was familiarly called when he was in Mr. ARTHUR'S cabinet, is quietly practising law out at Chicago, and the Republicans have entirely stopped talking of him as presidential timber.

HENRY WATTERSON advises colored people to become landholders. There is certainly an air of prosperity about a man who owns land, especially if it be in the form of corner lots in a growing city.

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD says she will not accept a renomination for the presidency in 1888. Still there will be one or two side shows, no doubt, to the great political circus of 1888.

Three justices of the United States are eligible for retirement on a salary of $10,000 a year. A man past 70 who will not retire on $10,000 a year must have a soft job.

For the benefit of doubters it may be stated that Mr. CARLISLE will occupy the speaker's chair in the next as in the present Congress. No charge for the information.

Another vacancy in the effete monarchies of the old world: King LAMA TOMBEFOL of Cayar, Africa, has been killed. Nominations for his successor are now in order.

FRED ARCHER, the famous jockey of the English turf, who committed suicide the other day, left a fortune of $500,000 as the fruits of his racing triumphs.

A girl at Morristown has lost all use of her jaw by the use of chewing gum. Bachelors in search of a quiet wife have a great opportunity here.

Mr. DAY is the coming appointee for governor of Dakota. Sing hey to you, good Day to you, and that's what we shall say!

Mrs. LANGTRY invested $11,000 in a real estate mortgage a few days ago. "Handsome is that handsome does."

We congratulate our Charleston friends on the fact that their city is looking first rate again. Shake!

The Rhealistic school of acting takes Boston's fancy very strongly.

THE WOMAN'S HOUR.

Shall Our Girls Go to College?

A Review of Mrs. Linton's Recent Paper on the Higher Education of Women.

Breaking Down in Health by No Means Necessary.

In a recent number of the Fortnightly Review, Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, the well-known English novelist, has an article on the higher education of woman, which has been reprinted in our own Popular Science Monthly. Whatever may be thought of this article in England, and we understand it has called forth already some very strong replies, American readers will peruse this paper with mingled amusement and indignation.

We have cherished the idea for some time that there was no longer any doubt in the mind of everybody belonging to this day and generation but that it is the privilege, the right and the duty of every woman, as of every man, to obtain the best possible education; a privilege and a right because conducive to her highest development and happiness; a duty because fitting her to perform properly her natural duties to society.

But Mrs. Linton says that the higher education is one of the difficulties of the woman question. There are, she says, not far from a million surplus women in the world, who must work if they would eat. The power of self-support for them must be based on broad and honorable lines, must not be a well-masked charity, and must include something which the world wants and is willing to pay for. In earning their own living women have to compete with men, who are, she says, "undeniably the stronger, both in mind and body, in intellectual grasp and staying power, in the faculty of organization, the capacity for sustained effort and in patient perseverance under arduous and, it may be, distasteful labor."

Any woman who has thought much about these things will put several interrogation points after the above statement. It is an exceedingly enticing position, and tempts the disputant to pause and devote a little time to it, because it can be so easily overthrown by the facts of the case. But it is better to pass on, taking it for granted that these facts are well known.

The question of the higher education, which is only in another form the question of how women shall fit themselves for self-support, has, according to Mrs. Linton,

Three Important Points.

The first of these is "the wisdom or unwisdom for a father of limited means and uncapitalized income to send to college at great expense girls who may marry, and so render the whole outlay of no avail." To give a good education to a boy, she admits is to lay the foundation, not only for a successful individual life, but also for a well conditioned family. It is the only thing a man can do who has no fortune to leave his son, and is, in fact, a fortune in itself, only in a potential form; for with a good education and brains to profit by it nothing is impossible. Where the man's education enables him to provide for a family a woman's may be entirely thrown away. At the best, it is helpful to herself only, for women of the professional class, like those of the laboring, support only themselves. If a girl is not to be a teacher, a writer, or a physician, the money spent on her college career will be emphatically wasted. Again, she says, "there is always that chance of marriage which knocks the whole thing to pieces, save in those exceptional cases where two students unite their brains as well as their fortunes, and the masculine M. A. marries the feminine, for the better perfecting of philosophic literature. Even in this rare instance the fact of marriage nullifies the good of the education; and, after a father has spent on his daughter's education the same amount of money as would have secured the fortune of a capable son, it cannot give him retrospective satisfaction to see her married to some one who will make her the mother of a family, where nothing which she has gained at so much cost will tell."

One draws a long breath after such statements as the above, and a smile or an amused laugh at their general preposterousness is sure to follow. It seems hardly necessary to reply seriously. If giving a boy a good education is to give him a fortune in another form, how much more necessary should be this equipment to the girl who has to struggle against such fearful odds as those which are enumerated above? The statement that a working woman supports only herself is not sustained by known facts. Think over the women of this class whom you know and see how many of them have dependent upon them an aged mother or a helpless father, younger brothers and sisters, or perhaps a family of young children; even the case of which I know, where a bright newspaper woman supports herself, her shiftless husband, several children and an old mother, is not so very unusual, especially if we include the extremely hard-working class which includes actresses, public singers, etc.

In the reiterated statements concerning the possible marriage of women after having been educated at great expense it will be seen that the writer takes a

Purely Materialistic View

of the value and uses of an education. If it can be put into harness and be made to draw a load; if it may be set to work so as to yield an immediate return in dollars and cents, why, then, it is a good thing. Mere acquirements, few and faulty, may be made to do this; but of education in the true sense of the word—that "leading out" and developing of every power which the derivation from the Latin implies—our writer seems to have no conception.

This general training and developing of all the faculties of mind and body, which is included in what is truly a "higher education," is self-evidently necessary and useful in whatever path of life the girl may tread. It makes no difference whether she is to be a housekeeper for herself or others, and apply her chemistry and physics and other sciences to evolving correct principles of cookery and sanitary regulations for the health of her household; whether she is to use her mathematics as a bank cashier or a practical domestic economist; whether her art and music win her bread and butter, or gladden her own home; whether her history and political economy leads her "to speak in public on the stage" for the woman suffrage cause, or help to guide her sons and daughters in the formation of correct opinions; whether she teaches Latin or Greek, or helps all around her with the purer English she uses because of her knowledge of those languages; whether she preaches moral philosophy from the pulpit or is taught by it to a better understanding and training of her little child—the end is one. "All service ranks the same with God," and though for all service we may not need exactly the same sort of training, yet everything which can develop the best which is in one is necessary and cannot be wasted.

The second point considered by Mrs. Linton is "the effect which this higher education has on the woman and the individual."

It is not easy to see just what points are made under this head. Women "on all moral questions claim the highest direction and the noblest spiritual enlightenment." As this is a fact generally admitted by men, it is scarcely necessary to argue over it. "Judging from sentiments and feeling they refuse the testimony of facts; the logic of history has no lesson for them; ghosts are real when germs are imaginary," etc. It is within a very short time that women have ever been taught the logic of history, but it seems to us that they do not take unkindly to it; while as for the ghosts and germs, if things were as they are stated there would certainly be great need for the work of the higher education. The most dangerous tendency, however, in this writer's opinion lies in woman's love of domination, which she fears will be augmented. "In the home and out of the home, woman's main desire is for recognized leadership, so that man shall live by their rule," she says, and quotes the old adage to the effect that when two ride on horseback together one must be behind. We must grant this last fact. In fact, we are glad to do so, for the pillion disappeared from general use years and years ago, and our modern way is to give each a horse or seat them both side by side in a carriage, where the one best qualified to do so may hold the reins and drive.

But in this question of woman's higher education

The Physical Results

on her health and strength, especially in relation to her probable maternity, is considered the third and most important point. "Not going all the length of the Turkish idea, that women are born into the world only to be the wives and mothers of men—as mothers of women simply keeping up the supply, and that for themselves they are of no account outside their usefulness to and relations with men—it is yet undeniably better that they should be unnoted as individuals and perfect as mothers rather than famous in their own persons and the mothers of abortive and unsatisfactory children. In this lies the soul of the controversy, for the whole question is contained in the relative importance of individual's rights and social duties—freedom for self-development in such direction as may suit ourselves, or subordinating our personal desires to the general and unindividualized good!

On this matter of how the health of woman is affected by study, Mrs. Linton follows the lead of Dr. Withers-Moore, made in a speech before the British Association last August, which has probably won the doctor more notoriety than any other effort of his life. This speech has been so widely quoted that we need only to remind our readers that in his opinion all girls who are so unwomanly and silly as to go to college invariably come out with shattered nerves, enfeebled bodies and a general incapacity to take up the duties of wife and mother.

If it were true that the nerves of most girls are shattered and their general health destroyed by a college education, we should be among the first to deplore it. But we can have no better authority to disprove this than the statistics concerning the health of women who are college graduates recently collected and published by a committee appointed by the College Alumnæ Association. The time has gone by for men, and so lately have women gone to college that it has never begun for them, when a weak body and a hydrocephalous appearing head are considered the essential characteristics of a scholar.

Good Health

among women is constantly on the increase, and girls' schools and colleges, with their wise regulations concerning food, exercise, bathing and regularity in hours, together with the physicial training there given, and the instruction in anatomy, hygiene and the natural sciences, far from hindering the good work, are principally instrumental in bringing about this state of things.

No one will deny, since Mrs. Linton herself says it, "that great men do not often produce great sons, but almost all great men have notable mothers."

An "Oxford tutor," quoted with approval even by Dr. Withers-Moore himself, said: "A man's fate depends on the nursing—on the mother, not on the father. The father has commonly little to do with the boy till the bent is given and the foundation of character laid. All depends on the mother." Is not this a plea for the higher education, for well-trained minds, well-developed in judgment, perception, reasoning power, and all other faculties, as well as a demand for strong, healthy bodies? "Mens sana in corpore sano" is not contradictory nor impossible, not even for women.

Said a shrewd, able business man recently to the president of a college for women: "I have a family of sons and daughters and if I can educate but one it shall be the daughters, for it is they who are to decide our future in more ways than one."

Knitted Slipper with Warm Lining.

Materials—Get 1 skein each of scarlet and white Scotch yarn, 4 steel needles, No. 13, 2 bone needles No. 11, 1 pair lambs wool soles.

Last winter we gave a slipper knitted in honey-comb stitch, which was very pretty. These are different.

On the needles No. 11, with scarlet cast on 14 stitches.

First row—All plain knitting.

Second row—Slip 1, put the end of your white yarn round the needle in working the second stitch; put the red yarn round also, and knit the stitch (in this manner the red yarn is joined on); leave the end hanging out about one-third of an inch long. Knit the third stitch plain. Knit the fourth as usual, with the scarlet, but do not let it off the needle; pass the white yarn round the taper part of the left forefinger over the right-hand needle, and now knit off the stitch. This forms a loop of white yarn. Knit next stitch plain. Repeat these two alternately. You must cut the end of yarn when row is finished.

Third row—Plain knitting, with scarlet.

Fourth row—Like second row. (The loops of white always come on same side.)

Fifth row—Now do 4 rows of plain knitting, and begin again from second row.

When 10½ inches are done, cast on 27 more stitches. This ought to come just after 2 rows of loops. Work the 4 plain rows and 2 loop rows as before. Begin to narrow for instep by knitting 2 together at the commencement of every plain row. When only 15 stitches are left bind off.

Sew the 14 stitches you first cast on the front part forming the shoe. With 3 steel needles, No. 14, pick up 58 stitches to form top of slipper. Do 24 rounds plain and bind off. The last 12 rounds may be done in ribs or plain. A crocheted edge may be added, then turn over top and finish instep with a bow.

EVA M. NILES.

Long Purse, With Beads Crocheted.

Materials as above, only use a steel hook and bunch of beads. Make a chain 16 inches long.

First row—1 D. C. in each stitch of chain; break off thread.

Second row—Begin at same end as first row; make 1 treble in each stitch of the preceding row (which is, thread over hook once, insert hook, draw thread through, then through two stitches twice), always take back part of stitch. In every third stitch draw a thread up to your work so that it will be at the front and centre of the stitch; break off thread at end of every row. Proceed in this way until you have 25 rows of beaded trebles, remembering that the beaded rows alternate with the plain. Then on wrong side sew up about 6 inches from each end, leaving 3 inches open in centre, draw up both ends, slip over 2 rings and finish each end with a bead tassel.

EVA M. NILES.

Crocheted Gloves for Gentlemen.

Materials—Four ounces Scotch yarn, steel hook No. 12. (This hook is about the size of a No. 16 steel knitting-needle.) This same rule will make a lady's glove when three-thread starlight Saxony is used and a hook three or four sizes smaller.

Make a chain of 73 stitches, work 72 d. c. on it, unite into a ring and work 6 rounds of d. c.

Eighth round—5 d. c., 1 d. c. between the next 2 stitches to increase for the thumb, 67 d. c.

In every successive round increase one on each side this one stitch for the thumb, until you have 30 extra stitches. Then finish thumb as follows:

A d. c. on each of these 30 stitches, then 18 chain and join to the first d. c. of the 30.

On the next round work 48 d. c. In every round after this, miss the first and last of the 18 extra d. c.; this forms a gusset. When the stitches have been reduced to the original 30, work 15 rounds plain; that is, in d. c. without any decreasings. From this point of the thumb work 3 d. c., miss the next, and repeat this round and round till only 4 stitches are left. Finish the thumb by working these 4 stitches at once, and fasten off on the side.

Now return to the hand. In addition to the original 72 stitches there were 18 added for the thumb gusset. On these 90 stitches work 16 rounds of d. c. and then divide them for the fingers, 50 stitches for the back of the hand and 40 for the front.

For the first finger work 12 d. c. from the back, 11 d. c. from the front, make 10 chain and join to the first d. c. On the next round work 33 d. c., and in succeeding rounds miss the first and last of the extra 10 chain, until only 23 are left. On these 23 stitches work 20 rounds plain d. c., or till the finger is long enough. Then narrow and finish off as directed for thumb.

For the second finger take 12 from the back, 10 from the front, add a chain of 10 as before, and use the 10 chain of the forefinger gusset for the other side of the finger—42 stitches in all, with a gusset of 10 chain on each side of the finger. Decrease on each of these 10 chain as directed for the first finger, till 22 stitches are left, then work 23 rounds plain, and taper off and finish as before.

Work the third finger the same as the second, but work 20 plain rounds of d. c. only, not 23 rounds.

The remaining 23 stitches are for the last finger, which has a gusset only on the side next to the preceding finger. Narrow on this gusset till only 22 stitches are left, work 18 rounds plain d. c., then finish as before.

The second glove is made in the same manner, care being taken to make them right and left by reversing the stitches for front and back.

[To do d. c., insert hook, draw yarn through, then through two stitches.]

WRIST.—Hold the work with the right side outside, begin where the chain is joined, and work a row of looped crochet. Break off at the end. Do 10 more rows. On the 11th row increase at each end, also in the 15th, 19th, 24th and 29th rows. Work 33 rows in all and finish. Sew in neatly all the ends. The backs of gloves may be embroidered.

E. MARIA NILES.

Mrs. E—, Chelsea, and Mrs. R—, Somerville, will find below the rule which they requested a short time since.

Will Become a Salt Field in Time.

A curious phenomenon is now in progress on the east coast of the Caspian sea which is of great interest to the students of natural processes. The Kara Bobhaz is an estuary which is nearly separated from the main body of the sea by a bank through which there is an inlet. The evaporation of this gulf is so rapid that, taken in connection with the fact that there is a continual set-in of water from the Caspian and no return current, it becomes more and more saliferous, and a deposit of salt is in process of formation. In course of time this gulf will be wholly cut off from the Caspian, will dry up and become a vast field of salt.

The cash premiums are open for contest to everybody. They are open to you, and we have no doubt that you can secure, with a little exertion, either $100, $50, $25 or $13. Send for free sample copies and begin now.

CUT THIS OUT.

Larger Commissions to Agents.

Something Worth Working For.

VALUABLE PREMIUMS.

$200 GIVEN AWAY!

Notwithstanding the large commission allowed to every Agent who solicits subscriptions to THE WEEKLY GLOBE, which is larger, when the generous offer of 14 months to each subscriber is considered, than is given by any newspaper in the United States, THE WEEKLY GLOBE

WILL GIVE A STILL LARGER COMMISSION.

1st OFFER. $100 will be given to the Agent sending the Largest Number of yearly Subscriptions between now and February 1, 1887. On this offer each contestant is allowed to deduct the regular cash commission on each subscriber before sending in his name.

2d OFFER. $50 will be given to the Agent sending the next to the Largest Number of yearly Subscribers between now and February 1, 1887. On this offer each contestant is allowed to deduct the regular cash commission on each subscriber before sending in his name.

3d OFFER. $25 will be given to the Agent whose list of yearly subscribers ranks Third in Number, and is sent between now and February 1, 1887. On this offer each contestant is allowed to deduct the regular cash commission on each subscriber before sending in his name.

4th OFFER. $13 will be given to the Agent whose list of yearly subscriptions ranks Fourth in Number, and is sent between now and February 1, 1887. On this offer each contestant is allowed to deduct the regular cash commission on each subscriber before sending in his name.

POINTS TO BE REMEMBERED.

If any agent's club does not expire until after February 1, 1887, he should get the subscribers to renew before that date, and in that way make them count on his list for the premium. It will make no difference to the subscriber when he renews, because the fourteen months will not begin to run until his last year's subscription has expired.

Agents may send in names as fast as they procure them, one or more at a time, and they will be credited with the names as sent. Only state every time that you are a contestant for the above.

Agents must send cash with each order, else the right to count the name or names then sent will be forfeited.

Every one, subscriber or not a subscriber, can compete, by sending for free sample copies and circular giving regular cash commission. The sending of a renewal will count the same as the sending of a new name.

Begin now, as the harvest season for newspaper subscriptions is close at hand, and you must hurry while the sun shines. If you will get subscribers for THE WEEKLY GLOBE you will get a large commission on each subscriber, and perhaps secure, in addition, one of above valuable cash premiums.

Send for agents' rates and free samples. Address

THE WEEKLY GLOBE,

Boston, Mass.

WHOLESOME BEVERAGES.

Comforting Tea and Fragrant Coffee for Readers of the Globe.

The following recipes were sent in by readers of THE GLOBE, many of them old and trusted contributors. They can be relied upon every time:

Coffee Made with an Egg.

One egg is sufficient for one cup of ground coffee to clear it. Take one-third cup of coffee; add one-half cup cold water to the portion of egg used; beat the egg well, and have the coffee urn hot; add one pint boiling water. Boil five minutes, then set on part of range where it will keep hot, but not boil, for ten minutes more. When ready to serve, pour out and back again a small portion to clear the spout of urn.

Reading. A. S. N.

Chocolate.

Grate half a cake of Baker's chocolate very fine. Add half cup of cold water, mix and stir to a smooth paste.

Sweeten a pint of milk, and when boiling pour on to the chocolate and let it boil a few seconds, stirring it well.

Serve immediately. Cream sweetened and whipped to a froth and placed on top of each cup improves it, not only in looks, but taste. A. S. N.

Reading.

Cocoa and Broma.

Take one tablespoonful of the powder and one tablespoonful of boiling water. Mix thoroughly. Then add equal parts of boiling milk and water. Sweeten to taste and boil ten minutes. Serve immediately.

Mock Cream for Tea or Coffee.

Take one pint of milk and yolk of an egg, beat well, place on range, and let it get well scalded, but not boiled. When cool it is improved by adding one-half cup cream.

Reading. A. S. N.

Chocolate.

Take two cakes of Baker's chocolate, add one cup sweet milk and boil until the chocolate is thoroughly dissolved. Add a tiny pinch of salt and five coffee cups of boiling water, set on the stove and let boil ten minutes. At the end of that time remove from the fire, add one-half cup cold milk and serve immediately, as chocolate is never good when allowed to stand. M. E. S.

Chicken Tea.

Wash in cold water the quarter of a young and tender chicken, cover it closely in a stew-pan, steam it over a moderate fire ten minutes, sprinkle a very little salt upon it, then pour into the pan one tea cupful of water, let it boil up once, remove from the fire, skim it, then strain it through a coarse muslin and you will have a very nourishing and palatable drink for an invalid. M. E. S.

Beef Tea.

Take a slice of beef weighing half a pound and without fat: cut it while raw into bits about half an inch square. Put them into a bottle with a very little salt and a tablespoonful of cold water. Place the bottle in a kettle of hot water and let it boil half an hour. You will then have a very nourishing tea, but much too strong to administer to a very weak person. M. E. S.

Coffee.

One teacupful of coffee, one egg, beat together thoroughly, put the mixture into the coffee-pot, add a tiny pinch of salt, and then pour over the mixture eight large cups of boiling water. Set the coffee-pot on the stove, close the lid and spout, and let boil ten minutes, then remove from the fire, pour in a half teacupful of cold water, and let stand on the hearth three minutes to allow the coffee to settle.

I use the Java coffee, and like it better than any other. With coffee I always use boiling milk, and consider it almost equal to cream. M. E. S.

Tea.

Put two tablespoonfuls of tea into an earthen teapot; pour over it two quarts of boiling water; set on the back of the stove and let the tea draw at least fifteen minutes. I use the English breakfast tea, but it is merely a matter of taste, as others prefer the mixed tea (black and Japan), black, green or any of the different teas with which our tea and grocery stores abound. Gunpowder tea is considered a superior article by a great many. M. E. S.

Iced Tea.

People must consult their own taste as to kind of tea used. I always use mixed. Allow one teaspoonful to each person. Pour boiling water upon it, but do not boil. Make it at noon, then set in refrigerator to cool. When ready to serve, sweeten. Chip up small pieces of ice and place in each glass. Good with or without cream or milk.

Reading. A. S. N.

To Make Good Coffee.

The trouble with most coffee is that it is bought at the grocery store ground. This is wrong. Everybody should have a coffee grinder, no matter if the family is small. The aroma is sure to escape from ground coffee. Buy your coffee in the berry, raw. Roast a few pounds at a time, and when it is brown sprinkle a little brown sugar over the heated mass. This forms a glaze that keeps the coffee from losing its flavor. When you want to make coffee take enough for a mess, heat it and grind it and go ahead.

To make the coffee: Place the fine powder in a muslin bag, put the bag in the pot and pour boiling-hot water over it. Let it stand ten minutes and draw. This is the only way to have prime coffee. B. J. H.

For Real Good Tea.

Put your tea in the tea urn and pour in cold water; set on the range and let it come to a simmer (not boil), take it off and draw. Hot water spoils tea, taking out all the bitter flavor and none of the aroma. Try this method and you will be convinced. B. J. H.

RED GRAPES AND WHITE.

A Distinguished Manufacturer of Champagne Interviewed.

Edward Giesler of Avize, France, has been stopping at the Parker House for the past few days. Mr. Giesler is the head partner of a firm which ranks among the leading champagne makers of the world. To a GLOBE reporter he related the following interesting facts about the late vintage and the manufacture of champagne wines:

The process used in the manufacture of this kind of wine is generally known, as the information can be obtained from books treating upon this subject.* The prospect of the vintage of 1886 was very good, but the extraordinary dry weather in May, the moist weather during the time of the blossoms, and the intense heat during the month of September, brought the fine hopes we had for a large crop to grief. This very unsettled and uneven weather affected the crop to a great extent, causing the leaves of the vines to fall off, and considerable irregularity in the way the grapes ripened and matured. Light frosts which appeared during the month of September, also made the leaves fall off before their time.

"The champagne district lies in the northeastern part of France, beginning about forty miles from Paris. The grapes cultivated in the champagne country are of two different kinds, the red grape and the white grape, much smaller than the usual size, and of beautiful quality and flavor. The vineyards of the red grape are in the districts of Ay, Bonzy and Vergenary. The best districts of the white grape are the districts of Avize and Cramant. There are no other kinds of grape that will produce such sparkling wine.

"Avize is picturesquely situated at the foot of pleasant hills covered with extensive forests. In front of Avize is one of the largest plains in the whole of France. The soil of the champagne country is composed of chalk covered with a rich earth. In some districts the chalk is so hard that the cellars can be built by simply digging out the chalk, hence it is much cheaper to build cellars this way, as we have to vault them.

The grapes must be gathered in dry, warm weather, as the "vendageurs," or grape pickers, would take too much of the surface soil away upon their feet if it should be to any degree wet. The vintage begins about the 20th of September, when we think the grapes are well matured. The "vendageurs" gather the grapes in large quantities, placing them in baskets, and then these baskets of luscious fruit are placed on carriages and conducted to the pressing, where the wine is allowed to flow into large casks, and then the wine is drawn off into smaller casks called 'piece,' which hold about sixty gallons. These casks are closed and placed in the upper cellars, and after a few days a state of fermentation takes place, but before this occurs alcohol of 90° of strength is added, the amount of alcohol depending largely upon the vintage."

"STUDIES FROM NATURE."

How Zola Monkeys with His Manuscript After the Printer Has Had It.

Printers will experience a sympathetic pang for their French fellow-laborers in the field of literature, when they read how Emile Zola monkeys with his copy. He writes everything himself; he never has a secretary for his extensive correspondence. He even seals his wrappers and addresses them when he sends his friends brochures or his translators materials. He also writes his literary manuscript himself. Out of it the printers compose what are called "placards," large pages, with four gigantic columns of text. These are sent to the author, carefully revised and free from errors, and then the agony begins, for Zola begins to correct. He fills the wide margin all round with hundreds of marks and letters; ink lines cut through the text, thin threads run crosswise and diagonally, entwining like a lasso; a sentence scribbled in an open space; scarcely a line is exempted from the hieroglyphics of the master. Here a note of interrogation must make way for one of exclamation; here a semicolon is changed to a full-point; commas knock phrases to pieces, participles find themselves converted from their ways and made into adjectives, substantives suddenly find themselves pronouns, and redundant adjectives disappear; verbs are taught their proper tenses all over again, and vivid words take the place of tame ones; for any expression repeated within five or six pages a synonym is introduced; whole phrases are remodelled, sentences are condensed into two or three words, and even half-columns are ruthlessly consigned to the compositor's type case. And here comes in the fun for the printer. The extra fees charged elsewhere for such corrections are unknown in the fair land of France, and, bitter as is the task of breaking up the print again, no one complains; author and publisher rival each other in their endeavors to secure perfection. After such a corrected text as the above, the Paris journal prints, and the translations are done in exactly the same way. Evidently, Zola's manner of dealing with his copy is as realistic as his method of handling his subjects, though they do say that he never, never comes into as close contact with his "realistic" subjects as he does with the work of the unhappy printer, but evolves them entirely out of his inner consciousness, and then laughs in his sleeve at the high-flown praises of his critics, who advocate studying "direct from nature," like the renowned Zola!

Evolution in a Circle.

[Harper's Bazar.]

First chappie—"I say, Smythe, old chappie, howdy do?"

Second chappie—"Aw, don't call me Smythe, y' know; call me Smith."

First chappie—"But, bah Jove, yer name was Smythe."

Second chappie—"Yaas, but I've changed it to Smith. Smythe is too doocid common, don'tcherknow."

"LOVE WILL GUIDE."

"LOVE WILL GUIDE."

THE J. FRANK GILES CO., MUSIC PRINTERS.

KILLED AT SEA.

Six Persons Dead and Many Badly Injured.

The Belgian Steamship Westernland Struck by a Tremendous Sea.

Many Passengers and Sailors Suffer from the Accident.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., December 2.—A frightful disaster, involving the death of six men and the infliction of serious injuries to thirteen others, was reported this afternoon upon the arrival of steamship Westernland at her docks.

On Saturday afternoon, November 27, when the Westernland was seven days out from Antwerp, a huge cross sea was suddenly encountered and it fell with terrific force upon the forward deck of the steamship.

The deck was crushed in and buried the unfortunates beneath a mass of wood and iron debris. The next instant the water swept along the gangways of the main deck, carrying several persons with it.

The injured were carried as soon as possible to the intermediate cabin, which was transformed into a hospital. Here they were attended by Dr. J. Hurlock, the ship's surgeon, and Dr. Felix Cohn, New York City, who was among the passengers.

Four seamen were found to have been killed outright.

Rasmus Sandagen, aged 57, of Antwerp, whose skull was crushed to a jelly.

Gustav Dudart of Antwerp, aged 43, crushed to death beneath a heavy iron beam.

Emile DeCock of Antwerp, aged 26, found pinned to the main deck by the jagged end of an iron stanchion, which had pierced his abdomen.

Henri Jahrens, aged 27, whose legs were broken and throat cut by the splintered deck.

The two others killed were steerage passengers.

Max Frank, aged 18, of Waterheisen, Germany.

Gabriel Livaderi, aged 17, of Constantinople.

Frank's body was lacerated and his skull fractured. He died at 1.30 o'clock Sunday morning. Livaderi was apparently but slightly bruised. He had, however, received internal injuries, which caused his death five hours after Frank expired.

An inspection of the vessel afforded some idea of the terrible blow she had received. The crushed deck was known as the forward whaleback. It was constructed of four-inch pine planks resting upon massive iron beams. These in turn were upheld by three-inch iron rod stanchions.

The vast volume of water struck the whaleback about fifteen feet from the stem, and crushed in a section twenty-nine feet long and extending the full length of the steamer. Nine beams and sixteen stanchions were crushed in upon the forecastle deck, where the victims were gathered. It will cost about $5000 to repair the vessel.

Second Officer Ehoff, who was on watch when the accident occurred, makes the following statement: "At 2.30 o'clock, Saturday afternoon, we were in latitude 47° 59', longitude 43°, 57'. I was on the main bridge, when I noticed an enormous wave on the starboard bow.

"The next instant another towering wave joined it from the port side. They seemed to leap into the air as they mingled. They must have been nearly forty feet high, as I saw their united mass above the lower yard of the foremast.

"Then came the crash of the water upon the deck. It sounded louder than a dozen cannons fired at once. The water swept from one end to the other of the main deck and carried everything before it."

The steamship company will defray the expenses of the injured immigrants and those who are necessarily detained here.

A Kissing Horse and Dog.

[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.]

A horse about the color of Pittsburg skies in the old days was standing on Smithfield street yesterday afternoon, and many a passer-by wondered to see the beast curve his neck every once and a while and allow a little smooth-coated terrier to imprint on his nose a canine kiss. The dog sat at the time at the horse's head. If any one came near the horse the dog showed every tooth in his head and snapped viciously. When George Sallows, the Oakland confectioner, to whom the horse and dog belonged, came along, he told the Despatch reporter all about this curious friendship. He said for many years the horse and dog had been inseparable. Each night the dog slept in the horse's manger, and by day the two went together wherever Mr. Sallows' business called him. The dog never allows any one but Mr. Sallow to touch the horse, and the horse on his side is prone to take very summary vengeance with his hoofs on any dog who molests his little friend. If the circumstances are peaceful, and the wagon stationary the two animals will kiss each other from time to time. Neither animal is beautiful, but their friendship makes them so in Mr. Sallows' eyes.

HARD ON THE NAVY PEOPLE.

Little Work to be Done at the Yards This Winter.

WASHINGTON, December 1.—This will be a hard winter for navy yard people, all the way from Kittery Point to Mare Island. Although the government has ordered millions of dollars' worth of work in boat building, Congress directed that it be given to private contractors. A large number of men at the Washington yard were discharged some time ago and forty more went this week.

At the New Hampshire yard the work of repairing the Galena is finished, but some of the men were transferred at once to the Swatara, which is having new boilers put in. This will keep the place going until March 1.

The Brooklyn yard has two ships in for repairs, and they will be kept there until spring. The Norfolk yard is just about to turn out two repaired vessel and a number of workmen have been discharged. However, the job on another vessel will last all winter.

The Wabash at Charlestown is about finished, they say here, and this leaves no work in sight for the old yard. After all, though it is not much worse off than the other yards where there is but a tantalizing nibble for the army of applicants. There is nothing promising for this class of government works short of next summer, when a new fiscal year will have begun. Then perhaps Secretary Whitney may have money enough to go ahead with his scheme of equalizing the work in the yards, and giving each a special line of business, which will be steadier than any plan that has been tried heretofore. May be the Charlestown yard will become the centre for the manufacture of chains and anchors, possibly the equipment department will be located there. Congress may provide a more immediate source of work by adopting recommendations and appropriating money for the repair of the yard itself.

Meanwhile the work will grow less and less, but it takes a stretch of darkness to produce a right bright day.

PATRIOTS' LEAGUE.

Chicago's New Organization and Its Tenets.

CHICAGO, December 4.—At a meeting this afternoon to set on foot a movement to counteract the influence of Socialists and their teachings, the name "Patriots' League" was adopted. General John L. Thompson was elected president, Colonel H. W. Backson, treasurer. An executive committee and a committee on publication were appointed, and the following platform and declaration of principles and purposes were adopted:

Any person may become a member of this League by signing the platform; any person contributing money to this League will be entitled to receive its publications. The primary objects of this League shall be:

1. To support and defend the government in all its branches.

2. To oppose anarchy, socialism, communism, Mormonism and despotism of all kinds.

4. To disseminate sound views and practical, accurate information on political, social and economic subjects.

"Chic" Education for Girls.

In the quarter of the Parc Monceau, Paris, there is a model boarding-school for young ladies—and a gilded model at that—where the pupils are instructed, among other arts and graces, in the art of entering and leaving a carriage. At the bottom of the garden of this establishment, where "chic" education is pushed to the extreme limit, there stands a carriage with the steps let down. Up and down these steps prance the members of the carriage class, and there is no danger that any one of them will ever incur the rebuke once administered to the Empress Eugenie by Napoleon III.: "Madam, I saw your foot!" Eugenie is said to have shed a tear over the incident, and she would have been called upon to shed a good many if the emperor had lived to this epoch of short dresses. If any member of this genteel academy shows her foot it will be intentional, evidently. Among the other accomplishments instilled in this establishment is the art of peeling and quartering an orange at the table, and of eating asparagus politely. Maccaroni seems not to have entered into the list, but the young ladies can acquire that art by watching the first Leporello whom they chance to behold after marriage has rendered them proper visitors at the opera of "Don Giovanni." If the French schoolmarm would condescend to borrow a wrinkle from a celebrated New York educator and instruct her fair pupils how to look handsome while asleep, she would carry off the prize for the perfection of female education.

MOVEMENTS IN MERCHANDISE.

Moderate Gains in General Trade During the Month of November.

NEW YORK, December 3.—Special telegrams to Bradstreets point to moderate gains in the movements of general merchandise from Boston, New York, Baltimore, Detroit, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, New Orleans and San Francisco. This is due partly to increased exports from the Atlantic seaports named and partly to a stimulated retail demand for dry goods, groceries and notions, owing to cold weather and to the approach of the holiday season. At most points business confidence is growing. The total bank clearings this week at thirty-two cities show the unprecedented increase of $262,000,000 over last week, the total being $1,268,746,793, against $1,006,006,508 a week ago, and $1,097,245,690 for the week ending one year ago. There is an increase of 26 per cent. over last week and 16 per cent. over the like week last year. The gain in Boston is 11 per cent. Bonds are firm and advancing in anticipation of a large demand for investment after January 1. The transactions were $14,130,000 in value against $12,714,200 last week.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

Hanging to a Mail Catcher With the Train Running at Lightning Speed.

[Lynchburg News.]

"Night before last, when the eastern-bound passenger train on the Norfolk & Western railroad reached Central, two of the United States postal clerks, B. W. Bocock and George H. Southall, left their car to get something to eat, leaving a third man in the car. Presently, however, the solitary clerk, likewise afflicted with hunger, left the car, locking the door after him, so that when Postal Clerk Southall returned he found the door fastened. Reaching up he unlocked the door, as he thought, and just then the train moved off with a jerk. Mr. Southall grasped the appliance used to catch the mail of small post offices where the train makes makes no stop, and drew himself up into the car door; but when he attempted to enter the car he found the door secured. The train by this time was dashing along at lightning speed, and Southall, finding that nothing remained for him to do but to hold on to the mail-catcher until the train reached New River, the next station, or otherwise jump off and run the risk of losing his life, accepted the former situation as preferable, and tightened his grip on the iron rod. The night was as cold as a March blizzard could make it, and the wind played fantastic tricks with Southall's locks and whistled through his garments after an uncommonly annoying fashion. The spacious part of his pantaloons flapped and boomed like a circus canvas. The train sped on the faster, and the faster it sped on the gladder it made Southall, for its quick arrival at New River was his only hope of salvation. The most serious aspect of this night ride was the severe physical pain it caused the unhappy postal clerk. The mental stress and the fear of being hurled with tremendous violence to the earth were bad enough, but in addition to have to grasp and hold on to a cold iron rod, with fingers cut and hands benumbed, is an experience that no man need want to test. Southall was equal to the occasion, however, and he embraced the iron rod with great tenacity until the train reached New River, when he quietly dismounted and modestly related his thrilling adventure to the trainmen. His fellow-clerk, Mr. Bocock, had ridden from Central to New River on the rear platform of the postal car. In relating the incident yesterday, Mr. Southall said he stood it pretty well until the train thundered across the New River bridge, 'and then I thought,' said he, 'if the good Lord will see me through this time, I will join the Salvation Army, sure!'"

A "Cook-Lady" on Cooks.

Mrs. Adcock, the "cook-lady" of 60, who has recently come into a fortune of £30,000 a year, knows a thing or two, but it was rather cruel of her to give her old comrades away so completely as she did to one of the interviewers who found her immensely interesting in the light of her solid worth. "You'll be able to keep a cook now, yourself," said the reporter. "Not if I know it!" retorted the heiress. The encyclopædia condensed to the size of a tin of Liebig's extract could not have been more brief or comprehensive.

FARMERS IN SESSION.

Last Meeting of the State Board of Agriculture—Congressman Burnett's Lecture—Secretary Russell Resigns.

BARRE, December 2.—The annual meeting of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, which has been in session here since Tuesday morning, terminated today. The meeting has been a great success, and the attendance large during all the sessions.

The lectures were resumed at 9.30 o'clock this morning, the first discussion being opened by Congressman Edward Burnett of Southboro, on "Swine for the Home Market." He said: Gentlemen and Fellow-Farmers—The origin of the modern pig dates back only about a century, and the first cross toward the remarkable improvement brought about during this period was undoubtedly made by the introduction of the Chinese and Siamese blood.

Few people realize what good work these early English breeders did, and how much the whole civilized world is indebted to them for their great efforts in the improvement of all our domestic animals, especially those for beef, mutton and pork.

They reduced the cost of actual production at least one-half. In our country I find that the farmers began to improve their swine about the beginning of the present century, and to the sea captains of our merchant marine and a few wealthy gentlemen in Boston, Philadelphia and New York was largely due the infusion of fresh and improved blood.

The so-called American breeds, in my opinion, are not true thoroughbreds, and this opinion has been formed by personal observations at the State fairs, not only here in the East but throughout the West.

The Stickneys, William and Josiah, imported from 1842 to 1848, a number of the improved Suffolk, and created a great demand for this stock throughout the country, and the effects of this importation are found today in many a New England pen.

Later the old Massachusetts Society for Protecting Agriculture, always ready to lend a generous hand to improve the condition of our common farm stock, imported Berkshire, Essex and Yorkshire, selected from the best pens in England, and from this, from time to time has distributed them throughout the State.

The question of today is: What pig is the most profitable for us to breed for our home markets? This can be easily answered by saying that the pig which in the shortest space of time on a given amount of food will produce the most pork.

The discussion which followed was joined in by Dr. Charles G. Allen of Barre, Mr. Cragin of Athol, Mr. Myrick of the Springfield Homestead, C. L. Hartshorn of Worcester, Secretary John E. Russell, Mr. Wheeler of Great Barrington, Mr. Williams of Marblehead, Hon. James S. Grinnell of Greenfield and others, who brought out many interesting facts connected with raising pigs and curing their products. The final lecture of the meeting was delivered by Mr. J. Henry Goddard of Barre on "Corn Culture."

Secretary Russell attempted to take formal leave of the society, but after a few words was overcome by his feelings and retired, after wishing his successor, whoever he might be, the greatest prosperity.

There is considerable controversy at present in regard to Hon. John E. Russell's successor to the secretaryship of the board. Mr. Russell was obliged to tender his resignation, owing to his election to Congress. There are several aspirants to the office, among them Francis H. Appleton of Peabody, who seems to be the most favorably indorsed. The matter will be settled at the meeting in February.

Is the Moon Inhabited?

[Camille Flammarion.]

Up to the present time we have remarked nothing on the moon's face which leads us to suspect the existence of a thinking humanity in that small celestial island. Nevertheless these astronomers who specially observe our satellite, and who study all its singular aspects with attention and perseverance, are generally of the opinion that the planet is not so dead as it looks. We must not forget that in the present condition of optics it is difficult practically to apply to the study of the moon a magnifier superior to 2000 times. To see this world 2000 times nearer than it is in the sky is only to bring it within forty-eight leagues. Now, what can be clearly distinguished at a distance of 192 kilometers? An army on the march? A great city? Perhaps; but it is very doubtful. It is certain that enigmatical variations are going on on the surface of the moon, especially in the arena of the circle of Plato. It is also certain that the lunar globe, forty-one times smaller than the earth and eighty-one times less heavy, exercises upon its surface a weight only one-sixth as great as that which exists on the surface of our plant, in such a way that an atmosphere analogous to that which we breathe would be six times nearer and difficult to perceive from here, there is, therefore, nothing surprising in the fact that this neighbor would differ so greatly from ours. If you look at the earth from a balloon which is four or five thousand feet high, our planet appears deserted, uninhabited, silent as an immense cemetery, and any one returning from the moon in a balloon might with reason wonder, even at that small height, whether there were still people in France and what had become of the roar of Paris.

IN THE SHAKING CITY.

Only Fourteen Shocks Noted in Charlestown During November.

CHARLESTON, S. C., December 1.—A careful record of the number and intensity of the shocks felt this month so far would go to prove the theory that the disturbance is gradually dying out:

November 1—2.20 a. m., slight tremors.
November 2—4.15 p. m., very slight tremor.
November 5—12.30 p. m., severe shock, accompanied by loud roaring. Duration of disturbance about thirty-five seconds. There were apparently two distinct waves, one following the other at a very short interval.
November 6—1.50 a. m., sharp shake. Duration six seconds. Midnight, two short but distinct thumps or shocks; very little vibration.
November 7—12.23 a. m., slight vibration and roar; 2 a. m., distinct subterranean thump; 1.23 p. m., sharp shake and rumble, duration 12 seconds.
November 8—1 p. m., very slight vibration.
November 9—5.57 p. m., slight shock.
November 13—12.50 a. m., a remarkably loud subterranean roaring, vibration slight; 4.15 a. m., a slight shake.
November 20—2.16 a. m., a slight shake.
November 21—3.48 a. m., a tremor.
November 28—3.30 p. m., a sharp shake and rumble, two waves of disturbance; duration about 15 seconds.

From August 28 to September 30 there were thirty-four recorded shocks; during the month of October, twenty-eight, and during the month just closed, fourteen. During the three months a great deal has been done in the way of repairing damages, and the strangers in Charleston today would hardly realize their extent but for the appearance of the churches and other public buildings.

NAVY YARD ECONOMY.

Marines to Guard Government Property Instead of Civilians.

WASHINGTON, December 1.—Secretary Whitney today sent a copy of the following order to the commandant at each of the various navy yards:

"SIR—You will be pleased to dispose of the marine guard at the navy yard under your command, that the government property at the station may be properly watched and protected, in order to enable the department in the interest of economy to dispense with the services of so many of the civilian watchmen and shipkeepers, now employed, as may be practicable.

After the marine guard has been assigned to duty as directed above, you will report to the department the number of watchmen and shipkeepers whose services in your judgment can be spared without detriment to the public service, bearing in mind the necessity for rigid economy in the administration of naval affairs."

The civilian employes mentioned in the above order number 125, and the effect of the secretary's action will be to reduce the force about two-thirds in number. Economical considerations led to the issue of the order, as it is believed that the government property in the yards will be as securely guarded by the marines as it is at present by civilian employes.

Holiday Music.

White, Smith & Co. issued choice music for the piano last week. For songs they have the great topical song of William Hoey, "I Haven't for a Long Time, Now," with illustrated title-page, 40 cents; "You Can't Do It," as sung by John Barnum, in "The Commodore," 35 cents; "Dear Friend, Your Eyes Shine Through the Mist," a fine sentimental song by Ellen W. Carey, 35 cents. Another good comic song is entitled "Sweethearts and Wives," Ernest J. Symons, 35 cents. One of the best of late songs is "Angus Macdonald," words by F. E. Weatherly, music by J. L. Roeckel. Two more choice songs are "White Wings," Ciro Pinsuti, 60 cents, and "I'll Be All Smiles Tonight," George Powis, 40 cents. For Christmas music they have "New Christmas Carols," thirty-four new and beautiful songs, 25 cents; "Perkins' Christmas Carols," 10 cents, and "Sing, Sons of Rejoicing," E. H. Bailey, 6 cents. In church music they have ready, "Guide Us O'er Life's Troubled Sea," C. A. White, 20 cents; "Watchman, Tell Us the Blessed Hour," C. A. White, 25 cents. "O Love Divine" is adapted from Wagner by C. C. Stearns, 25 cents. Their instrumental music for the piano includes Sydney Smith's elegant composition, "Aspiration," a grand march; "Hunter's Return," by Albert W. Holt, 50 cents; "In the May," Fr. Behr, a beautiful melody without octaves, 40 cents. Two pleasing pieces for beginners are "Agawam Quickstep," 25 cents, and the celebrated waltz, "Il Bacio," 20 cents.

Frozen Truth.

[Texas Siftings.]

Father—How is it, Maude, that you are always engaged to two or three fellows, while your sister has never had a proposal?

Maude—A girl who can shed three real tears at the critical moment, and knows how to make her chin quiver when she sighs can engage herself all around a girl like sister, who only tries to blush.

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

BOSTON MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE, MONDAY EVENING, December 7, 1886.

APPLES.—The market for apples continues unchanged, being well stocked with all kinds, most of which is poor and sells slowly at low prices. The city demand the past week has been light. Choice stock Cranberries have been firmly held, with a good steady demand.

We quote: King, $2 00@2 50 ℔ bbl: Snow, $2 50@3 00; Baldwin, $1 25@1 50 ℔ bbl; Hubbardstons, $1 75; Harvey, $2 00; common, 75c@$1 00.

Cranberries—Cape Cod, $6 00@6 50; country, $3 00@4 00.

BUTTER.—There has been a good steady demand the past week for all grades, and the market has a firm tone, with no material change in prices. Northern creamery is firm but quiet. There has been a good steady demand for imitation creamery.

Receipts for the week, 7212 tubs, 1647 boxes; last week, 11,449 tubs, 1693 boxes. Exports this week, 2262 lbs; last week, 13,416 lbs.

We quote: Northern creamery—Extra, 29@..c ℔ lb; do firsts, 24@27c ℔ lb.

Western Creamery—Extra, 29@..c ℔ lb; do firsts, 25@26c ℔ lb; do choice, 20@22c ℔ lb.

Dairy—Franklin county, finest, ..@28c ℔ lb; good to choice, 24@26c ℔ lb; Vermont, extra, 25@26c; Northern, choice, 24@25c ℔ lb; do fair to good, 16@19c ℔ lb. Western dairy, good to choice, 12@13c ℔ lb.

Imitation creamery—Extra, 14@16c ℔ lb; ladle packed, choice, 13@14c ℔ lb; do, fair to good, 11@12c ℔ lb.

BEANS.—The market has been well supplied with good stock, but only very choice command full quotations.

Receipts for the week, 1618 bbls; last week, 2917 bbls.

We quote: Choice pea, Northern hand-picked, $1 80@1 80 ℔ bush; do do New York choice hand-picked, $1 70@1 75; do screened, $1 80@1 85; medium choice hand-picked, $1 60@1 65; do choice screened, $1 25@1 50; yellow eyes, choice, $1 55@1 60; do flat, $1 50@1 55; red kidneys, 1 75@...

CHEESE.—The market for Cheese has been very quiet the past week, and prices are very firmly held. New York extra creamery is now quoted at 13c ℔ lb as an outside price. Sage cheese commands 13@14c ℔ lb. Liverpool quotations have further advanced to 63s.

Receipts for the week, 9622 boxes; last week, 5369 boxes. Exports this week, 220,554 lbs; last week, 986 lbs.

We quote: New York extra, ..13c ℔ lb; do, good to choice, 10@12c ℔ lb; do, common, 7@9c ℔ lb; Vermont, extra, 11½@12¾c ℔ lb; good to choice, 10½@12c ℔ lb; common, 7@9c ℔ lb. Western, extra, 11½@12½c ℔ lb; do fine, 9@10c ℔ lb; common, 6@8c ℔ lb. Sage, extra, 13@14c ℔ lb.

COAL.—The retail trade continues to improve. We quote delivered prices as follows:

Stove, $5 50; broken, $5 00; egg, $5 25; Lehigh, broken, $5 00@5 25; Shamokin, egg and stove, $6 00; Franklin, do, $7 00. Wharf prices, 50@75 cents per ton less.

We quote coal freight rates, exclusive of discharging: New York, 80@90c; Philadelphia, $1 00@1 10; Baltimore, $1 10@1 15; Hampton Roads, $1 05@1 10.

CORN.—The market has been without material change to note, the demand being moderately active, and prices well held.

We quote: Yellow, 52c; High mixed, 52c; steamer yellow, 51c; steamer mixed, 49@50½c; and no grade, 49@50c ℔ bush.

COFFEE.—The market for Rio stock has been strong, although there was but a moderate demand, and a further advance in prices is looked for. Mild coffees have been in fair demand the past week. Mocha is higher.

We quote Mocha at 18@18½c ℔ lb; Java, 13@21c ℔ lb; Maracaibo, 12@14c ℔ lb; Jamaica, 8@9c; Hayti, 7½@12c ℔ lb; Rio, fair, 13½@13¾c ℔ lb; do, ordinary, 12½c ℔ lb; Costa Rica, 12@13c ℔ lb; Guatemala, 13@14c ℔ lb; Mexican, 12@13c ℔ lb.

EGGS.—There has been a dull market and the demand for fresh-laid stock is quiet. Limed stock move slowly. Prices are fairly well maintained.

Receipts for the week, 53 boxes, 731 bbls, 4924 cases; last week, 243 boxes, 1520 bbls, 4325 cases.

We quote: Near by and cape, ..@29c ℔ doz; Eastern extras, ..@27c ℔ doz; Aroostook county, ..@25c ℔ doz; New York and Vermont, 24@27c; Western, 16@22c ℔ doz; Provincial, 24@26c ℔ doz; Ice-house, 17@22 ℔ doz; Limed, 18c ℔ doz.

FLOUR.—There has been a very firm tone in the flour market during the week, with a tendency to improved prices, although an advance comes slowly.

The receipts for the week were 40,676 barrels and 44,973 sacks. Exports last week, 11,980 bbls and 56,027 sacks. Following are receivers' prices for carload lots:

Fine flour, $2 60@.... ℔ bbl; superfine, $2 75@3 00; common extras, $3 25@3 40; choice extras, $3 75@....; Michigans, $4 15@4 30; Michigan roller flour, $4 50@4 60; do. New York, $4 35@4 60; Ohio and Indiana, $4 40@4 60; do, do, roller, $4 50@4 60; St Louis and Illinois, $....@....; do, do, roller, $4 40@4 40; Winter Wheat patents, ...@....; Minnesota Spring pat., $4 75@4 85; do, Wisconsin, $4 85.

FRUIT.—We quote the following current rates: Raisins—London layers, new, $2 60@.. ℔ box; Muscatel, do, $2 25@.. ℔ box; Sultana, 8@9c ℔ lb; Valencia, new, 7¼@7½c ℔ lb. Currants, 6@..c ℔ lb; citron, Leghorn, @20c. Dates—Persian, new, 6½@7c ℔ lb; do skins, 5@5½c ℔ lb; do, frail, ..@..c ℔ lb; do, fard, new, 9@7½c. French prunes, ℔ case, 6@12c; Turkey do, new, 3¾c ℔ lb. Lemons, $3 00@7 00 ℔ box. Oranges, Valencia, ℔ case, $..@..; do Florida, ℔ box, $3 00@4 50. Peanuts, 5½@7c; Almonds, 15@18c ℔ lb.

HAY AND STRAW—The market for hay continues quiet, and quotations are unchanged.

Receipts this week, 130 cars hay and 32 cars straw; last week, 231 cars hay and 33 cars straw.

We quote: Choice, $17 00@18 00 ℔ ton; fair, $16 00@17 00 ℔ ton; ordinary, $14@15 00; fine, $13 00@15 00 ℔ ton; swale hay, $10 00@11 00 ℔ ton; poor, $10 00@13 50 ℔ ton; Western, choice, $16 00@17 00; do, fair to good, $13 00@14 50; rye straw, $16 00@17 00 ℔ ton; do, do, machine, $12 00@13 00 ℔ ton; oat straw, $8 00@9 00 ℔ ton.

HIDES AND SKINS.—There has been a very quiet market the past week. There has been no movement in straight hides. No effect is noticeable from the end of the Peabody and Salem strike.

We quote: Brighton steers, 9½@10; New Eng. steers, 9@9½; do, do, cow, ..@9½; Calcutta, slaughter, 11½@12½; dead green, ..@9½; do, buffalo, ..7@8; Buenos Ayres, 20@21c; Rio Grande, 20@21; Montevideo, 20½@21.

HOPS—The market continues the same as the previous week, and prices have been steady at previous rates. Quotations:

New York, 1886, good, 25@30c ℔ lb; do, 1885, choice, 20@25c. English, 1886, 25@35c; California, 1886, 28@32c ℔ lb; low grades, 15@23c.

Canada malt, 95c@$1 00 ℔ bush; six-rowed State, 88@92c; Western, 65@80c.

POTATOES.—The market for potatoes closed strong the past week, but there is a large stock on the way. Sweets have been in fair demand. We quote:

Early Rose, 45@53c ℔ bush; Beauty of Hebron, 48@55c ℔ bush.

Sweet potatoes—Virginia, yellow, $1 12@1 25 ℔ bbl; Jersey, $1 37@1 62 ℔ bbl.

SEEDS.—The market is firm and demand good at unchanged prices. We quote:

Clover, West, 9¾@10½c ℔ lb; do, North, 10¾@11c ℔ lb; do, white, 18@26c ℔ lb; do, Alsike, 12@15c ℔ lb. Red top, ℔ sack, West, $2 25; do, Jersey, $2 30@2 50; Hungarian, 90c@$1 00; Millet, 90c@$1 00. Orchard, ℔ bush, $1 80@2 00; Blue grass, $1 40@1 60; Timothy, Western, $2 15@2 25; do, Northern, $2 25@2 40; American flaxseed, $2 25.

STARCH.—We quote Potato starch at 3⅜@3¼c; corn, 2⅝@3c; dextrine, 4½@6c.

SUGAR.—The market for raw sugars has been better the past week, but the demand from refiners has not been very heavy. Refined sugars in better demand, with the supply moderate and prices steady.

TEAS.—The following are the current prices: Oolong, 17@26c; Formosas, 21@65c; Japans, 15@35c; Hyson, 20½@36c; Young Hyson, 13@32c; Gunpowder, 25½@31c; Twankays, 14@18c; Congou, 30@48c; Imperial, 46@50c; Souchong, 17@45c; Pekoes, 30@40c.

WOOL.—The receipts of wool for the week have been 4757 bales domestic and 659 bales foreign, against 5376 bales domestic and 543 bales foreign last week, and 5865 bales domestic and 1314 bales foreign for the corresponding week in 1885.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Brighton and Watertown Markets.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, December 3: Western cattle, 900; Eastern cattle, 338; Northern, 562. Total, 1800.

Western sheep and lambs, 3400; Eastern sheep and lambs, 1125; Northern sheep and lambs, 4749. Total, 9274.

Swine, 22,168. Veals, 351. Horses, 233.

Prices of beef cattle per hundred pounds, dressed weight, ranged from $4 00 to $7 25.

Prices of beef cattle per hundred pounds, live weight.

PRICES OF WESTERN CATTLE.

Extra quality	$5 12½	@5 50
First quality	4 62½	@5 00
Second quality	4 00	@4 50
Third quality	3 50	@3 87½
Poorest grade of coarse oxen, etc.	3 00	@3 37½

PRICES OF HIDES AND TALLOW.

	Per pound.		Per pound.
Brighton hides	7½@8c	Calfskins	9@10c
Brighton tal	3@.. c		Each.
Country hds, hy	7@7½c	Dairyskins	25@50c
Country tal'w	@2 c	Lambskins	85c@$1
Country hds, lt	@.. c	Sheepskins	85c@$1

GLOUCESTER FISH MARKET.

GLOUCESTER, December 4.—The receipts are light and trade quiet in the market for fish, as usual at this season of the year, and no marked improvement is looked for until after New Years, when the heavy stock of poultry which now crowd the markets has been worked off. The principal feature to note the past week has been the arrival of the schooner A. D. Story from the Bay of Islands with a large amount of salt herring, partly in barrels and partly in bulk, the first receipts of this kind at this port for a number of years. The only receipts of mackerel for the week was 14 barrels from Cape Cod and 32 barrels from Prince Edward Island, and the stock on hand is very light. We quote: Bay 1s, $17 to $20 per bbl; 2s, $13 to $15; 3s, $11 to $12; and $9 to $10 for tinkers. Fancy mackerel range from $25 to $30 for extra fat 1s; $37 to $40 for tinkers. The codfish receipts for the week have been 615,000 lbs, including 428,000 from Western bank, 163,000 lbs from Georges, 19,600 lbs from the shore grounds. Other fish receipts: 60,000 lbs pollock, 36,000 lbs hake, 5100 lbs cusk, 2000 lbs haddock, and 800 bbls fish oil. Last cargo sales of fresh halibut 9@4¾c ℔ lb for white and gray, with the market bare of this fish for several days. Prices are without material change.

We quote Georges cured bank codfish, $2 37@2 50 ℔ qtl for large and $2 25 for medium and small; dry bank codfish, $2 75; and $3 00@2 25 for shores; hake, $1 00; haddock, $1 75; pollock, $1 87@2; slack-salted pollock, $2 75@3; cusk, $2. Boneless and prepared fish, 3½@..c ℔ lb; Grand bank and Georges boneless, 4¼@7¼c ℔ lb; hake, haddock and cusk, boneless, 3@..c ℔ lb; scaled herring, 17c ℔ box; No. 1 herring, 14c ℔ box; smoked alewives, 50c ℔ 100; smoked halibut, 6@7c ℔ lb; new smoked mackerel, 8c ℔ lb; salmon, $17 0.@18 00 ℔ bbl; eastern round herring, $3 50@4 00 ℔ bbl; Nova Scotia split herring, $6 00@7 00 ℔ bbl; Labrador split herring, $6@6 25 ℔ bbl; new shore herring, $2 50@3 ℔ bbl; trout, $11 ℔ bbl; pickled codfish, $3 50 ℔ bbl.; haddock, $3 00 ℔ bbl.; halibut heads, $3 50 ℔ bbl.; codfish tongues and sounds, $10 50 ℔ bbl.; tongues, $6; sounds, $12; new trimmed halibut fins, $11 ℔ bbl; alewives, $6 40. Fish oils—Pure medicine oil, 65c ℔ gal.; crude medicine oil, 50c ℔ gal.; blackfish-oil, 50c ℔ gal.; cod oil, 35@40c.; porgie oil, 27@30c ℔ gal.; shore, 40c ℔ porgie scrap, $12 ℔ ton; fish do., $6; fish skins, $8; liver do, $4; fresh liver, 35c ℔ bucket.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

SATURDAY, December 4.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market was quieter, but the recent advance in prices was sustained.

COTTON.—Futures were firmer; Liverpool accounts were weak, but the bull party was dominant, and the close was strong at 9.22c for December, 9.27c for January, 9.36c for February, 9.46c for March, 9.56c for April, 9.66c for May, 9.76c for June, 9.84c for July, and 9.91c for August; sales, 79,000 bales. Spots firm; middling uplands, 9¼c; gulfs, 9 7-16c. Receipts at the ports this day, 40,877 bales.

NAVAL STORES.—Spirits turpentine quiet at 26c.

PETROLEUM.—Speculation somewhat abated and prices were unsettled, opening at 81⅝c, selling at 80⅜@81⅝c, and closing at 81@81½c; sales, 2,927,000 bbls.

OCEAN FREIGHTS.—Grain shipments were quite moderate, but included Liverpool at 4¾d, and London 5⅜d.

GRAIN.—Wheat futures were very active, opening buoyantly, but the close was easier; sales, 17,112,000 bush at 88½@89¼c, for December, 90@90¾c for January, 91⅝@92¼c for February, 93⅛@93⅞c for March, 94⅞@95c for April, 96¼@96⅞c for May, 97¼@97½c for June, and 97⅝@97¾c for July. Spot wheat was comparatively quiet, very little done for export, but prices were dearer; sales included No 2 red winter, 89⅜@91c in elevator and delivered; extra do, 92c in elevator; ungraded do, 82@90½c afloat; and old No 2 Milwaukee, 87¼@87½c, afloat. Indian corn futures fairly active, but closed easier; sales, 1,128,000 bush No 2 mixed at 49@49⅜c for January, 50⅛@50¾c for February, and 52½@52¾c for May. Spot corn was rather dull; export quiet, and local trade very slow; sales included No. 2 mixed, 48@49⅜c, in elevator and afloat; new No. 3, do, 46c in elevator. No 2 white, 48¼c in elevator. Oats were dull and closed easier; sales, 155,000 bush, including options No 2 at 34½@34⅝c for December, 35⅛@35¾c for January, and 37⅛@37¼c for May; and on the spot, mixed at 33@36c, and white, 36@40c, as in quality. Rye firmer at 57@60c on the track and afloat for State and Pennsylvania. Buckwheat quiet at 50@51c. Barley in fair demand at 68@78c for Canada, 60@70c for Western, 61@63c for two-rowed State and 65@69c for six-rowed State. After 'Change—Wheat quiet; No 2 red winter for December, 89c; January, 90¼c; February, 91⅞c; May, 96½c. Corn dull; No 2 mixed for December, 48c; January, 49⅛c; February, 50⅛c; May, 52⅛c. Oats dull; No 2 mixed for December, 34½c; January, 35⅛c; February, 55⅛c; May, 37⅛c.

GROCERIES.—Coffee on the spot was again dearer; fair cargoes Rio quoted at 13⅜c, with sales 7500 Caputana, p. t.; mild grades also buoyant; sales, 8141 bags Maracaibo, and 2000 bags Laguayra, etc., p. t. Rio options were excited and buoyant; sales, 91,250 bags, closing with sellers at 11.95@12c for the early months, 12.05c for the spring months, and 12.10@12.20c for next summer. Raw sugars very firm at 4⅝c for fair refining and 5¼c for standard centrifugal, with sales of 320 hhds. 6200 bags standard centrifugal at 5¼c. Refined sugars are dearer, with a good demand; crushed, 6¼@6⅜c; granulated, 5 13-16@5 15-16c; soft white, "A," 5 7-16@5 9-16c; "C," 4⅞@5c. Molasses dull; supplies of new crop New Orleans are fair at 20@45c, as in quality.

PROVISIONS.—Lard futures were firmer, but the higher prices were fully maintained; sales, 9500 tcs at 6.51@6.55c for December, 6.53@6.56c for January, 6.61@6.64c for February, 6.68@6.71c for March. After 'change the close was at 6.53c for December, 6.54c for January, 6.62c for February, and 6.70c for March, and 6.85c for May. Spot lard was firmer and more active; sales 2600 tcs at 6.35c for prime city, 6.52½@6.57½c for prime to choice Western, and 6.85c for refined to the continent, but the close was dull. Pork in fair demand at $11.75@12 00 for new mess. Cut meats firm but quiet at 6½@6¾c for pickled bellies. Dressed hogs firm at 5⅜@5¾c. Tallow lower at 4¼@4 5-16c. Butter dull at 19@29c for creamery. Cheese firm and in demand at 11@12¾c for State factory. Eggs sell at a wide range as in quality.

Bond and Stock Prices at 2.30 P. M.

LAND STOCKS.	Bid.	Asked.	RAILROADS.	Bid.	Asked.
Aspinwall.	7½	8½	Cin. S & Cl	25	25½
Boston Ld.	8¾	8⅞	Eastern	125½	126
Bos W P	5	5¼	Fitchburg	142	—
Boylston	3¾	3⅞	F & P Mar.	31¾	32
Maverick	2½	2¾	do pref	—	97½
BONDS.			KC, Sp & M	68	70
Atch 1sts	—	124¾	L R & F S.	—	49
At & Pac 6s	87⅛	87¼	Mar. H & O	36	36½
A & P inc	—	31	Metrop H	—	109
B & M N 6s	—	110	Mex Cen	14¼	14½
do exm't	—	120	N Y & N E	63½	63¾
B & M N 4s	93	—	do pref	142	143
C, B & Q 7s	—	132½	Og & L C	18	—
C, B & Q 4s	98⅜	—	Old Colony	182	—
Den ex	—	97¾	Or Short L	33	34½
Eastern 6s	128½	—	Rutland	8½	9
KC, S & M 6s	110	110¼	Rutl'd prf	36¾	37½
LR & FS 7s	115½	116	Sum Br'h	11½	12
MexCen 7s	57	57½	Union Pac	67	67¼
do inc	20	20½	Wis Cen	24¼	24¾
NY & NE 7s	127	127½	do pref	—	36½
NY & NE 6s	117	117½	MINING STOCKS.		
do 2ds	109	109½	Allouez	2¼	2⅝
Sonora 7s	102½	103	Atlantic	11	13
RAILROADS.			Bonanza	2	2½
A, T & SF.	97⅞	98	Cal & Hec	217	220
At & Pac	12⅝	12¾	Franklin	16¾	17
Bos & Alb	198	—	Huron	3⅛	3¾
B & Lowell	131	132	Osceola	26¼	27
Bos & Me	207½	209	Quincy	—	59
B & Prov	200	204	TELEPHONE STOCKS.		
Cal South	32	33	Amer Bell	206	207
Cent Mass	13¼	13½	Erie	29½	29¾
do pref	38½	39	Mexican	1¼	1½
Ch, B & Q	137¼	137½	New Eng'd	43¼	44
Ch, B & No	82	83	MISCELLANEOUS.		
C & W Mich	57	57½	Pul P Car	142	143

You can win $100, $50, $25 or $13, if you put a little extra determination into your efforts to form a club. If you do not secure either of these sums, you will have the satisfaction of having received a liberal cash discount, and of having given your friends and neighbors the Best Family Newspaper.

MUSIC—To reduce our stock of music we will send by mail, postpaid, 60 pieces full sheet music size, including songs, marches, waltzes, quadrilles (with calls) etc., by Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Mozart, etc., for only 20 cts., 3 lots for 50 cts., 7 lots for $1. Address V. HATHAWAY, 339 Wash. st., Boston, Mass. 21* d8

BILL NYE

Gladly Answers an Eager Inquirer.

Not the Wicked Cincinnati Enquirer,

But a Less Cumbersome One from Michigan.

A Flinty-Hearted Letter to a Man in Flint,

And Much Valuable Information Scattered Around Gratis.

Ellis Barstow, Flint, Mich., writes: "I have seen a recent scientific article, in which it is positively stated that an electric apparatus has been perfected by which a man may be enabled to shock a lion or other beast of prey in such a manner as to take away his ferocity and render him docile, kind and tractable. I would like to know if such is the case, and if so, whether the machine can be procured at a nominal cost. I have a position offered me for next season with an allied show as a lion tamer, and its salary is better than what I am now receiving as a school teacher. I have often thought I would like to be a lion tamer if I could, in an unostentatious manner, remove the ferocity from his nature. No one loves lions better than I do, but I dislike the sensation when they send their hot breath down into my neck, and I feel their bright, red gooms in my person.

Two—Also, could you tell me whether this same electrical apparatus would work on a large, annonymous dog with a fierce nature and low instincts?

Three—What is good for a lacerated wound made partly by a barbed wire fence and partially by a coarse, self-made dog?

Four—Do you think that love is abiding or is it ephemeral in its nature?

Five—If I do not succeed in getting a place as lion tamer, would you assist me to a position as conductor of a chair car on some progressive railway?

Six—How do you like my penmanship?

Seven—State what you know of the mind cure, of which we hear so much?

Eight—If you had your life to live over again would you be an humorist?

Answer: First—Two years ago the Pall Mall Gazette announced the application of electricity to the lion-training industry in such a way as to make every man his own lion tamer. Mr. Ranspach, a professional lion tamer, was the inventor. It consists of a stick three feet in length, containing a supply of electricity sufficient for one application. It was claimed for it by Mr. Ranspach that he had tried it on three lions, each of whom immediately retracted all he had ever said derogatory to Mr. Ranspach, and hoped to do better in the future. He also tried it on a large streaked tiger with a red morocco mouth from Farther India. He had been in the man-eating trade while abroad, and had also eaten several ladies. One season he ate the entire crop of children in one precinct. People at last got almost discouraged about trying to raise children in that climate. Mr. Ranspach shocked this tiger with his justly celebrated shocker, and the huge brute became perfectly tractable.

A large bear was treated for half an hour, but did not get tame so fast as could have been wished. After he had been subdued as was supposed, he ate part of a tall woman who lived near Peoria, Ill., and who would have died if the fragment eaten by the bear had not been made of woven wire. This incident induced quite a number of ladies afterward to adopt this method of protecting themselves.

The boa constrictor was the most readily affected. He curled up in his cage and did not awake for two days and when he did so his hat was four sizes too small for his head. He showed signs of numbness also for three whole days. The elephant became at once wild and almost ungovernable on being treated with electricity and it was decided not to use it on him any more.

So you see the effect is not always the same. In fact, the machine is not always sure to operate, owing to defective mechanism. A job printer from St. Joe, Mo., was once asked by a friend of his, who was a lion-tamer, to "sub" for him at a matinee, as he wanted to go away and get married. He had one of these electric lion quellers, which he told the job printer how to use, but when he entered the cage and tried to squirt about twenty cents' worth of electricity down the throat of a big, open-faced lion, he found to his chagrin that it would not work. Either the electricity had escaped or had soured so that it was of no avail, and, as the job printer did not know the way out of the den, he fed one of his arms to the fierce lion while kind friends were heating some pokers to pry open the jaws of the ferocious brute. The job printer afterwards prepared for the press a scathing criticism on "The Uses and Abuses of Electricity."

You can do as you think best about becoming a lion-tamer, but as for me, I would rather be a Mexican heirless dog hunting for the open Polar Sea than to earn $2 50 per day sticking my polished dome of thought into the massive jaws of an irritable Numidian lion.

3. For a lacerated wound made by a barbed wire fence and an impulsive dog, I would suggest change of scene and rest. You could rest standing up no doubt better than any other way.

4. Love is sometimes ephemeral. I think that is the kind you have. Do not leave it out nights.

5. I would do most anything to assist you in getting a place as conductor of a chair car if you think you could stand the mental strain, but think how many men have tried it and failed. Think well of the responsibility before you go into it. Your train might run over a cow in the night and spread her out over a long, narrow country and you might have to get up and look at her, or one of your passengers might awake in the night and want a drink, or your pantaloons might bag at the knees. There are a thousand instances I might name, where prompt action and perfect self-control are necessary.

6. Your penmanship is good. It is just the same hand that 39,000,000 other people in the United States write, and if you want to write a popular hand you ought to be a very happy man.

7. The mind cure is something that I know very little about, and yet I often very cheerfully write about things of which I know even less than I do about this. The mind cure is a kind of scheme by which one mind, through its power over another, banishes disease from the physical being. I once employed a tall, thoughtful man to come and treat me on this plan. He came several days, and the results were not very satisfactory. One day it flashed over him that he had forgotten both days to bring his instrument with him. The following day he came in with his mind done up in a shawl strap. He began to work on me, but did not succeed. Then he rose, buckled up his shawl strap and started to go. I asked what the bill was, but he said nothing.

"The principle," said he, "is this: One mind, by its control over another, works the cure. So it is necessary not only that I have a mind that I can apply, but you should also at least have a scar or something to show where your mind used to be. You should have been fair and square with me and told me in the first place that you was destitute of anything of that kind. That was the way to treat a fellow-man who had never harmed you in any way." He then strode out of my apartments.

8. If you will run your tongue out so that I can see it from where I now sit as I pen these lines, I will answer your question cheerfully, on receipt of New York draft for $75. On receipt of that amount I will also furnish you with information which may save your life. It will explain how you may live to a good old age and evade the fool-killer as I have done.

Your friend and well-wisher.

BILL NYE.

P. S.—Please write frequently. It gives you experience and does not offend me very much. B. N.

SOME EMBARRASSED PEOPLE.

They Met Under Peculiar Circumstances, and Their Behavior is What is Described Below.

[M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.]

He came to me in the car as we were jogging along over the Erie, and without any preliminary palaver about the weather or the crops or the Bulgarian situation, he asked:

"Do you see that couple on the right?"

"Yes."

"Purty good-looking woman?"

"She is that."

"Got on some nice togs?"

"Yes."

"What do you think of the man?"

"Oh, he seems to be a sensible sort of a man—probably a villager or a farmer."

"Yes; he lives back here in a small town, and he's a purty good fellow."

"Then you know him?"

"Well, kinder. Say, I'm in a sort of box and want a little advice."

"Well?"

"Well, that woman used to be my wife. We were divorced about a year ago, and she's now married to him and they are on their bridal tower or too-er or whatever you call it. I'm kinder embarrassed to know just what policy to pursue, but you can see the case from a neutral standpoint. Now, then, shall I knock his head off, treat 'em with cold contempt, or go over and wish 'em much joy?"

"What were the grounds for divorce?"

"We fit too much. I wanted to be boss and so did she. She'll either boss that chap or break his neck."

"Do they know you are here?"

"Oh, yes, and I s'pose they are kinder embarrassed, too. It seems a case where some proceedings ought to be taken."

"A row won't help you any."

"No, I s'pose not, but if I could git Mary mad you'd hear some of the biggest spitting and jawing which ever fell on mortal ears. Say, she's opened on me at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and kept it up until midnight without stopping over three times for breath. Such command of language you never saw!"

"Silent contempt would be a wise policy."

"Not in this case. See how peart and proud she sits up there! She does that to brag over me. She wants to give me to understand that I wasn't the only husband she could git. If I treat 'em with silent contempt how is she to find out that I'm now on my way to marry the Widder Belden, who brings me a thumping big farm and $3000 in cash? I want Mary to know that. The day she left me she said I was too pizen mean to marry the fat woman in a side-show, and I want her to know that I was engaged to a staving-looking woman in less than six weeks. I think I'll go over and have a talk with 'em."

"Well, don't raise any row."

"Oh, I shan't unless the fellar begins to bluster around."

He went up the aisle to the water-cooler, and I changed my seat to the one behind the couple. When the man came back he stopped in front of them and held out his hand to the man and said:

"Hello, Jim! going down to New York?"

"Yes," replied the other, as they shook.

"Kind of a bridal too-er, eh?"

"Yes."

"Got my old woman along, I see?"

"Y-yes!" was the jerky reply.

"Well, Mary," he said, as he turned to her, "so you've got another man, eh?"

"None o' your business, Tom Lapham!"

"Oh, it ain't! Same old Mary, I see! That's just the chin music you used to give me when I asked why dinner wasn't ready."

"You shet up!"

"That's more of it! Seems almost as if we were living together again, and I was dodging the broom-stick. I shall be married Saturday."

"Humph!"

"Humph! Well, you bet it's humph! She's four times as good looking as you are, and has a big farm and $3,000 in cash!"

"Don't believe it!"

"Same old Mary! Sounds perfectly natural to hear you call me a dog-goned liar. We'll be down to New York Sunday night, and mebbe will stop at the same hotel you do."

"No, you won't!"

"Yes, we will!"

"You shan't!"

"We shall!"

"See here, Tom," said the bridegroom, who was red clear back to his collar-button, "please let up. This is an embarrassing situation for me."

"Yes, I s'pose it is, Jim, and I'll do anything to oblige. Of course, you've married my old second-hand wife, and of course you don't want to be twitted of it. I see the p'int, Jim, and I'm done."

Mary got up with both fists doubled up and her fighting jaw on, but the bridegroom quieted her, and the divorced husband said to me as we walked to the rear of the car:

"Yes, it's kinder embarrassing to Jim, and I don't want to hurt his feelings. Kinder embarrassing for me, too, and for Mary, and I guess we'd better have a game of euchre. First time I ever had a divorced wife, or met her married to another man, and I didn't exactly know how to take it. Much obliged for your kindness, and I order the ace of spades up."

An Honest Man.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

One of the strongest characteristics of the negro is to feign great indignation upon being accused, when he has reason to believe that no proof can be be produced, of committing a theft. The other day, Colonel Billings, meeting old Sandy, said:

"Look here, old man, can't you find work to do?"

"Oh, yas, sah; plenty o' it."

"Then why don't you do it?"

"Does do it, sah."

"Why don't you buy some wood?"

"Does buy wood, sah."

"Why, then, do you steal my wood?"

"Steal yer wood! W'y, sah, I neber stole er stick er wood frum yer in my life. Look heah, colonel, I'se er member in good standin' o' de church, an' yer's layin' yerse'f mighty liable when yer come 'cuzin me er stealin' uv yer wood. Yer oughtenter 'spicion er ole pusson like I is."

"I don't suspect you, Sandy. I know that you are the thief, for I saw you stealing my wood."

"Saw me, did yer? Oh, wall, ef yer saw me, it's all right. Didn't know but some o' dese heah mean niggers had come er roun' er tellin' lies on me."

Why He Looked at the Calendar.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

"That's funny," he said, as he read a letter he had just taken out of his box at the club. "That's queer."

"What?"

"Read that. We quarrelled last February. She hasn't looked at me since, and she has abused me like thunder all the time."

"Ah! She loves you."

This was the letter:

MY DEAR HENRY—We have been estranged for months. A dozen times I have sat down to write to you, but my pride has always refused to give way. You are not disposed to bend. Well, I must. Friends are too few in this world. So let us forget and forgive. Come and see me as of old. YOUR ETTIE.

"Hum. That's very pretty. You'll reconcile, I suppose."

"Who can refuse such an overture as this? What are you looking at?" as the friend pulled out a little diary and began turning over the pages.

"I was just looking to see what day Christmas was on this year."

The Value of Buttons.

[Harper's Magazine.]

The late Rev. Joel Hawes of Hartford is remembered by many as a most eloquent divine. Singularly angular in person and quaint in manner, he preached truth in a most forcible way. On one occasion, after announcing that the usual collection would be taken for foreign missions, he added, in his most impressive manner: "And I would say to those persons who are in the habit of putting buttons into the box, that I would thank them not to hammer down the eyes, for the Lord is not deceived, and as buttons, they are valueless." It need not be said that there were no buttons that day.

How They Differ.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Men are strange creatures. They will waste an hour hunting a collar button instead of having an extra supply and letting their wife find the missing one. You never see a woman look for the pin she drops. Her husband finds it when he walks around in his bare feet.

A SOLDIER'S MEMORIES.

Reminiscences of the Night March to Spottsylvania.

The Usual Rivalry Between the Cavalry and the Men on Foot.

The Conflict Described—How the Battlefield Looks Today.

FIFTH ARTICLE.

As I have before related, Warren's passage to Spottsylvania was made at night. During the day of Saturday, May 7, '64, the corps commanders received notice to be prepared for the move, and early in the evening the details of the movement were issued.

It was a night of unfortunate obstacles, the first being the cavalry escort of the provost marshal of the army blocking the narrow road, and much time was lost in securing orders for their removal; and later the cavalry division of Merritt was overtaken, and the road being narrow the infantry could not advance. Colonel "Pete" Lyle, who commanded my brigade, was nervous that night, for he knew the orders Warren had received, and being the leading brigade that morning of Robinson's division was very anxious to get his men through. There was always a "feeling" between the two arms of the service, cavalry and infantry, and when our column reached the cavalry Colonel Lyle found the road completely blocked. What could he do? "Who is in command?" called out Lyle, riding as fast as he could among the horsemen. He was directed to an officer, whom he asked if it wasn't possible to clear the road, as the infantry must go along. The reply didn't suit Lyle, and he d—d the cavalry, but couldn't budge them one bit. Merritt was nearly two miles ahead, on the right of the column, and Lyle went back to his command, and sent notice to General Robinson, who came to the right of the column, but nothing he could do was able to accomplish the desired purpose, and word was sent to Warren and Meade, but it consumed valuable time, which Kershaw, who commanded the leading Confederate infantry, was taking advantage of.

Grant expected that Sheridan would cover all the approaches of the Confederates to Spottsylvania, but General Fitz Hugh Lee (now Governor of Virginia), and then commanding one of Stuart's cavalry divisions, was too previous for him, and did to our army what Sheridan should have done to theirs—check the infantry advance. Fitz Lee checked Sheridan, and Sheridan checked Warren. The night's march had been tedious, and when daylight brought a rest the troops fell either to sleeping or cooking. There had been stubborn cavalry fighting about the locality where we halted, and dead cavalrymen were numerous. The leaves and twigs had been burned, and the ground was black. I gnawed on hard bread more or less during the night, consequently wasn't particularly hungry in the morning, but many no doubt were hungry, for they made fires and coffee. Where I slept was in the woods, and when I was aroused I felt as though I had slumbered several hours, and what did I behold. The troops had turned black in an hour, for everything we touched was black, and we had considerable fun alluding to the colored troops. We were hastily got into line and admonished to keep cool. The sun was three hours high when we changed positions to the left, and crossed a road. Again we were directed to keep cool, which seemed ridiculous in the heat of that May morning.

"Captain, have your men throw off their knapsacks and pile them up by companies," said the colonel, as he passed along the line, and the men who had knapsacks and had them on threw them off and sat upon them. Then the men commenced to to make a pile of the knapsacks and had the best of reasons for believing that some other regiments would "go through them." The most valuable of their contents were removed and taken along by the soldiers, an extra pair of stockings, comb, photographs and a pack of cards, possibly. These seemed indispensable.

I was one of that class of soldiers, too independent or lazy, to carry a knapsack, and I seldom felt at home with one of those bureaus upon my back. If I remember rightly my first punishment, for insubordination, mutiny or failing to keep my musket clean, anyway some heinous crime, was to wear a knapsack full of rocks for six hours, where the boys could see me developing a muscle. Well, somehow after that, knapsacks were not my ideal packages to carry, and before we got across the Rapidan I tossed mine away, and carried the blankets horse-collar fashion over one shoulder. Having none to lose, I joked with those who had, and one fellow, a recruit, was disconsolate enough. He had been carrying a small horse load, clothing enough to support him well in fashionable society, pens, ink, paper, a pair of shoes, and twelve-ounce testament, bottle of medicine, etc. He couldn't decide what to leave or what to take, and when I saw him, a few minutes later, his blouse was stuffed out with the effects he should have left behind. 'Twas his first and only campaign, for he was killed. We were pushed forward in line of battle, through woods and fields. The sun was intolerably hot, and we were urged forward at a double-quick. We halted to perfect the alignment, and General Robinson was active in getting a good formation. Our brigade was alone on the extreme left of the army, having outmarched the brigades of Baxter and Dennison.

It was an hour of great anxiety to General Warren. He knew Grant expected him to place his troops at the court house, and when he met General Robinson the latter thought it was better to await the arrival of the other two brigades, as being surer of success, for he knew the enemies' infantry had arrived. Warren, however, thought otherwise, and ordered Robinson to push the brigade right down upon the enemy and open the road, and he (Warren) would hasten the supports. Warren knew that delay would strengthen the enemy as well as his own army, and away we went, our left in the "air."

We overtook our skirmishers, and just then, in our immediate front, appeared a battery of horse artillery. There were no obstructions to our rapid march or to the enemies' aim, consequently our column moved fast, but the artillery shots were too high to disconcert us.

"Get ready to duck, boys," shouted a winded captain, but the aim of the enemy continued too elevated and we were unharmed. Shots came rapid, and our lieutenant-colonel, then in command, called out, "Come on, men, get that gun," and kept well in the front line.

The race for the gun was an earnest one. In full view of 2000 men, each was trying his level best to be the lucky captor. The column got somewhat disorganized; men fell out from exhaustion and overheat, but I am not aware that any were struck by the artillery shots.

The artillery would fall back as we approached, but their gunners gradually fell out until at last one man only remained. One man on a gun, and with four or six horses to care for, we thought, of course, he would retire the gun; but no! he showed signs of more fight, and our men began to fire at the dare-devil, and one of the leading horses fell. I distinctly remember seeing the man jump from his horse, and apparently cut out the dead one. What kept us from overtaking the man and his gun I cannot tell. He turned the horses, and when nearly completed, his own horse dropped, and he got on another and drove the horses and gun out of our reach, for we had struck the infantry, and in the first volley I fell wounded.

Twenty years after that event General Fitz Hugh Lee wrote as follows:

"Major James Breathed was the most recklessly brave man I ever knew. He was commanding my horse artillery, and at my order placed a single gun in position on a little knoll as we were falling back, disputing the enemy's advance toward Spottsylvania Court House.

"We knew the enemy's infantry were marching in column through a piece of woods, and the object was to fire upon the head of the column as it debouched to give the idea that their further advance would be again contested, and to compel them to develop a line of battle with skirmishers thrown out, etc.

"The delay which it was hoped to occasion by such demonstration was desirable in order to increase the chances of our infantry, then marching by another and parallel route to the court house. Under Major Breathed's personal superintendence shells were thrown, and burst exactly in the head of the column as it debouched.

"The desired effect was obtained; the head of the enemy's advance was scattered, and it was only with some difficulty a line of battle, with skirmishers in its front, was formed to continue the advance.

"I was sitting on my horse near Breathed, and directed him to withdraw his gun. He was so much elated with his success that he begged to be allowed to give the enemy some more rounds. He fired until their line got so close that you could hear them shout, 'Surrender that gun!'

"Breathed's own horse had just been shot.

"The cannoniers jumped on their horses, expecting of course the gun to be captured, and retreated down the hill.

"Breathed was left alone. He limbered the gun up, and jumped on the lead horse. It was shot from under him.

"Quick as lightning he drew his knife, cut the leaders out of the harness, and sprang upon a swing horse. It was also shot from under him just as he was turning to get into the road. He then severed the harness of the swing horse, jumped upon one of the wheel horses, and again made a desperate trial for life.

"The ground was open between the piece and woods; and the enemy had a full view of the exploit, and Breathed at last dashed off unharmed, almost miraculously escaping through a shower of bullets."

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

More of Their Matrimonial Experience Deftly Related by Mrs. B. to Her Admiring Friends.

[Detroit Free Press.]

What Mr. Bowser didn't know about dress-making up to a week ago wasn't worth knowing. What he doesn't know now would fill a large-sized book. I was fretting about the delay on the part of my dressmaker when he suddenly turned on me with:

"Mrs. Bowser, it's all infernal nonsense! When I order a suit of clothes they are ready for me at the date set, and if there is any reason why a dressmaker can't do business on business principles, I want to know it."

"But I can't help it," I protested.

"No, you can't! You women are fools to be imposed upon as you are! I'd like to see one of these dressmakers bamboozle me around the way they do you!"

"But you don't wear dresses."

"For which thank Heaven! There is more nonsense about selecting a dress and having it made up than is seen in an idiot asylum in a year. I tell you, it's all bosh!"

"You might select my dress goods for me."

"Oh! I might! Well, hang me if I don't! Yes, sir, I'll go down this very afternoon and buy you a new dress, and I'll follow the cloth until you have it on your back! I'll show you, Mrs. Bowser, that business is business!"

He began operations after dinner. Mr. Bowser has an alarm clock which goes off to the minute. He therefore argues that everybody else ought to go off with the same promptness and dispatch. He jumped off the car and rushed into a dry goods store and said:

"Give me twelve yards of stuff for a dress—quick!"

"Calico or silk?" queried the clerk.

"Why, silk, of course, you may give me two shades—six yards in a shade. I'll take green and blue."

"But no one can get a dress out of twelve yards of silk, and as for the colors——"

"They can't, eh!" howled Bowser; "my mother never had over ten yards for a dress, and twelve has got to make one for my wife. The colors are all right."

The clerk gave him what he asked for, and Bowser rushed home and flung the package in my lap with:

"Been gone just thirty-seven minutes by the watch, while you would have been fooling around three afternoons. There's twelve full yards, and if you have any pieces left you can line my overcoat sleeves."

"Twelve yards! Why, I never get less than twenty-three! Don't you see how narrow silk is?"

"Um! I thought it was sheeting width, of course. That's another fraud I'm going to look to."

"And the shades—I can't wear 'em—no one could."

"You can't! Well, you will, all the same! This talk about matching the complexion with dress goods is the twaddle of idiots! If green and blue won't hit you, then let her miss! It's my taste, and I think I know what belongs to harmony. We'll go down after supper and get some dressmaker to begin work."

"But I know what she'll say."

"Oh! you do! Well, you leave that to me. I'm bossing this job, Mrs. Bowser, and I'll learn you a thing or two before we get through!"

After supper we drove down town to a dressmaker's. As we got out of the carriage Bowser charged me to keep my mouth shut and let him do the talking, and I cheerfully promised obedience. He carried the bundle under his arm, and as we entered the shop he asked:

"Will you take a contract to build Mrs. Bowser a dress and have it finished at a certain date?"

"Let me see the goods," she replied, but no sooner had she opened the package than she asked:

"Is it some fancy skirt for the circus ring?"

"Circus ring!" he whooped, "what is there about these goods to remind you of a circus ring?"

"The colors."

"Mrs. Bowser," he said, as he turned to me, "we will go elsewhere. It is evident that this person has come out of some door-knob factory to take up dressmaking."

At the second place the dressmaker smiled as she saw the colors, and replied that she wouldn't think of beginning work without having twenty-four yards of silk at hand.

"Then you'll never begin!" exclaimed Bowser. "It's high time the long-suffering public kicked against this dressmaking robbery. When I buy twelve yards of silk for a dressmaker to steal you can expect I'm going to die the next week."

The third dressmaker seemed to understand the situation at a glance. She opened the silk, rolled it up again, and calmly but firmly said:

"I am very busy just now. You'd better take it to some blacksmith shop!"

Then we went home for the night. Bowser was mad and wouldn't speak to me, and as he slept he dreamed of dressmakers, and I overheard him saying:

"Colors! I tell you it's all bosh! How many horses and cows do we see with four or five colors!"

The next day we visited twelve other dressmakers. Two of them called Mr. Bowser an old fool, and four others laughed in his face, while the other six refused to have anything to do with the dress. When we left the last place he said:

"Mrs. Bowser, I'm a man who can't be bulldozed. Those dressmakers have formed a ring to steal cloth and keep up prices. I'll beat 'em at their own game. We'll wait until we go to New York and then buy a ready-made dress."

When we got home he called the cook into the sitting room and gave her the silk, and she thanked him kindly, and added:

"It comes in very handy, Mr. Bowser, for my sister is a tight rope performer and wants a new pair of silk tights."

"I couldn't help laughing, and Mr. Bowser hasn't spoken to me since.

A SHOWER OF JUGS.

The Weird Experience of a Thirsty Man Who Went to Sandville.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

A gentleman who has just returned from a prohibition district of Arkansaw relates the following experience:

"I arrived in Sandville late in the evening, and as I felt a chill coming on decided that I would better take a drink of whiskey. The public square was surrounded by a lot of shed-like houses, and, viewed casually, each one looked like a saloon—and perhaps they were originally built for that purpose—but I went into each one, and was told liquor could not for love or money be procured in town. I looked for the blind tiger. I found the place, but was told that as a large temperance revival had been held in the town the day before all the whiskey was exhausted.

"'The river has been so low,' said the proprietor of the tiger, 'that the jug boat can't come up from Little Rock, but as we had a good rain last night, the "Aunt Jane" may be up tomorrow.'

"I had never been drunk, in fact had never cared for whiskey, but now, surrounded by such general want, such a longing seized me that I could not sleep. My thirst was awful, and, almost bereft of my senses, I walked the floor in agony. I have always lived in a city where whiskey was unrestricted, yet I did not crave it. Alas, human nature plays strange capers.

"The next morning was cool and frosty; but I felt not the vigor which such mornings should impart; but careworn and feverish from insatiate thirst, I moved about listlessly. Nearly every man in the town sat on the bright side of the court house, like lizards sunning themselves. No one paid any attention to me as I approached, but every one, heavy-eyed and disconsolate, leaned over, many of them with their chins popped on their hands. I sat down. Shortly afterward I heard the hoarse whistle of a steamboat. As though moved by an electric shock, every man sprang from his seat, and, with a violence which surprised me, dashed off toward the river. I followed the precipitate crowd, and after running at the top of my speed for nearly a mile, came within sight of the river. A small, rusty steamboat, struggling desperately, was making its way up the stream. The men, when the boat neared the landing, held up their hands, and a number of men on board began to throw off jugs. They came in a perfect shower, but I noticed that not one of them touched the ground. I caught one, after shoving a small man into the river and taking his place. I don't know how he got out, don't know that he ever got out, but I know that I caught a jug. By this time the crowd had begun to scatter. No one seemed to have any business except with himself, and I went into the woods, sat down and tilted my jug. I didn't get up until the next morning. My jug was empty. I wasn't. I staggered away from that town, and now all the money in the national treasury could not tempt me to go to Sandville again."

A Nice Man.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"Of course, there would naturally be more or less complaint about telephones," said Superintendent Jackson, "but we have one subscriber in Detroit who has never kicked, and he has had a telephone for seven years."

"Who on earth can it be?"

"My assistant!" was the calm reply.

WAR PANORAMAS.

How a Great Battle Painting is Made.

Work that Calls for Careful Judgment and Much Artistic Skill.

Scumbling that Cost the Artist Fifty Dollars a Can.

[Theodore R. Davis in Christmas St. Nicholas.]

When a battle panorama, or cyclorama, is to be set up, the material for the foreground is always prepared before the receipt of the picture. The chief artist and the mechanical constructor have superintended the construction of the platforms, following the irregular line indicated both on the first drawing and the panorama. All the lumber that is used is treated with a composition of silicate, to keep out moisture, and to make it fire-proof. Hundreds of loads of earth have been carted into the building; quantities of lumber, trees both living and dead, together with a collection of fence rails, bushes, sods, logs, sand, and a variety of camp equipage, are piled about ready for use. The platforms are the groundwork for the earth and sod, which are very skilfully joined to their painted semblances on the canvas; bushes and trees are planted; earthworks and log camps are built; everything is done with careful intent to make the foreground and painting appear as one whole landscape, and so to join the two in meaning and color as to make it nearly impossible for a spectator to determine at any point which is the real and which the painted scene. This work calls for very careful judgment, as it is necessary to settle the exact relation in size which real objects shall bear to those in the painting. An ordinary cap or hat placed upon the foreground near the canvas would seem prodigious, though the same hat, thrown on the ground near the platform occupied by the spectator, would not attract notice. The entire foreground must, therefore, be arranged to aid the perspective of the painting, so that when the panorama is ready for exhibition even the artist, who has constantly labored to attain that very result, finds difficulty in realizing that the scene spread before him is painted upon canvas which hangs vertically but forty feet distant from his eye.

The central platform is, of course, the standpoint from which visitors will view the panorama—and therefore the artists are obliged to go to it frequently as the painting nears completion, in order to observe the effect and progress of their work.

This, too, is the place of conference, and despite the sign of "No Admittance," within and without, visitors are frequent and usually welcome. These visitors are often veteran soldiers who took part in the action represented, and who often make helpful suggestions.

The army stories that are told on the central platform, when old soldiers meet and discuss the old days, would, if collected, make a prodigious volume. The floor of the platform is chalked and rechalked with diagrams, some referring to the panorama itself, but more to illustrate occurrences upon other fields. The strong pine rail surrounding the platform is pencilled all over with kindred decorations, while scraps of paper upon which are memoranda of incidents and a variety of data, as well as names and addresses, are pinned to the convenient timber with thumb-tacks.

The artists paint steadily, every individual being mainly occupied in perfecting his own work, though never hesitating to ask or extend aid in some special direction. One artist, for instance, has an excellent figure of a mounted officer, all complete excepting the portrait, a photograph for which is pinned to the canvas. While this artist goes to strengthen a line of battle, another one will rapidly paint in an admirable portrait for the incomplete figure. Soon, another brush is busy with the horse, while still another artist calls for some special saddle and bridle to be brought to the platform that he may paint the trappings.

Now, look at the back of the photograph which is pinned to the canvas—a faded carte de visite of a young officer; upon a slip of paper we read the following: "Colonel K., now on General Sheridan's staff; then captain, General Thomas' staff, H 47" (meaning the section H, square 47 of the panorama); "French cap, blouse, captain's straps—staff—dark blue trousers, gold cord, cavalry staff sword, McClellan saddle: shabrack—black horse; see sketch."

This instance will give an idea of the way in which facts are preserved when a panorama is painted by artists who conscientiously strive to make of the work a great historical painting.

The question is frequently asked, "What paints do the artists use in painting the battle panoramas?" Only colors of the best quality are used, such as are used by an artist in his work upon a fine oil painting. The color is, of course, purchased in very large quantities; as an instance, for the panorama in which I was interested, the rich yellowish paint, known as cadmium, cost $200, and was contained in four tin cans, each the size of an ordinary peach can. An amusing incident occurred in this connection during the painting of one of the panoramas.

When the composition is drawn, the general plan for that part of the cyclorama known as the foreground, which is composed of natural objects, is also thought out. It is then settled what portions of the great canvas will be hidden by the foreground of natural objects, such as real earthworks, mounds of soft-covered earth, the log breastworks. Usually that part of the canvas is left without color, except such fanciful sketches as the artists may paint for studio view only. A portion of our picture, "The Battle of Missionary Ridge," was left thus blank and bare, and was most disturbing to the German professor who was the chief artist. His eye was so distracted and troubled by it that he one day directed some of the loitering models to take some color, "any color," he said, "and scumble over the surface to tone it down."

The models, dressed as Union and Confederate soldiers and officers, worked industriously for twenty minutes, when it was suddenly discovered that they had emptied three $50-cans of cadmium and were opening the fourth. A half-dollar's worth of cheap house paint would have been better, for no preparation had been used to make the cadmium dry, and it was still soft when the panorama was sent for exhibition to Chicago. What the artists said when they discovered the models' mistake was not plain to me, as it was spoken in German, but I know that they all talked at the same time and very vigorously.

The curiosity of visitors to the various great battle panoramas seems to have no end. Many suspect that an immense plate of glass is placed between the spectator and the canvas; and some persons have even thrown objects with sufficient force to go thrice the distance from the platform to the canvas, for the purpose, as they said, of testing the glass. Of course, there is no glass nor any other means of deception than the simple arrangements here described. The largest figures on the canvas are between three and four feet high, though they seem to be full life size.

A certain inquisitive old lady, visiting one of the earliest of these panoramas—"The Battle of Sedan"—helped herself over the platform rail by means of convenient chairs, and trotted down an earth road leading from the platform to the canvas, where—alongside the painted figures—she looked like Gulliver's wife among the Lilliputians.

"Why! Oh, my!" she exclaimed, "look at these dear little men! They are only so big!" holding up her parasol near a painted group of German soldiers which looked like dwarfs beside her. Great laughter greeted her return to the platform, where she remarked: "Oh, my! how they do grow when you get back, away from them!" And this is the whole secret of the effect produced upon the spectator.

The Meaning of Cards.

[Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.]

Our preacher has got about as many eyes in his head as anybody, and as he sat near my secretary his fingers meandered to a deck of beautiful cards that the girls forgot to hide, and as he shuffled them carelessly in his hand he exclaimed: "Well, this is an age of pictures. I never saw so many, and some of them are too lovely for anything; but these are different from any I have seen. What are these for, young ladies?" I saw their cunning embarrassment and came to their relief. "Those are my lecture tickets," said I. "Oh, yes, I see!" said he; "this one with five spots admits a family of five, and this one with ten spots a family of ten." "Exactly so," said I, "and those with pictures are complimentaries for the preachers." "I understand," said he, "and so I will just take two or three of these home with me," and he slipped a queen and a jack in his pocket. "Those cards," said I, "are reminders of many things. There are four kinds which remind us of the four seasons. The spade reminds us that labor is the leading trump in this world's affairs; the club that we must be aggressive and force our way; the diamond that money is a good thing to help, and the heart that, after all, riches and labor and force are worth nothing without love. There are twelve of those picture cards, which remind us of the twelve months in the year, and fifty-two cards in the deck, which tell us of the fifty-two weeks in the year, and—" "And," said he, interrupting me, "there are just 365 spots in all, which remind us of the number of days in the year." Right then I surrendered, for I saw he knew as much about a deck of cards as I did, and I expect he has played many a game in a gully or behind his father's barn.

HOTEL VOICES.

Sweet Sounds Heard by Listening Ears in the Office of the Grand Colossus at Morning, Noon and Night.

[Manley H. Pike in Puck.]

[Scene—Office of the Grand Colossus.]

IX A. M.

The Clerk—Yes; express at 2.14; coal train at 6. Front! 316. No letters for Lohengrin Libby. Front! this gentleman to room. No: he left yesterday. You'll find a lay-out over on the avenue. Yes, sir; Sunday school convention at the First Church. Don't pay here—cashier's desk on right. What's that, Patrick?—gentleman blew out gas last night?—half dead? Front! doctor to 410. Pay in advance, please, if no baggage. He isn't stopping here. Front! Bilking Joe's just come in—watch him. Can't register you, my man—no negroes wanted. Front! row in the cafe—send down the bouncer. Our regular rates, sir—you should have gone to a second-class house. Front! look out for that fellow with the yellow gripsack. Only a top room left—that or nothing, sir. Why, general, how do you do? Rooms? Plenty! Give you parlor X and the rest of the suite. Front!

Gentleman (to telephone clerk).—Tell Mrs. Brown, 101 Blank street, that Mr. Brown came home last night, and ask her to send down the carriage.

The telephone clerk—Hello, Central. (Pause.) Hello! (Pause.) Hi, there, Central. Hello, hello! 101 Blank street—no, no, not Crank street. One hundred and one. Yes. No, I'm not done—no, I say. All right. Mrs. Brown? Grand Colossus. Grand Colossus. Colossus, Colossus, C los-sus! Got it? Mr. Brown says he came home last night, and wishes you to send down the carriage. No, I didn't say marriage—carriage. Send down the carriage. Here, of course. Why, to the Grand Colossus—Colossus, Colossus! Brown sends it—Brown! No; not out of town—Brown, not town. Yes. No. Yes. Yes. Yes. Good-day. Twenty-five cents, sir. [Hangs up receiver and falls exhausted—as well he may.]

1 P. M.

[Enter promiscuously, lawyers, bankers, brokers and assorted business men. General gabble and gobble.]

THE CAFE.—Dozen raws, quick—I'm in a hurry! Hullo, old man, how's trade? Three stews! Give you sixteen for sixty. Roast chicken! I'll get a verdict in spite of the law. Kidneys! Insiders are buying. One steak! "Ten up!" says I. Cutlets, here! Basswood's looking up. Coffee! Seven per cent. and no risk. Ham and eggs! I've got proxies enough and to spare. Dry toast and milk! O'Grady swears he'll break up the primary. Pig's feet! Assign to me and I'll fix you. Fillet of beef! No, not a dollar—have to borrow myself. Lamb's tongues! Five hundred, seller thirty. Sherry and biscuits! I'll give twenty-five off for cash. Check! Check! Check! Check!

THE CIGAR-STAND.—Yes, sir; two for a quarter. Oh, did you say tens? Beg pardon—thought from your looks—gentleman of your style—oh, yes, thought you'd made mistake—one dollar—thanks. (That's the way to take 'em, George!) One cigarette—one cent—thank you. (Solid man, that, George!) Yes, very nice brand—knew you'd like it—little more expensive, perhaps—but knew your taste. (Observe, this, George!) Five-center? Don't keep 'em. (Rats! George!) Better take box—you'll save in the end. (How's that, George?) [And thus till 2.30.]

XI P. M.

[Crowd, chatter and confusion. Everybody from everywhere talking about everything. Upstairs dining-rooms in full blast.]

PATRICK (to CLERK).—Plaze, sorr, the "Festive Fifteen" has got to their third dozen, and are playin' the dickins with the room. Misther Gayboy is thryin' to dance a clog on the table, and he's smashed well-noigh everythin' on it, already.

The Clerk—Are Coupon and Boodle there? Yes? Then carry in another set—best glass in the house—and all those hand-painted dessert dishes. It's break and make with us tonight.

The Billiard Room—Confound this cue! If I'd Englished a little more I'd have had it. Quarter ball! See me run her out! Four ringers on the table, are there? I used to play better than this—a little out of practice. If you make that combination I'll—well, you did, didn't you? Six short of pool? Then that blue ball's my meat? If I could scratch like you I'd play with my eyes shut. Great Scott! you've got it!

[Enter Mr. Spacer of the Matutinal Meddler. He copies register.]

The Clerk—I say, Spacer, how many?

Spacer—Thirty-seven.

The Clerk—How many has the Leviathan?

Spacer—forty-four.

The Clerk—Has, eh? Then put in twenty names from this Honolulu directory, and mark 'em "England" and "City." Here's an order on the bar for you.

One and All—I'll settle him when I meet him—for forgiveness is a Christian duty—and, as I'm worth a million—give me the price of a supper, won't you?—I think the police are after me—such are the blessings of a clear conscience—then she smiled and whispered—Billy's the boy for a hundred-yard dash—so that, when the governor remarked—ah, there, my blossom, whenjer c'm'p?—I went and bought 500 Pipe Line certificates—1000 fat hogs—two Amatis and a Stradivarius—all to influence votes in the fourth—as, being Quakers—they'll use skin-gloves and fight to a finish—and so Squire—Jaehne—and John L. Sullivan, don't forget him—are going to unite and form a new church—because I know that virtue—and some kinds of whale oil—are being boomed by a clique. [Thus indefinitely.]

MADE HAPPY.

The Dry Goods Store Enlivened by the Woman from Way Back.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"What's a right good quality of onbleached muslin wuth today?" she asked.

"From ten to twelve cents a yard," answered the clerk.

"Is it a yard wide?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Warrant it not to shrink?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is it wuth any less by the hull bolt?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, I wa'n't wantin' any nohow. I see some on the counter an' jist thought I'd ask. I'm after caliker today."

"Yes, ma'am," says the clerk. "What kind of calico do you want?"

"Well, I don't hardly know. It ain't fer myself; it's fer Mary Jane Dixon, one o' our neighbor wimmen, or sort o' cousin o' mine as I'd better say."

"What kind of calico did you say you wanted, ma'am?"

"Well, I don't 'zactly know. Mary Jane came a-runnin' over jist as I was startin' to git ready, an' I had the chickens to feed yet an' so much on my mind I didn't pay much 'tention to Mary Jane. She's sort o' second cousin to—"

"Did you want dark or light print?"

"Mary Jane didn't say 'speshly which. I'd know right off, but seein' as it's for Mary Jane Dixon, and her bein' own second cousin to my man by marriage, it makes me a little pertickler. Mary Jane ain't over'n above easy to please nohow, an' I often says to her, says I—"

"Here are both light and dark pieces, ma'am."

"Well, I know she don't want it too dark nor yit too light, an' as to whether she wants a figger or a stripe or a check or a plaid, I'm sure I don't know. If she wa'n't our second cousin by marriage to my man I'd o' said right out to her—"

"Here is a pretty plaid piece, ma'am."

"Yes, so 'tis; but I do'no as Mary Jane wants a plaid, an' I don't reckomember as I ever see her wearin' a stripe, tho' she has got a wrapper that's a sort of a stripe, too. But as for an out an' out set stripe—"

"How would you like this piece with the little vine in it?"

"I'd like it well enough, but Mary Jane she's sort o' curious. I wouldn't say it so it'd git to her that I said it, but she is curious like. Why I've knowed that woman to—"

"Then you don't like this piece?"

"Why, yes; I guess I do, but I don't know what Mary Jane would say to it. I tell you what you do. You can give me ten or fifteen samples and Mary Jane can pick out the one she wants. I'm comin' in agin' Saturday an' can git it then. Mary Jane will want as much as three-quarters of a yard, and I do'no but she'll need a hull yard when she does buy, for it's for a kitchen apron, and she's a middlin' fat woman, and so—"

She Didn't Yip.

[Somerville Journal.]

First high school girl—"Oh, Nettie, I do think that Charlie Rogers is just horrid! Do you know, he went home from the lecture with me last night, and just as he was bidding me good-by at the door the great awful thing put both his arms right around me and kissed me!"

Second high school girl—"He did! Why, Minnie, you don't say so! And didn't you scream?"

First high school girl—"No, I didn't scream."

Second high school girl—"You didn't! Why, Minnie, why not?"

First high school girl—"Well—I—I was fraid he would stop."

Wrappers for Almost Nothing.

[Philadelphia Call.]

"Mrs. Dusenbury, why do you spend your time making that 'Mother Hubbard?' Why, you can get them for almost nothing at the post office."

"Good gracious, man! They don't keep 'Mother Hubbards' at the post office."

"Anyhow, they keep stamped wrappers."

O'TOOLE AND THE MONKEY.

How Garibaldi's Pet Created a Big Scare.

O'Toole Was Full of Whiskey and the Monkey Full of Fun.

The Former on His Knees Asks the Latter to Spare Him.

"Boliby Boo" is a big tenement house in the eighth ward. There are many nationalities beneath its roof. Sometimes the women folk meet upon the roof to hang out the family washing and to discuss questions of a domestic nature. The other day Mrs. O'Toole met Mrs. McCarthy upon the parapets.

"Ara, good mornin', Mrs. McCarthy," said Mrs. O'Toole.

"Good mornin', Mrs. O'Toole."

"Yera, Mrs. McCarthy, did yez hear about me man O'Toole?"

"Throuth an' Oi didn't, thin. Phat happened to him, asthore?"

"Ah, go away out of that. 'Tis the way yez heard all about it and yer makin' game of me."

"That I may niver see another tub of suds if Oi ever heard a wurd about it. And phat is at all at all?"

"Oh! Mrs. McCarthy, ye know O'Toole is very fond of his bitthers, and it taint behind the door he'd put a dhrop when he has a chance."

"Wisha, the back of me hand to yez. And shure 'tis many a dacent man that takes a dhrop of the crathur wuns and a phile."

"'Tis thrue for yez, Mrs. McCarthy. Well, O'Toole wint out the other night with his friend Roger O'Mahoney. Shure 'tis will Oi knew he couldn't have look nor grace with that blaguard O'Mahoney. Phin he was goin' out sez Oi to him, 'O'Toole,' sez Oi, 'Be home by 9 o'clock; do yez hear me.' Well, Mrs. McCarthy, to make a long sthory short, me foine O'Toole walks home to me at 2 o'clock in the mornin'. He was as dhrunk as a lobster. He sez to me as soon as he gets in, 'Oh,' sez he, 'yer waitin,' my catbird, for me.' 'Phats that?' sez Oi. 'That a song,' sez he. 'O may the divil fly away wid yez for a mess of small potates,' sez Oi, and up stairs Oi goes for meself and slammed the door and left him there. 'Well, Mrs McCarthy, would you belave it, but O'Toole was that dhrunk that instid of goin' to his bed loik a dacent gintleman he goes down cellar and tumbles on top of a hape of coal and there he slapes all the night long. Shure, Mrs. McCarthy, whin Oi got up in the mornin' and didn't see him Oi was moighty afeered somethin' had happened to him. Oi couldn't find him nowhere. Shure Oi was around doin' me wurk phin all uv a suddint Oi heerd a divil of a racket down in the cellar. Oi rushed down and glory be to Peter and the mimmery of Pettycoat Loose phat do you think Oi saw?"

"And phat did yez see, Mrs. O'Toole?"

"Oh! Mrs. McCarthy, if yez war there ye would have killed yerself laughin'. Ye know, Mrs. McCarthy, by the way, if no harm, of course, that by of ours, Mickey O'Toole, the night before sthole the munkee what belongs to Garribaldy, the Eyetalian hand-organ man. And phare in the devil did he put him but down in the cellar. Well, would you belave it, but phin Oi rushed down there was O'Toole on his knees, and perched up on top of the bin was that divil, the munkee. 'Oh! Ellen!' roared O'Toole, as soon as he saw me, niver risin' from his knees, 'for the luv of God bring me the holy wather till we banish him.'

"'Banish who?' sez Oi.

"'Him,' sez O'Toole, 'don't yez see him, the imp of satan that come after me. Oh! Ellen, banish him; don't lave him take me now, for Oi'm not fit to go. Oh! yer majisty, lave me to me woife and childer, and Oi'll never dhrink another dhrop.' Wisha, 'twas so funny that I could hardly kape from laughin', and the sight was so kommical that the munkee his'self begins to grin.' With that O'Toole's hair stood on inds. He throws up his hands towards the munkee, crying, 'Forgiv' me moi sins,' and then he fell in a dead faint. Me bruther Patrick and meself carried O'Toole up sthairs, and fur two days he wus out of his head, and mutherin' all the toim, 'Don't lave him take me, Ellen; banish him till Oi have toim to pray for me soul.' Oh! moi, but 'twas funny, Mrs. McCarthy."

"Oh! wisha, wisha, but how is he now, Mrs. O'Toole?"

"Oh, he's all right now, but he he's not got over the schere yit."

"And didn't yez till him that it wasn't the divil a tall, a tall?"

"Phist, come nearer, Mrs. McCarthy."

"Phat is it, Mrs. O'Toole?"

"Mrs. McCarthy, O'Toole don't know to this day that the divil he saw was the Eyetalian's munkee."

"Wisha, look at that fur you, Mrs. O'Toole."

"There's for yez, Mrs. McCarthy."

"Good mornin', Mrs. O'Toole."

"Good mornin', Mrs. McCarthy."

D. J. McGRATH.

A NEW SCHEME.

One Way of Securing a Seat in a Street Car for a Lady.

[New York Mail and Express.]

A Broadway car, which left the New York Battery at about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, got its first passenger at the City Hall Park in the person of what the conductor called a dude. He was, in fact, very gorgeous. His long coat tails protruded from under the tails of his short, light-colored top-coat; his hands were enveloped in the yellowest of kids; patent leather shoes adorned his feet, and his head was, in a measure, held down by an immaculate silk hat. He with great care deposited his person in the comfortable lower corner of the car, and in an abstracted manner looked for his fare. A search of the first and customary pocket brought forth nothing. Sudden pain seemed to disturb the young gentleman's complacent face. He dived into three unsuccessful pockets, and then from a fourth hauled out triumphantly a nickel. The young man was temporarily relieved, but as the car got up town he seemed troubled about something again.

By the time the car got to Tenth street it was completely filled. At Twelfth street several people got in and crowded the car. At Thirteenth street several ladies were hanging on to the straps, and the dude was the only man seated. At Fourteenth street some more people got in, and among them was an old gentleman who had in his charge a sweet-faced, feeble old lady. She stood up in front of the dude and hung on to the straps. She was a short little lady, and the position evidently was a painful one. But the dude looked stonily out of the window. The old gentleman stared at him. First with disgust, then in contempt, and finally his emotion was one of anger. Suddenly he dived down in his trousers pocket. His hand came up full of silver. Carefully selecting four quarters from the pile, he leaned over and touched the young man. The dude looked up at him.

"Young man," said the old gentleman, extending the four quarters, "I'll give you a dollar for your seat."

"Wha—what?" gasped the youth. Everybody snickered.

"I'll give a dollar for your seat," repeated the old gentleman.

The dude looked dazed. He gazed first at the old gentleman's angry face. Then his stare wandered over the car, then fastened itself upon the four silver quarters.

"Wha—" he began. Then, in a more dazed kind of a way, he reached out, took the quarters, slowly got up, and, stumbling off the platform, wandered up Eighteenth street.

The mild old lady, blushing as red as if she had been 16 instead of 60, sat down in the vacant seat, the passengers smiled, the old gentleman gazed out of the window, and the car bowled merrily along.

Sitting Down With a Preacher.

[Harper's Magazine.]

In a Western town dwells Elder R——, a clergyman very well known throughout his State for ability and shrewdness. It is pretty generally believed, on account of his evident knowledge of the ways of the world, that he was rather "rapid" in his youth. Among his sceptical neighbors is a hotel-keeper of jovial disposition and liberal heart. Whenever the elder has a specially convincing and sweeping discourse prepared it is his wont to give special invitations to his doubting friends to be present, and these are sometimes accepted with the proviso that the dominie and his lady shall meet the party at the hotel at dinner on an appointed day during the week, so they may have an opportunity to defend themselves. On these occasions dinner often lasts the whole afternoon, and the elder is obliged to parry the combined blows of the opposition. On one occasion mine host found his match in the clergyman in a worldly way, and it is this circumstance that I set out to relate. The landlord returned on a certain Saturday evening from a trip to the far West, and next morning found him, with his wife, seated in a front pew. When the plate was passed he felt in all his pockets, but could find only a comb, jack-knife and a circular piece of ivory marked "5," which is supposed by poker players to represent value. The latter was dropped in the plate under the vigilant eye of the pastor, but unnoticed by the sexton, whose eyes had been dimmed by age. On receiving the collection the pastor missed the "chip," and asked the sexton for it. The latter had thrown it away, supposing it to be a mark of disrespect from some scoffer. Elder R—— knew his man, and caused the representative of value to be recovered. Next morning, as the landlord was dilating on his trip to a crowd of friends in his office, Elder R—— appeared, and advancing to the counter placed the chip down with the click so familiar to connoisseurs and asked: "Can you 'redeem' that this morning, Brother S——?" Of course, S—— could not do less than hand out a $5 bill, and the elder departed, after expressing the hope that he might always be so lucky. Mine host says that he shall not "sit down" with a preacher again.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Barnyard Philosophy.

[New Orleans Picayune.]

You may set a thief to catch a thief; but if you set a hen you expect some day to catch a spring chicken.

Indian Summer.

[R. D. in Life.]

HE:

Should old acquaintance be forgot?
Have I not stood the test?
Desert me not, I pray thee, love!
Old friends are always best.

SHE:

Our long acquaintance is too long;
Your love's too often told,
My heart demands fresh victims now,
Old friends may be too old.

Was Old Enough.

[Detroit Free Press.]

He—"How old are you, Miss Emma?"

She—"I am old enough to know better than to answer that question."

Annette.

[Emily Thornton Charles.]

Now what shall I say to thee, Annette—
Annette my darling, Annette my pet?
Shall I speak of the azury depth of thine eyes,
(May never a tear to their fair surface rise!)
Of thy cheeks like the rose,
Of that retrousse nose,
Or the half-hidden beauties thy dimples disclose?
Nay, nay, I tell thee, I'll write no such stuff,
I say but 'I love thee.' Is that not enough?
But that thou art handsome my last line will prove—
We see every beauty in those whom we love.

Had To.

[Philadelphia News.]

"Say, Pat, why have you started work after so many years of idleness?"

"Bedad, me woife is on a strike."

Lines to a Very Shy Young Woman.

[Margaret Deland in Century Bric-a-Brac.]

False Violet! I sought for thee,
That I might know
If thou did'st bend so low
Prompted by tender modesty
—Or show!

I will disclose thy subtlety:
Looks that are shy,
Thou know'st, do win mine eye—
(This truth, fair maid, I challenge thee,
Deny!)

And so, since it becometh thee
And charms my heart,
Thou dost affect this part!
Thus, all thy sweet simplicity
Is art.

Great Legal Truth.

[Kansas City Journal.]

A father may succeed in cutting off his son without a cent, but he can't cut off the lawyers.

Apart.

[E. D. Pierson in The Theatre.]

I hear the frou-frou of her dress
Sweep musically by,
And watch her proud, young loveliness
With eager, jealous eye.

I see the jewels at her breast,
The roses in her hair,
Her blue eyes wander as in quest
Of one who is not there.

Strange chance it is her glance should fall
On me, a moment's space;
A curious glance, yet sweet withal,
That glorifies her face.

Oh, rapturous moment, lost to me!
Love fain must fly away.
Alas! I'm in the gallery,
And she's in the parquet!

That Soothes Her.

[Somerville Journal.]

It hurts the girl with the pretty foot to sprain her ankle, of course, but somehow she gets reconciled to the pain when she finds that for a week or so she must sit with the disabled foot modestly disposed on a cushion when callers come.

After the Ball.

[Minnie Gilmore.]

O, little glove, do I but dream I hold thee,
So warm, so sweet, and tawny as her hair?
Nay! from her hand tonight I dared unfold thee,
As we went down the stair.

She said no word; she did not praise nor blame me;
She is so proud, so proud and cold and fair!
Ah! dear, my love, thy silence did not shame me,
As we went down the stair.

Thy dark eyes flashed, thy regal robes arrayed thee
In queenly grace and pride beyond compare;
But on thy cheeks a sudden red betrayed thee,
As we went down the stair.

O, lady mine, some near night will I prove thee!
By this soft glove I know that I may dare
Take thy white hand and whisper, "Sweet, I love thee,"
As we go down the stair!

In Trouble.

[Buffalo Express.]

Some of the fashion journals are in a quandary. The altitude of the winter hats offered for illustration makes it necessary either to lengthen the columns of the paper or reduce the scale of the drawings.

Unresponsive.

[Anon.]

He loved me, but I loved not him.
I know not why. It was a whim
Of fickle fate's that he should pour
Out at my feet such lavish store
Of love and service, all in vain.
I knew his worth and it was pain
To pain him so; yet not one word
Of his sweet pleadings ever stirred
Responsive echoes in my breast
Or woke my heart from its calm rest.

I loved him, but he loved not me,
I longed, I struggled to be free;
I felt it shame to love unsought,
My love by no sweet service bought;
Yet all in vain. Did but his face
Appear, a glory filled the place
While he was near. He must have read
Something, I fear, my glances said.
But he was only my kind friend,
And so continued to the end.

Then, is it true that love's begot
By loving? Ah, I fear me not!
Or I had loved the man who poured
Out at my feet such boundless hoard
Of truest love; or else had been
Loved by that other man, to win
Whose heart I had well-nigh forgot
To woo is not the woman's lot.

Tit for Tat.

[Judge.]

She—"I wonder who that good-looking woman is over in that box?"

He—"Oh, that's my wife. I wonder who that good-looking fellow is with her?"

She—"Oh, that's my husband."

A Charming Mystery.

[Emily Thornton Charles, in Lyrical Poems.]

Surely I was only dreaming,
When it seemed her eye met mine,
And appeared as 'twere beaming
With a rapture half divine.
For I found her a surprising,
A tormenting, tantalizing,
Very charming mystery.

Sendeth she my nerves a dancing
Like the sparkles on the wine
And my thought flies forth, romancing
As a votary at her shrine,
But she is a quaint, surprising,
A tormenting, tantalizing,
Very charming mystery.

Oftentimes I'm sure I know her,
Read her thoughts, as I opine,
And I long for speech to show her
Feelings words can scarce define.
But I find her a surprising,
A tormenting, tantalizing,
Very charming mystery.

Seemeth now, if I should meet her,
That my arms would round her twine
Longing lovingly to greet her,
If she gave assenting sign.
But she is the most surprising,
Most tormenting, tantalizing,
Most bewitching mystery.

THE FATAL NAME.

By JULES DE GASTYNE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE GLOBE BY BENJ. R. TUCKER.

Every year, on the Fourteenth of July, festival reigns in Paris and throughout France. From early morning, and in many places for several days in advance, the streets are decked with flags, flowers and garlands. From all windows the tricolor flaps in the wind. Everywhere is animation and extraordinary exuberance of life. All houses are empty from morning till night; all the inhabitants are out of doors. For a day Paris seems alive from foundation stones to roofs.

On the evening of a Fourteenth of July appear the principal characters of this story, as bitter as it is true.

There are two of them—mother and son.

They slowly ascend the Rue de Clichy amid flags and lanterns of many colors. It is nearly seven o'clock, and crowds are on the way to see the fireworks.

The mother is a woman of forty, tall, with regular features, a pale face and a sad expression. She has a high and intelligent forehead, but her head droops, as if bent under the weight of an incurable sorrow. She is dressed in deep mourning, as if she had just lost her husband or her mother.

The son wears a jacket—black also—a high silk hat, and a dark cravat. His face is melancholy, like his mother's, and he much resembles her. He seems to be from twenty-two to twenty-five years old. He has no hair on his face, with the exception of a slight brown fuzz starting from the upper lip. His eyes are black—velvety and soft when in repose, but at intervals animated and brilliant.

The mother is leaning on the young man's arm, and the latter moderates his steps that he may not fatigue her. They do not speak, but from time to time the mother's eyes fall upon the son and become imbued with an indefinable love. When she looks at her child, her expression shows a mixture of joy and pride, which is immediately extinguished by a bitter thought. The son, too, seems painfully affected. Some sorrowful mystery enwraps them both. And the joy surrounding them seems to deepen rather than dissipate their melancholy.

They have reached the top of the street. They must be near their home, for the people coming down the hill know and greet them.

The mother responds with a slight inclination of the head, the son by raising his hand to his hat. Some of the more familiar neighbors stop them.

"What? You turn your backs upon the festivities?"

"Mother is tired," answers the young man.

"Yes, the heat, the confusion," stammers she.

And they pass on, after wishing much enjoyment to those who have torn them from their reverie.

A stranger, in company with the neighbors, questions them.

"Who is that lady?"

"Madame Gillette."

"Madame Gillette?"

"We know her by no other name."

"She is a very worthy woman," says another.

"And the young man?"

"He is her son . . . . M. Octave . . . He is also called Octave Gillet."

"They are in mourning?"

"They have worn mourning ever since we first knew them."

"Is that a long time?"

"A good twenty years, is it not, Gregoire?"

The man appealed to answers:

"Oh! surely. I remember the day she came. Her sadness was painful. Except that she has aged a little she has not changed since."

"She is certainly a very honest and intelligent lady," said a woman belonging to the party. "I have often had occasion to talk with her, and I assure you that she is no ordinary person."

"Yes, it is easy to see that she has had an education."

"And good! She would deprive herself to give to the poor. Tell her of the slightest sorrow, and the tears will come into her eyes."

"Hers is a good nature."

"The best that I have ever met," said the woman, decidedly.

Some one smiled.

"You except your husband."

The speaker shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh! . . . him!" . . . .

Then she went on:

"And such a regular life as she leads! She never speaks to any one except us, her neighbors, and receives no visitors. All her time is devoted to caring for her son. She adores him."

"And he returns her adoration. Since he left school, he never goes out except with her."

"And what does he do now?"

"No one knows exactly. He is employed during the day in a banking house."

"They have wealth?"

"Enough to live upon, but very modestly."

"Nevertheless," said some one, "no one will ever make me believe that they are not people who have something to hide."

The others turned towards the man who had thus spoken with a sort of indignation.

"Why?"

"Why? Why? Did you not hear what was said at the time when the son was to pass his examinations?"

"What was it?"

"They said that he did not pass them with the others because he could not or would not furnish his birth certificate."

"Lies!" cried the woman.

"Possibly!" said the man, not at all disconcerted. "He did not pass them, however, and did not continue his studies, as the others did. And the draft? Was he subject to the draft like your son and mine?"

"But if he is not French."

"Bah! Bah! Those who have nothing to hide do not act so mysteriously."

They turned towards the man with an air of approbation. Encouraged, he continued:

"And his name, his real name? Have you ever heard it? No more have I. Madame Gillette! That is not a name. And her country? Did she ever tell you what country she was from?"

No one answered.

"Well! I tell you that she is French, as French as we are, and her son, too."

"It makes no difference," said the woman who had already spoken, and who seemed to have sympathy for the woman in mourning; "for twenty years they have been living among us, and there is nothing with which we can reproach either of them."

As to this there was but one voice in the group.

The man exclaimed ironically:

"Agreed! They are angels, but angels who have once burned their wings. Others have grown in their place, that's all."

While this discussion was in progress, the lady in black had gone on her way, still leaning on her son's arm. They had reachd their door, and were about to go up to their rooms, when a party of three came out through the hall leading to the stairs.

Our two friends drew back to let them pass, and the son had a sudden fit of trembling which did not escape his mother's notice. Madame Gillette turned pale.

The three persons bowed as they passed. They were third-floor tenants—father, mother and daughter. The daughter, who was about eighteen and already a great beauty, blushed slightly as she bowed to Octave Gillet.

The piercing look of the lady in black discovered the young girl's color as well as her son's paleness. She said nothing, but there was an added painfulness in her expression.

She went ahead to get her key from the janitress, while the young man, remaining on the threshold, followed with his eyes the swift vision of which he had just caught a glimpse. After she had disappeared at the foot of the street his eyes were still fixed upon the pavements over which she had passed.

His mother was obliged to retrace her steps in order to get him.

"Well? . . . Octave?" . . .

He stammered, like one starting from a dream:

"Here, mother, here!"

"What are you looking at so?"

"Nothing."

And he hastened in in order to conceal his agitation.

Octave and his mother occupied the fourth floor, composed of four rooms—a chamber, a parlor made into a second chamber, a dining-room and a kitchen. All were furnished decently, but not luxuriously.

As soon as she entered the lady in black hastened to throw open the blinds, and the light entered in floods—a pale twilight, setting all objects in relief. The festivities without were at their height. The house, on the contrary, was silent and deserted. All the tenants had gone out.

Madame Gillette, who had hurriedly taken off her bonnet, noticed her son leaning sadly on his elbows at the window and seemingly watching the blaze of the fireworks.

She misconceived the cause of his melancholy, and believed that he regretted having come in so soon.

"You can go out now, Octave," said she.

He lifted up his head.

"Go out?"

"I do not wish to keep you from seeing the festivities."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"If you knew how little they interest me!"

She approached him and took one of his hands in her own.

"I should like to see you laugh and amuse yourself like the others. Why are you not gay at your age?"

Looking into her eyes with a piercing gaze he asked:

"How can I be gay?"

She trembled a long time.

"Why not?" she was on the point of asking. But she stopped, under the influence of a sort of terror. She let his hand fall, rose, and went away. She was afraid that her son would question her further, and try to force her to speak. In her own room she fell upon a chair and burst into tears.

The son had risen also. He walked back and forth for a moment, and then his eye lit up with resolution.

"I must know all," he said to himself. "She must speak. I can live no longer in this way."

And he knocked resolutely at her door.

At first there was no answer. He heard within something that sounded like an effort to stifle sobs.

Then a weak and sorrowful voice murmured:

"Come in!"

He pushed the door open and entered.

CHAPTER II.

The lady in black had hastily risen and wiped her eyes; she was standing with one hand tightly grasping the back of a chair and the other on her heart as if trying to repress its throbbing.

She seemed filled with an indescribable apprehension.

Had the fatal moment which she so much feared come at last?

Could the hour have struck when her son, driven to an extremity, was determined to call her to account?

What should she do? What should she say?

She could not be mistaken this time. She had seen that Octave loved. She had read his thoughts upon his brow.

Yes, yes, that was why he came.

On seeing his mother in this condition, Octave suppressed his impetuosity. He extended his arms.

"Mother, mother!"

And tears came into his eyes.

The poor woman rushed to her son. Instinctively her hand sought his mouth and covered it.

"Do not speak, say not a word, my son, I beg of you!"

Octave looked at her in astonishment.

She went on, almost without knowing what she said.

"Yes, I know that you came to question me; but do not question me! Ask me nothing."

"But," said the young man, nonplussed.

"I can tell you nothing."

"Nevertheless" . . .

She cried more decidedly still:

"Nothing! Nothing!"

Octave stepped backward, so much agitated that he could scarcely speak.

"Listen, mother," said he, gravely, "I would give my life to save you a sorrow, or even the thought of a sorrow. But I am no longer a child; I am a man now. I need to know who I am, where I came from, and what part I can play in life."

She raised her hands to heaven, sighing:

"My God! My God!"

"I wish to know all," said the young man, brusquely; "since I attained the age of reason I have been in doubt, to which it is time to put a stop. I am nothing; I have been unable to achieve anything, like the others; I began my studies, but I could not finish them. Why? My birth certificate was necessary, and you either could not or would not furnish it."

She hung upon his neck in despair.

"Octave!"

He pushed her away. For the first time in his life he was rude to her.

"Let me finish. When I was twenty I expected to be subjected to the draft, like my comrades. But no one paid any attention to me. You told me that we were not French. Is it true?"

She answered in a low voice, her face purple with shame:

"It is true."

"Very well. But then there is another country which I should have served. What is it?"

"Do not ask me."

"Why?"

"Because I cannot tell you."

Then a sort of madness took possession of him. His eyes grew hard and threatening, and he began to pace the floor feverishly.

The frightened mother exclaimed with breaking heart:

"But it is for your sake, my son! It is to save your happiness."

He trembled.

"Then there is something? Something very serious?"

She answered in a hollow voice:

"Something terrible!"

He became livid and stammered:

"My father" . . .

Immediately she cried:

"Never ask me his name, never!"

Then she added in a lower voice:

"I would rather die."

He looked at her fixedly.

"Because he never gave you the right to give me his name. . . Because I am a natural son." . .

She inclined her head.

"Yes, that is it."

She seemed happy at this idea, happy to accuse herself in order to avoid further questions.

He noticed it.

"No, that is not it."

"What makes you think so?"

"A natural son is as much a citizen as any one. . . I should be a soldier today."

"But as you were not born in this country."

He shook his head.

"Do not lie, mother; you do not know how to lie. You have committed no fault. Your whole life has been immaculate. I know your heart too well. But tell me what I must believe, what I may hope. If you knew how I suffer!"

"And what of me?"

He sat himself upon her knees.

"Listen, mother, my darling little mother; I am going to tell you why I question you thus, why I make you so much trouble. I love" . . . .

She gave a sudden start.

"You love?"

"An angel, our neighbor."

"Mademoiselle Paule?"

"Mademoiselle Paule."

She lifted her hand to her heart and stammered feebly:

"Unhappy boy!"

He went on, heedless of her exclamation, like one transfigured.

"I have loved her madly for months, for years, ever since I first heard the rustle of her dress upon the stairs, ever since our eyes first met."

The mother listened in silence, as if she were dead. But one word came to her lips, a word of despair.

"My God! my God!"

He shook her to arouse her from her torpor.

"Do you understand? I should like to know if I may love this young girl in peace, with hope."

The mother raised her head.

"Does she know that you love her?"

"I have never spoken to her."

She gave a sigh of relief.

"You must never tell her," she exclaimed.

A cry of anguish came to the young man's lips.

"Ah!"

"You cannot marry her."

He sprang up as if moved by a spring.

"It is as I thought. I cannot love this young girl. I can love no one, because I must not marry. The glory of the battlefield is not for me. Nor science, nor love. What am I, then? What have we done? I tell you, mother, that this love is more than life to me, and that if it escapes me I shall die. See now what you have to do. Upon your reply depends my life. May I one day marry Paule?"

She exclaimed with a sort of fright:

"Never! Never!"

His features contracted and stiffened. His face grew cold, his look cruel.

"Very well!" said he, "I know how to cure this love."

And he started to go. His mother threw herself at his feet, bewildered and in tears. With outstretched hands she said:

"My son! My son! Have pity on me! Remember that I love you! Think that, if you die, I shall die also. I live only for you. You alone have given me courage to survive."

"What?" he asked, abruptly.

"My great sorrow."

She lowered her head.

"The death of your father."

He said in a hollow voice:

"So my father is dead?"

"He is dead."

"Did he die long ago?"

"So long ago that you never knew him."

"In France?"

"In the country where we lived."

"What country was that?"

"I have often told you."

"Belgium? I have never believed it: I do not believe it yet. When I wanted to go to Brussels at the age of tweny to enlist in the Belgian army, you held me back; you said that we were not Belgians."

"I told you the truth."

"And my father? Of what nationality was he? What did he do? What was his name? How did he die? I wish to know whether to bless or curse his memory."

"It is useless to question me; I will never tell you."

Octave, pale with anguish, continued:

"In spite of my supplications, in spite of my tears, in spite of my horrible sorrow?"

"In spite of everything. Do not torture me longer. I am a hundred times unhappier than you."

And indeed there was such anguish in her voice and face that he could not avoid a feeling of pity. Nevertheless, he suppressed this emotion. Taking his mother's hands from his neck, he said, coldly:

"I will ask you nothing more. I shall not try to forget Paule; I could not; but you have just pronounced my death sentence! Farewell!"

He pushed open the door and disappeared before his mother could lay hold of him. When she saw that he was gone, she gave a cry of utter despair.

"My God!" she exclaimed, "are you going to take away my son, too? Have I not suffered enough?"

In the street Octave, bewildered, undecided whether to depart or go in again, walked back and forth before the door for a moment, and then, taking a sudden resolve, plunged into the crowds and the noise, determined not to reappear.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SHE WANTED A GOAT.

She Made President Cleveland's Law Partner Get It for Her.

[Buffalo Express.]

The firm of lawyers from which President Cleveland graduated into his present high office still maintains its organization and standing in the profession. The gentleman who succeeded to the President's place in the firm is known as the Tall Sycamore. Besides being a good lawyer and an astute politician he is also the father of the prettiest of blue-eyed and blonde-haired little lassies. This little maid has reached the mature age of four years. Sometimes she comes to the historical office in the Weed block to pay her respects to the members of the firm and incidentally to bring a bit of sunshine into the ordinary gloom of professional work. On one occasion when the Tall Sycamore's little girl was at the office her father was busy with a number of gentlemen. The little lass wandered into the senior's office and entered into conversation with that gentleman.

After the manner of lawyers he managed to get into her confidence and after the manner of her sex she poured into the professional bosom the narrative of her woes and besought the counsel of her learned friend. Briefly stated, her case was this: She wanted a goat. She had made several motions to that effect in the paternal court, but on one pretext or another the hearings had been adjourned and postponed to an extent which made her doubtful of ever securing a final decision in the matter.

Having accepted a kiss as a retainer in the case, the President's former partner proceeded to advise his fair client. His legal intellect grasped the situation at once. His experienced and quick-working mind immediately seized upon the remedy. "The thing for you to do," said he, "is this: Go right into your papa's office and, no matter who is there, tell him you want a goat. If you only tell him once he may not hear you, so you had better tell him several times. Yes, you had better keep on telling him until you are sure he understands you."

This little woman opened her big, blue eyes in admiration of her lawyer's ability and immediately proceeded to act on his advice. She marched soberly into her father's office intent upon her mission. So absorbed was she in her purpose that she paid no attention to the seven or eight prominent railroad men who were receiving and treasuring the precious and expensive words of counsel falling from the lips of the Tall Sycamore. She lifted her dimpled chin to the level of the paternal desk and remarked in bell-like tones, "Papa, I want a goat." The matter under discussion was an important one and her remark was not noticed. She resumed:

"Papa, I want a goat. I want a goat, I want a goat, I want a goat. I want a goat, I want a goat, papa. I want a goat, I want a goat, I want a goat. Papa, I want a goat. I want a goat, I want a goat, I want a goat. I want a goat, papa, I want a ——"

"Here! You run along into the other room, like a good girl, and you shall have a goat." It had at least been made clear to the paternal mind that something was wanted and wanted badly.

The little maid returned to her adviser's office and told him of the success of the mission. "You know how to get goats," she remarked, approvingly, and rewarded the lawyer in a coin which does not usually pass current in a law office.

Accounting for Good Manners.

[Youth's Companion.]

Before Willie K——'s cousin Bertha arrived at his home with her parents on a summer visit his mother had told him to observe how graceful and polite her manners were, especially at table. When she came Willie observed her, therefore, with admiring interest. One day his mother said: "Do you see how nicely Bertha conducts herself, Willie?" "Yes, mamma." "Don't you think her manners are rather better than yours?" "Yes, mamma, and I guess I know why." "Why is it, my dear?" "Probably Bertha has been better brought up than I have!"

THE FORTUNES OF PHILIPPA FAIRFAX.

By MRS. FRANCIS HODGSON BURNETT,

AUTHOR OF "A FAIR BARBARIAN," "THAT LASS O' LOWRIE'S," "THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION," ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XIX.

Fairfax did not see her again until the next morning. Then she appeared at breakfast and took her old seat at the head of the table. But the meal was a different one from those they had been wont to share together in the past. This was a new Philippa who poured out the tea and handed him the toast. She was no longer a loving enthusiast; she looked at him with clear, far-sighted eyes, whose steady brightness disturbed his equanimity.

"You have changed greatly," Phil," he said to her. "Brackencleugh has had a singular effect upon you."

"Yes," she answered, briefly, "I think I am changed."

But if she was not very responsive, she was, at least, very attentive to his little wants. She remembered all the trifling tasks she had been in the habit of performing. She brought his hat and gloves and brushed his coat when he was going out, but she scarcely returned his kiss; and after the front door closed upon him he was unpleasantly haunted by the remembrance of his last view of her—a slight, erect figure, standing at the head of the dark narrow stairs, a pale face, whose shadowy eyes looked down upon him with a cold air of ungirlish sternness and silent reproach.

It was hard enough for Phil to turn back to the empty room. The whole world seemed empty, and only three days ago it had been so full. But, hard as it was today, it became harder to face on the many dull, desolate days that followed. Sometimes she could not bear it, and was obliged to put on her hat and go out into the streets to get rid of it. She got into the habit of wandering about a good deal in an aimless fashion, trying to become interested in the outside world, staring at shop windows without comprehending what they contained, endeavoring to find mute companionship in the people who elbowed her as they passed. But on one such excursion as this, she was so suddenly stricken with a new sense of her utter loneliness among the busy throng that she was overwhelmed. She burst into tears behind the shelter of her veil and hurried home, feeling almost frightened. She was so utterly alone among these hurrying thousands: she had no claim upon any one; she might have dropped dead in the wide, noisy street, and the tramp would not have ceased for her—no one would have known who she was—the idle crowd that stood and stared at her white face would have forgotten it in a moment and scarcely remembered that they had been passing when a human heart had ceased to beat.

That day, when she came home, she found Mrs. Dorothy's letter waiting for her, and when she had read it she laid her cheek against it on the table and cried afresh.

"Wilfred has left me," it said. "He could not rest. He said to me, the night before he went, that the place was full of ghosts, and it was driving him mad. He has been very wretched and ill. He is totally unlike himself. Some day, Philippa, I feel sure that you will see him again. I think he will come to you in spite of himself; though, when I tried to speak of you to him, he would only smile piteously and shake his head. He loved you very truly, Phil, my dear, and notwithstanding his misery I can see that he loves you very truly still."

"But he will never forgive me," wept Phil; "or if he forgave me he could never forget. There is no help for me. Oh, Wil—Wil! we have lost each other!"

Kindly, heart-warming letters came to her from Mrs. Dorothy at intervals, but none of them told her that Wilfred had returned, or had spoken of returning. He was in Berlin; he was in Vienna; he had gone to Stockholm; he was on his way to Constantinople and a dozen other places. "I never know where my letters will find him," Mrs. Dorothy said. "And he does not give me any very clear idea of what he is doing."

In fact, he was doing nothing but wandering aimlessly here and there and everywhere. Remaining in one place for a day, or a week, or a month, and then suddenly leaving it when the caprice seized him. He was intolerably ennuied, and constantly intolerably irritated and restless. And this was such a new experience for him that it was wearing him out, and working him harm, both mental and physical. He had lived in the sun heretofore, and had felt no chill of adversity. His own temperament had been a sunny one, and now it seemed wholly altered. He was becoming morbid, nervous, petulant and fanciful. He had given up his first struggle to conquer his unhappy passion. He had found it unconquerable; it grew with his wretchedness instead of waning. He could think of nothing but Philippa and Brackencleugh. He fell into moods of desolate brooding. He lived the old bright scenes over again. He was stretched upon the heather, fanned by the soft west wind. Phil sat near him, flushed and radiant, beautiful, and to be believed in. He heard her laugh, or he saw her turn her face away, with the tears in her eyes. A thousand times she said again to him, "Do you love me very much—very, very much? Is there anything you could not forgive me, if I confessed it to you and told you that I was sorry with all my heart?" And then came the memory of how he had kissed her cheek, and they had gone down the hillside, back to the world and sorrow, hand in hand, like a couple of children. She said that she was glad that the world seemed bright to him that morning, and yet she had brought upon him the first bitter grief he had ever known.

When Phil lay awake in her little room in London, Wilfred tossed upon his pillow in some continental city. And each of the young hearts cried out in vain to the other. "He could never forgive me," said Phil. "She never loved me," groaned the poor fellow. It was scarcely harder for one than for the other; but if there was any difference in the weight of the burden to be borne, the extra heaviness was on Philippa's side. There was poverty for her, and dull care, and growing anxiousness, which stood apart from all else. Philip Fairfax was failing fast. There were days when he lay helplessly upon the sofa, from morning until night. He was so frail that his cough shook him from head to foot, in spite of his efforts to hold his own. And truly, he made effort enough. He would not give up. When he was well enough to be up, he insisted on keeping up the pretence of being in perfect health. He went out and dined with his friends, and played and tried to live his accustomed life. And then he came home at night hollow-eyed and haggard, or excited and flushed with fever, frightening Phil into heartache and secret tears. But at last he grew restless. He was tired of London; he was tired of England. It was beginning to be damp and chilly, and the fogs increased his cough. They must go away. What did Phil say to going away—to France or Germany?

Phil answered him wearily. She did not care; she had nothing to say. If the change would do him good she was ready to accompany him.

Well, he thought it would do him good. At any rate it would do him no harm, and he wanted a little excitement. So she might make her little preparations and they would go.

Philippa was used to these sudden journeys, and her preparations were small enough. She packed her modest trunk and wrote to Mrs. Dorothy, and the next day was on her way to Vienna, where it had been determined, at the last moment, that they should go.

The change was not a very great one for her. Vienna wore as homelike an aspect for her as London. It was only a change from one shabby-genteel lodgings to another. She was utterly alone and was left to amuse herself in her own way. She arranged her own wardrobe and her father's. She tried to read. She stood at the window and looked out. She took solitary walks, as she had done in London. The window was, perhaps, her greatest consolation. She sat upon the floor, with her hands upon the sill, for hours sometimes, and thought of the very things Wilfred Carnegie brooded upon. The students on the second floor of the house across the way found her out, and began to watch for her. One, who was sentimental, watched her constantly, and wrote a little mystical poem about the sadness of her eyes. "Ah!" he said, "there is a sorrow—a sorrow." His comrade, who was of a sanguine and ardent nature, fell desperately in love with her and neglected his books altogether. He curled his little blond moustache and anointed himself. He bought transcendant neckties and poured out the vials of his wrath upon his laundress when she failed to bestow resplendent gloss upon his linen. Phil saw neither of them, or, if she saw them, did not know one from the other. There was only one man on earth whose existence was a matter of interest or importance to her, and that man was Wilfred Carnegie, who was going through life with a savage sombrero pulled down over his eyes and with the air of a bandit because he had been defrauded and deceived.

CHAPTER XX.

One day the sentimental student, looking across the street, saw his pretty girl at the window with a letter in her hand. She was reading it with some evidence of mental disturbance, and before she had turned the first page he saw her stop suddenly, with a start, and put her hand to her heart in an unconscious gesture, which was full of significance.

"She has a lover, perhaps," sighed the watcher, "and the letter comes from him."

But he was mistaken. The letter was merely one of Mrs. Dorothy Oswald's. The sentence which had caused Philippa's start was the following one:

"If Wilfred is not in Vienna now he will be there soon. He knows nothing of your having left London, and in his last letter he mentioned his intention of joining some people he knows—some people who are in Vienna."

To Phil it seemed almost dreadful that he should be so near her. She felt that she could not bear to see him. She entertained no such hope as Mrs. Dorothy evidently cherished. He would never forgive her, and since she was sure of this it was better that they should remain apart.

"I will not go out at all in the daytime," she said. "If I have any shopping to do I will do it when there can be no chance of his recognizing me, even if we should meet."

And so it happened that her admirer across the way saw her pass in and out no more for several days. She remained at home, abiding by her resolution to run no risk.

But one evening her father came in with some news. He seemed a little excited and was in the best of high spirits.

"You remember Bayham, Phil?" he said.

"Yes," Phil answered, smiling slightly.

It would not have been easy for her to forget Bayham. The Bayhams were the only human beings with whom she had ever held anything like intimate companionship in her childish days. Bayham himself—Barney Bayham, as his friends called him—was a rollicking artist with a homely, rollicking, good-natured wife and six homely, rollicking, good-natured daughters, girls who had been amiable enough to admire Phil desperately and to vie with each other in adoring and making much of her. Fanny and 'Gena and Lottie and Kittie and Jennie and Annie had formed themselves into a kind of court around the pretty child Philip Fairfax brought among them, and Phil had enjoyed their simple homage wondrously. They were not a refined or brilliant family. The women were ill-dressed and loud-voiced and voluble; and Barney Bayham's "pot-boilers" scarcely brought them bread and butter and often did not pay their debts; but they were honest and warm-hearted, and Phil's soul had often yearned for their queer fireside in her lonely days. Ah, yes! she remembered the Bayhams.

"I met Barney Bayham today," said her father. "They have been here for some time, it appears. I went home with him to see Mrs. Bayham and the girls, and when I told them you were with me they were delighted. They all talked at once. Tomorrow they will be here, in a body, to call upon you."

Phil was glad to hear it. At least there would be somebody to care for her a little. They would take possession of her and make her life somewhat more bearable. When, as her father had prophesied, they came in a body to call the next morning, she received them gratefully. They filled her room to overflowing and talked until she was bewildered; but they were bashful and affectionate, and their pleasure at seeing her again was manifest in every word and tone.

"Your papa told us you had been to Scotland, visiting Mrs. Oswald," said Mrs. Bayham. "We have all been envying you. We like Scotland. We all went to the Highlands last year. Barnes took us with him when he went to paint his big picture for the 'Cademy—the one he didn't get hung. The Scotch people are very nice, though they do say they are stingy. Kitty has a Scotch beau, and he isn't stingy—is he, Kitty?"

"No, that he isn't," said Kitty, laughing as heartily as the rest did. "The rest of them is jealous of me, Phil, because I get such fine bouquets."

"If I was you, Kitty, I wouldn't invite Phil to my party," said 'Gena. "She is prettier than she ever was, and he will be sure to fall in love with her and leave you in the lurch."

"Then let him," said Kitty, with the best of good humor. "If he is going to fall in love with a handsomer girl he had better do it now. And I am sure I'd rather it would be Phil than any one else. You must be sure to come to the party, Phil. If we had known you were here, you would have been invited before any one else."

And then it was explained that in the week following Kitty's birthday occurred, and she was going to celebrate it with suitable rejoicings. "Never mind how old I am," she said to Philippa. She was the oldest of the seven, in fact, and her numerous flirtations with the callow ones who were numbered among her father's friends and patrons, were her best joke. She pretended to neither youth nor beauty, and was so bright, and light of heart, and quick of tongue, that she had quite a circle of youthful satellites who revolved around her and told her their love troubles and poured forth their plaints. "They are all in love with Kitty," says Barnes Bayham, delightedly. "And no wonder! She is a good listener and doesn't want them to be sentimental, unless when they are talking about another girl. There are very few well-meaning, spooney youngsters who would not be glad of such a friend as Kitty."

The whole family had set their hearts upon seeing Phil at the birthday party, but Kitty was more eager than any of them.

"I won't hear of your staying away," she said. "This is to be my last birthday party. I can't afford to grow any older. You must come, Phil."

So Phil at length consented, though not without some inward misgiving as to the reliance to be placed upon her wardrobe.

"Never mind about dress," said Mrs. Bayham. "Bless you! the girls are going to wear their old white muslins that's been washed twenty times, and they do them up themselves, too. They've had their wear out of them white muslins, I can tell you."

Phil had no white muslin, but she had something rather better. It was a dress pattern of white tarletan her father had once bought for her in a generous mood, when she had not needed it at all. When the Bayhams were gone she went to her trunk and brought it forth in its paper wrapping from the bottom. Nobody but the Bayhams could have induced her to forsake her solitude for an evening, as it were. She even felt a little interest in her toilet, though, perhaps, not because she cared herself, as because she knew that if she looked her prettiest the girls would be delighted. She unfolded her dress and shook a yard or so to look at.

"There is plenty of it," she said, with a little approving nod, "and I know how to make it."

She wasted no time, but began at once, and before the day ended was actually somewhat excited over her work. When the week had rolled around and the night of Kitty's party came, she had evolved from her twenty-five yards of material, a wonderfully pretty and elaborate piece of attire, which she donned with some satisfaction. She was almost ashamed of the pleasure she felt on seeing her old self look back from the glass, and yet it was a natural enough youthful emotion.

The Bayhams received her with manifestations of enthusiasm. She made the old muslins appear dubious; but little recked they. Their admiration knew no bounds. They carried her into the sitting-room, where Mr. Bayham was completing his toilet, standing before the cracked pier glass, with a cup of hot water on the hob. Barney approved of her as warmly as his family.

Phil stood up before them all and laughed and blushed. Indeed, it was no wonder they thought her pretty. There were little loops and knots of black velvet here and there among her diaphonous white folds; there was a rose on her breast and on her sash, and the little scarlet wing of some tiny tropical bird was in her dark hair.

"Ah!" said Barnes Bayham, stepping back to look at her, his shaving brush in his hand, "that's something like girls. Nothing but white and not a bit of black and a touch of scarlet. No mixing of colors. Look at that red rose on her black velvet, and,"—with a gallant wave of the shaving brush—"those on her cheeks."

"And I have got a bouquet of roses up stairs I will give you," said Kitty. "It is the very thing for you; it was sent to me today."

"But," said Phil, rather dismayed by such lavish generosity, "what will the gentleman who sent it think?"

"He will think I have better taste than he gave me credit for. Besides I told him I had promised little Johnnie Ruthven, that I would carry his flowers tonight."

So in spite of herself, and it must be confessed, rather reluctantly, Phil found herself carrying the roses in question. Notwithstanding Kitty's candor and eloquence, she could not help wondering what the giver would think, when he found himself confronted by his roses in her hand.

She forgot her scruples, however, in the bustle and excitement that followed. The small house was crowded, the parlors filled, and the overflowing guests—the younger portion, at least—found seats in the hall and on the stairs, and seemed to enjoy themselves beyond measure. Every one appeared to enjoy themselves; in fact, Phil heard more laughter and racy speeches, and saw more innocently energetic flirtation than she would have been likely to observe in a dozen more select entertainments. Mrs. Bayham and the girls dispensed ices and light refreshments, and Barnes did not scorn to assist. Phil slipped into the back room and begged to be allowed to help; and, being good-naturedly permitted to do so, enjoyed herself more than ever. When the supper was ready she picked up her roses and ran into the hall. She wanted to see if the people would enjoy the banquet as much as they had enjoyed the dancing, and flirting, and sitting in convenient corners. Since she had left the room several late guests had arrived. She saw one or two as she made her way through the crowd. She intended to go into the front room and join Kitty, who was holding her court there and making jokes among half a dozen of her satellites.

She got no farther than the parlor door, however. There she stopped, checked by what caught her eye, the moment she set foot upon the threshold.

She held fast to her roses, turning deadly pale and deadly sick. The satellites were laughing uproariously, and the sound of their laughter seemed to deafen her. She wanted to turn and go away, but she could not. She might have been spell-bound. Some one was standing near Kitty, laughing with the rest, and in a moment, as if the spell had fallen upon him, too, he turned toward her quickly.

"Who—who is that?" she heard him exclaim. "The girl in white and black—with the roses?"

But she knew he had no need to ask, for it was Wilfred Carnegie who was looking at her.

She did not know how she got away. She knew she made a desperate effort, and that almost immediately she was at the door of the supper room catching at 'Gena's arm.

"Take me somewhere," she panted, "'Gena, take me away from here—upstairs—anywhere—I think I am—going to be ill."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed 'Gena. "Where's ma? It has been too warm for you. You are going to faint, Phil."

"No!" said Phil, "no—only take me away somewhere."

There was a small side room near, into which 'Gena piloted her. Philippa sat down, trembling, and drank the glass of water they gave her. Mrs. Brayham attended her in great excitement and affectionate trepidation. Mr. Bayham came in, and patted her shoulder, and advised divers impossible remedies. In his opinion, burnt feathers were the only things to be entirely relied upon, and he was, with difficulty, restrained from going into the sitting-room, and plucking a stuffed owl, which ornamented a bookcase. Phil tried to protest, jokingly, though her laugh was somewhat nervous and hysterical.

"Take the wing out of my hair, Mr. Bayham," she said, "or the feathers out of Mrs. Grigsby's turban. She looks good natured, and might be willing to sacrifice them to oblige us. Don't rob the poor owl."

She was not well enough to go back to the company, she said, and at last prevailing upon them to call a carriage and let her go home. The girls bewailed her departure loudly as they wrapped her up and kissed her. Until she was in the carriage with Mr. Bayham, Kitty did not know she was going; but at the last moment she discovered the fact and came running out into the street.

"Oh, Phil, it is too bad!" she said. "Just when he came, too—Carnegie, you know. He says he has seen you before and—"

"Oh, Phil!" interrupted 'Gena, coming out the door in a great hurry. "You almost left your roses."

"But they are Kitty's roses," said Phil, faintly, "and I don't want them, thank you."

"But you must keep them," protested Kitty, putting them through the carriage window into her lap. "I meant you to keep them: and I am sure it will please him to know you have them. You must be well by tomorrow, Phil; I am coming to see you."

"There, there, girls! Let her alone!" said Barnes Bayham.

And then the carriage drove off and Philippa sat silent in the corner with the red roses dying on her knee.

CHAPTER XXI.

When Phil reached home she went upstairs at once. Her father was there, lying with closed eyes in his chair, and if she had been quite herself she could not have failed to see that he looked more wretchedly ill than usual. But she was blind with the pain of the shock she had received. She believed that he had known all when he encouraged the Bayhams to seek her out. He had had a purpose then, as he had had one before. He had not pitied her in the least.

He opened his eyes and looked at her.

"You have returned early," he said.

She laid her roses upon the table and went and stood near him.

"I have seen Mr. Wilfred Carnegie," he said. "I came home because he was there."

She hardened her heart against him, growing stern and unforgiving. He had not spared her, and she could not spare him.

"You knew that he would be there," she said, in a wild, tremulous voice. "You knew that I should meet him face to face and you let me go."

Perhaps, physical suffering made the man weak. For the first time in his life he faltered miserably.

"If I did," he said, "it—it was for your own good, Phil."

"No, it was not," she cried out. "No, it was not. It was for your own good—to serve your own ends. You have never spared me all your life, when you have had an end to serve, and you could not even spare me now—this once—this miserable once—when it was so hard to bear. Did you spare me when you sent me to Brackencleugh? Did you spare me when I began to be happy? Did you spare me when you wrote to that man, asking for money—speculating on my chances of marrying a man who—who loved me as he did? But for that he would never have known until I told him the whole truth, as I meant to do—and he would have believed me—yes, he would. And it was you who broke his heart—and mine, too. And I—and I—" with sobs breaking her words. "I loved you once better than all the world and I believed you loved me, too."

"Phil—" he began.

"No," she interrupted him. "I won't listen—I can't. My faith is gone; my hope is gone, and all my heart is lost. You have made me so hard and wicked that I cannot even forgive you. I do not think I shall ever forgive you. You have been too false and cruel."

She caught up her flowers, sobbing still, and hurried away up to her own room. She threw herself upon the bed in all her finery and lay there holding fast to the roses, her tears falling fast and heavy upon them.

"Kitty will tell him that I have them," she said. "And perhaps he will be angry."

She looked very unlike the Philippa of the night before, when Kitty arrived the next morning. And she looked so ill and unhappy that Kitty was glad she had been discreet enough to come alone.

"You have had a bad night, Phil," she said.

"I have not had a good one," Phil answered.

Kitty regarded her with honest sympathy. She did not believe in beating about the bush. She was an honest and business-like young woman. It was her way to be candid.

"And I can mention some one else who has had a bad night, I think, Phil," she said courageously.

Phil's eyes met hers with some unsteadiness and reluctance, but Kitty was not to be baffled by a momentary embarrassment so very natural.

"I mean Wilfred Carnegie, Phil," she added.

It was evident to Philippa that she might as well make up her mind to be frank, too. Evasion was not only out of the question, but would be unjust to the warm-hearted creature who wished to be her friend.

"It is not so hard for him as it is for me, Kitty," she broke out. "He is not so unhappy as I am."

"Yes he is," was Kitty's answer. "Sit down, Phil, and let me tell you."

It is needless to repeat what she did tell her. She had a great deal to say, however, and it all tended to one point. Hopeless and reckless as he was, Wilfred had not outlived his tenderness. The momentary glimpse of Phil's face as she stood in the doorway had quite broken him down. Only Kitty's presence of mind had saved him from betraying himself. Kitty Bayham had managed too many youthful love affairs not to comprehend at once what his sudden agitation meant. And so she had managed to distract general attention and had manœuvred for a quiet seat, where they might remain unnoticed.

"And then," she said to Phil, "I made him tell me the whole story from beginning to end, poor boy. And when he had finished I saw plain enough where the trouble lay, and I knew I could understand it better than he did. Bless you! I know the ways of the world—and I think I know you, Phil, and so I told him, and gave him a bit of scolding for being so foolish and passionate. And it did him good, I could see, just to feel that somebody had faith in you, and would not believe anything against you."

Phil smiled sadly. It comforted her a little to hear that he could not quite forget; but she was not at all hopeful.

"You are very good, Kitty, and I thank you," she said. "But I do not think we shall ever see each other again. Even if he forgave me he could not forget, and I have nothing but my own word to defend myself with. And I could not marry a man who might look back and feel that his faith faltered—though he will never ask me again to be his wife, I am sure."

"Well, never mind," said Kitty, kissing her. "Never mind. Only keep up your spirits and remember what I say—he loves you after all."

"Thank you," said Phil again.

To her great relief her father was absent during the greater part of that day; but the next he did not go out at all. It was one of his bad days and he lay upon the sofa fairly exhausted. He looked so ill that Philippa's heart began to melt toward him. She prepared a dainty dish or so to tempt his appetite, but he ate nothing, though he seemed truly grateful for her relenting. Toward night he became feverish and restless and could not be still. He left the sofa and came to the fire, where Phil was sitting.

"I am weaker than usual tonight, Phil," he said.

"Yes," said Phil, "I am very sorry."

He gave her a faint smile.

"Are you sorry?" he asked, and then added, not ungently: "Yes, I think you are, my dear. You have been very unhappy and you are very young; but I think you would forgive, if—under some circumstances, Phil."

She heard him coughing all the night, but in the morning, to her surprise, he came to breakfast dressed as if to go out.

"You are not well enough to go out," she said, anxiously.

"I shall be worse tomorrow," he answered, "and there is something I must do."

When she looked at his face and saw how worn and sharp it was, how hollow and bright his eyes were, her fears increased. She could not let him go without making a last effort to detain him. So when he took his hat she followed him to the door and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Don't go," she pleaded, "don't go, Governor."

Since her return from Brackencleugh the old, childish name had never passed her lips; but at this moment her anxiety and emotion got the better of her.

"Don't go, Governor," she said, and the tears rose to her eyes.

"My dear," he answered, evidently moved, "I am going for your sake."

"For my sake?" she said. "Then for my sake don't go. Stay for my sake."

But he shook his head.

"I have something to do, Phil, my dear," was the reply. "And I must do it today." And he kissed her cheek, smiling, and went out.

It was night when he returned. Phil spent the dreary day alone. She was beginning to realize the truth. It could not be very long before she would stand alone in the world. He had been right when he had told her months before that he was a dying man. He had been a dying man then, and today he stood upon the edge of the grave. And bitter as was the wrong he had done her, at least he had never been openly cruel. She might not forget the wrong, but she was too young and unselfish not to remember, sadly, that she had loved him dearly and that he had seemed to return all her innocent affection. She had spent her life with him; she had shared his wanderings; she had obeyed him implicitly; she had sacrificed much for him through all her youth, and now the sight of his haggard, handsome face and the thought of his wasted life touched her deeply. What a wasted life it had been; how empty it was; how it had frittered itself away. It had been a long strife for money and ease; it had been a strife from first to last, and, in the end, it had come to nothing. He was dying without having attained his object. She thought of him all the day and was full of sorrow and pity when night came. She felt that the time had come when she must forget her own unhappiness.

"I can only be sorry for him," she said. "How could I remember anything but that he suffers and that his life is over?"

At 10 o'clock she heard his latchkey turn in the door and she got up from her seat on the hearth. As he came up the stairs he stopped twice as if his strength failed him. Philippa went to the top of the staircase and waited for him in the darkness.

"Is that you, Governor?" she said. "I am so glad."

When the light in the room fell upon him he made an effort to recover himself and treat his fatigue lightly.

"I am tired," he said "but not so tired as I expected to be. I will rest tomorrow."

He did not remain up long, but took a glass of wine and went to his room. At the door he paused and looked back.

"I have been trying to retrieve myself, today," he said quite airily. "I have been righting a blunder. You would call it a wrong, Phil, my dear. I was anxious to right it, if possible, before—before I was entirely invalided. Good night, my dear."

Scarcely half an hour later Philippa, who had lingered in the room—she scarcely knew why—was startled by a little sound coming from his chamber—a sound not unlike a low, inarticulate cry. She sprang to the door and stood there for a moment.

"Governor!" she cried; "Governor!" And then too much alarmed for hesitation, she entered without delay.

He had flung himself upon the bed and lay there, his face drooping downwards, and the moment she approached him, Philippa saw what the sound she had heard had meant. His handkerchief lay upon the carpet, stained as she had seen it before, and the same stain was upon the pillow and upon the coverlid, only that it was a stain much larger and so much more terrible that she cried aloud when she saw it.

"Governor!" she cried; "Governor! Oh, try to speak to me!"

She said it, even though she knew that all was over; that he would not speak again; that he had uttered his last words to her when he turned, smiling, at the door.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Bayhams came the next day and took charge of her and were sympathetic as usual. Barnes Bayham took all responsibility off her shoulders, and Mrs. Bayham and the girls cried over her and petted her.

"You will go home with us, my dear," said Barnes, on the day of the funeral, "and Mrs. B. and the girls will do their best to make you comfortable. We are poor folks, Phil, and shabby enough at best, but there isn't one among us who isn't fond of you, and—well, as I say, we will do our best."

"Yes, indeed," protested Mrs. Bayham. "It isn't me, with six helpless girls of my own, as wouldn't try to be a mother to one that's all alone in the world without a soul to look after her."

"And we'll be sisters to you, Phil," cried the six, in chorus.

So they carried Phil home with them and helped her to make her two mourning dresses, and Kitty trimmed her black hat, and, in fact, the whole family were as affectionate and unselfish and warm of heart as it was possible for human beings to be. Kitty specially took Phil under her charge. She shared her room with her and was almost motherly in her constant attentions to the poor child.

It was not until several days had elapsed that she spoke again of Wilfred. Phil was not very well and looked sad and listless. She quite drooped, during the first week, in spite of all the efforts made to rouse her.

It was at the beginning of the second week that Kitty referred to Wilfred Carnegie.

"Phil," she said, "you have not asked me where Wilfred Carnegie is."

They we sitting together in the little back room—Phil at her friend's feet, her black dress making her sad, young face appear additionally colorless, in the dim light.

"No," she said, "I have not asked. Why should I have asked, Kitty? What good would it do?"

"He has not gone away yet," said Kitty.

"I wish—I wish he would," Phil faltered.

"But he won't," returned Kitty; "at least, he won't, until he has seen you again."

A certain significance in her tone caused Phil to start.

"Until he has seen me!" she exclaimed.

Kitty laid her hand on her arm as if she meant to control her.

"Yes," she said. "And he is coming to see you this evening. He ought to be here now."

And she had hardly finished speaking before there came a summons at the door, and they heard 'Gena answering. Phil sprang up, trembling, and faced Kitty almost reproachfully.

"Oh, Kitty!" she cried, "I can't. What must I do?"

"You must do nothing," said Kitty, stoutly, "but stay here with me and be a brave girl, and hear what he has to say. He has something to say, though I don't know what it is. He has heard something—learned something, and he has only stayed away because I would not let him come at first. And you must not be a coward, Phil. You must be a woman and speak for yourself."

"They are in there," both heard 'Gena saying. "You can go in."

And then, as the door opened, Kitty threw her arm round Phil's waist and Phil hid her face upon her shoulder.

"Don't leave me, Kitty," she said; "don't go away."

"No," said Wil, "don't go away, Kitty. I need you even more than she does. I want you to stand by me, too."

But really he did not seem as if he required any support. It was the impetuous, tender lover she had lost at Brackencleugh, who took one of Phil's hands prisoner, and held it fast while he appealed to her.

"If you had not once told me that you loved me, Phil, dear," he said, "I should not have dared to come here tonight. I have been wretched enough, but I deserved to be. I know now what injustice I did you, but if I had loved you less I could have been cooler and more patient—that is my only excuse. The day your father died he came to me—"

Phil lifted her face with a sob.

"Oh! Governor," she said, "was that it—was it that?"

"Yes," said Wilfred. "He said that he had made a mistake and wanted to set it all right, and he showed me the letters you had written, and he proved to me that I had wronged you, after all. And he told me that he had come, because he knew he had no time to spare."

"Oh! Governor," cried Phil. "You did love me, you must have loved me."

"Yes, my dear," said sensible Kitty. "He loved you in his way—everybody's way is not alike, Phil, any more than people are alike themselves. But love of any sort is a good thing to have—anybody's love."

"And I should have come before," said Wilfred, "but Kitty would not let me. She said you ought to have rest."

"But when I saw you were not resting I gave in," Kitty interposed. "There, Phil, you understand now, and you must forgive him and make friends."

"But," said Phil, faintly, "what I told you at Brackencleugh was true, Wil. I was bad enough when I went there. It was only when—when I began—"

"Kitty! Kitty!" Barnes Bayham called out from the door of the studio. "Where's Kitty? Here's Ruthven asking for Kitty."

Kitty drew her arm from Phil's waist.

"You can spare me now," she said. "It's little Jack Ruthven who wants me, and he has a love affair in hand, too."

There was scarce a yard's distance between the two when she left them alone together, but Wilfred found it too wide and lessened it by taking a quick step forward.

"Shall we begin again, Phil?" he said, "just where we left off that day upon the hillside?"

"If you can forgive me," said Phil, "I can forgive you."

When they were married at Brackencleugh, a few months later not a single Bayham was omitted from their list of invitations. The six girls were Phil's six bridesmaids, and from that day dated acquaintances, which terminated in making Barnes Bayham a richer man, by lightening his responsibilities to the extent of three daughters, at least, and after their respective marriage, 'Gena and Letty and Jenny did their duty to the rest with a most laudable energy. Only Kitty remained unmarried, and Brackencleugh and five other establishments kept Kitty's hands full.

"I would rather attend to other people's love affairs than to be kept awake by one of my own. The children will all come to Aunt Kitty when they are old enough for heartaches. See if they don't, Phil. There ought always to be an old maid in a family—and I was born one."

[THE END.]

Why Don't You Drop One to See?

[Philadelphia Call.]

What makes all boy babies "bouncing?" Don't girl babies bounce, and if they don't, why don't they?

ODD ITEMS.

The estate of Erastus Brooks is valued at $320,000.

C. A. Davis of Nevada, Mo., sneezed so violently that he broke one of his ribs.

An ocean steamship is said to have used $20,000 worth of coal on a recent voyage.

A St. Louis man estimates that a Pullman sleeper nets the company $7520 a year.

A season of German opera costs every owner of a box in the New York Metropolitan fully $5000.

Granville, Mass., is the centre and heart of the drum making business of the United States. It turns out daily about 1200 drums.

Admiral Porter denies that he received $50,000 for his novel, and says that the returns from his publishers up to today fall short of $70.

Out West it is proposed to have ballot-boxes in a railway car, so that country voters living along the road need not be obliged to drive so far.

A would-be New York fashionable has issued 500 cards for a wedding, but as the bride is in mourning the cards are deeply bordered in black.

A vicar's little daughter, on visiting another vicarage, asked: "What does your pa want a study for? He doesn't smoke.—[Chicago Living Church.

An arrow made of ivory was lately extracted from the breast of a goose shot near Colusa, Cal. The natives think it was originally shot by an Esquimaux.

A maker of badges in New York is accumulating a large stock of badges with "James G. Blaine, 1888," inscribed on them, and already finds a demand for them.

President Arthur used often to go out walking in Washington, and before doing so invariably put a lot of silver coins in a handy pocket to give to beggars, organ-grinders, newsboys, etc.

A single sheet of paper seventy-two inches wide and seven and three-quarters miles long has been made without a break in a paper mill at Watertown, N. Y. The sheet weighed 2207 pounds.

A few years ago a man with the extraordinary name of J. Simpson Africa was running for a State office in Pennsylvania, and now J. Liberty Tad is booming the cause of manual training in New York.

A novel ornament of a Chicago dairy exhibit was a monument of salt, a most useful article of butter-making, and on the top of the monument was a representation of Lot's wife turned into a pillar of salt.

Nora Brown of Owensboro, Ky., lying ill with a fever, startled her friends by suddenly saying that she saw an angel who said to her distinctly, "Thou shalt live another year." Her friends believe Nora.

Up to his dying hour Vice-President Hoxie was persecuted by autograph fiends, who, after the announcement that he had been detained in New York by sickness, began to pile letters in upon him by the score.

The public has paid for Appleton's "American Cyclopædia" in its various editions, including annual supplements, nearly $15,000,000. The number of sets sold is 120,000, aggregating 2,600,000 volumes.

A North Carolina man swapped wives with another man, giving $1 50 to boot. The officers of the court now insist upon his trading back or securing a divorce, and he wants to know if this is not a free country.

As indicating something of the way real estate is rattling around at Kansas City, the Star mentions that for the week ending Saturday noon, 250 warranty deeds were filed for record, the consideration being $1,174,180.

A Fifth avenue young woman has fitted up a workshop in one of the rooms of her father's mansion and spends two or three hours a day toiling away with miniature hand saws, lathes, and the like.—[New York Times.

A big wolf attacked a little eight-year old girl as she was driving the cows to water near Comstock, Minn.; but one of the cows charged the wolf, tossed it in the air, and then the farmer's dog came to the rescue and the wolf fled.

Joe Demones, 15 years old, and black, went down to the landing at Jeffersonville, Ky., to see a steamboat go out. As he stood looking she blew her whistle viciously, and immediately the boy lost the power of speech and hasn't spoken since.

A young man in Winston county, Miss., concluded he would marry in a brand-new suit without paying for it. He went to a merchant, obtained the clothes on credit, stood up in them, and returned them the next day, claiming that they did not fit him.

Disheartened young clergyman to his wife, on returning from service: "That was the worst sermon I ever preached. I don't know what I shall do." "Oh, no, dear," replied the wife, tenderly, "I have heard you preach worse than that many a time.—[Chicago Living Church.

Perryville Sun: As a turnip-grower, we think Mr. Joseph Taylor, living about four miles from Perryville, will take the cake. Mr. Taylor brought to our office last Wednesday a turnip which weighed just two ounces less than seven pounds. Can any of our farmers beat this?

That Norfolk reporter has an unmistakable nose for news who followed up an item by the trail of blood on the street until he secured the particulars in a doctor's office. You can't keep a fellow like that down; he's bound to rise in the profession.—[Petersburg (Va.) Index Appeal.

Judge Lawler of San Francisco has rendered judgment by default in favor of Asa Fisk, and against Russell F. Lord and Mary F. Lord, for $2562 31, on a promissory note executed by the defendants on June 9, 1881, for $175 at 3 per cent. per month interest, compounding monthly.

A train on the Illinois & St. Louis road overtook a dog near Belleville the other day. The animal could not get out of the way and was finally run down. At the next station the engineer was astonished to see the dog crawl out of the ash pan of the locomotive and run off unharmed.

While a man was going to bed in St. Louis lately, a small hand, wearing on one finger a ring, suddenly appeared, raised the chimney from the lighted lamp to a height of six inches or more, moved it toward the astonished observer a short distance, and then dropped it on the floor. The man has the broken chimney in proof of the truth of the story.

A clock which had not run for three months suddenly began ticking one night in a dwelling-house in Guyoso, Mo., and since then has had spasmodic freaks of "going." It usually begins after the family has retired for the night, and now and then strikes the hour. The members of the household are much alarmed and think some spirit hand is swaying the pendulum.

A man brought a baby to be christened to a Catholic clergyman of this city. "What are you going to call him?" said the priest. "Luther Calvin," answered the proud father. The venerable sprinkler was taken aback for a minute, but finally he summoned breath to exclaim, "Well, I will baptize him Mary, and you can go home and call him what you like."—[Saturday Evening Gazette.

Farmer Hillman of Sharon, Ga., looking for gold on his farm, found a spot where the soil was curiously discolored. He set his negro hired man to digging, and he found that he had struck simply a clay bed. No gold was found, but the negro, who was rheumatic, discovered that when he dug in the clay his pains ceased. He excavated quite a pit, and now persons in that vicinity declare that the soft clay of the pit is a sure cure for rheumatism, and it is reported that invalids who go there on crutches, after applying the clay to the affected parts, go away unaided.

The average young lady will almost go through fire to get into a church to witness a marriage ceremony. Frequently curious-minded misses combine their wits to secure access to a "swell church wedding." Last night a church wedding occurred in the West End. A party of young ladies in that section put their heads together, and as a result gained admittance to the church. The means employed were: One had an invitation, and the others procured envelopes exactly like the model, wrote their names thereon, and successfully showed these at the door as they passed in.—[Boston Journal.

When the first photograph of the ex-prime minister in his tree-felling deshabille came out an American journalist got a copy, and was hesitating to send it across the Atlantic because he thought it was a hoax. He showed the photograph to a friend of Mr. Gladstone, explaining his doubts. The friend looked at it through a magnifying glass, and pointed to the absence of the forefinger of the left hand as proof that it was genuine. Few people know that Mr. Gladstone was at one time a sportsman as well as a statesman, and that the loss of a finger was due to an accidental explosion of his gun.

It is confidently predicted that in five years the magnesium light will be as familiar as is the electric light today. Its high cost has heretofore been a serious obstacle, but that is said to be now removed by a new German process which has reduced the price from $40 to $8 a pound, with a prospect of still further cheapening. A wire of moderate size equals the light of seventy-five stearine candles; the cost is now but little more than gas; no expensive works or street mains are required, and it is absolutely safe. The magnesium is simply burned in lamps provided with clock-work movement to feed the ribbon of metal regularly.

A GLOBE correspondent writes: "Last Sunday evening I attended a Sunday school concert in Prattville, Chelsea. A missionary from Dakota related to the children the following story: 'A little girl in California was driving cows. She picked up a switch, broken and bruised, to hurry the cows. Noticing signs of life and a bud or two on the stick, she carried it home and stuck it in the ground, when it developed into a large vine, spreading runners far and wide. In three years she gathered 3000 bunches of grapes and sold them for $1 a bunch, or $3000.' Can any of our grape growers tell of an instance that approaches this wonderful story?"

HOWARD'S LETTER.

Reviewing the Pictures on Memory's Wall.

Patti, the Barefooted, Jolly Girl.

How She "Kicked Up" Before the Prince of Wales.

Facts Concerning the Career of a Great Family.

Italian, German and French Opera Compared.

NEW YORK, December 4.—Memory is a great institution, as I thought on Wednesday night, when Patti, in the presence of a ten-thousand-dollar audience, sang "Sweet Home," as no other woman ever gave it, and danced and tripped and laughed and coquetted during an entire concert precisely as she did thirty years ago.

The New York papers have recently entertained the public with stories of the marvellous jumps from poverty and obscurity to the very pinnacles of millionnairedom, made by men of no special mental calibre. By millionnairedom I don't mean what you and I ordinarily intend by the use of that term. I refer to the possession of forty, fifty, sixty millions of dollars. You know I have repeatedly told you that there are in this town over 100 men worth $10,000,000 each, and quite half that number could sell out today for half that figure each, and their stories, as narrated graphically and statistically, with dates and names and places, are full of interest, regular Aladdin-like romances: but is there anything about them more marvellous than the story of Patti, the sweet singer of the globe?

Just look at it for a moment.

By purest accident she was born in Spain, but all her life, from babyhood to maturity, was passed here in the streets of New York, where as a child she romped barefooted, bareheaded, with her little brown legs scarcely covered by scant skirts, and her tiny feet blackened by that extraordinary compound, that pasty, sticky substance known as metropolitan mud. Swarthy, almost black as though stained berry-brown by some skin dying juice, she looked a veritable gypsy. She inherited the gift of song and an utter disinclination for the tenets and barriers of domestic life. She was a born roysterer, with all the instincts and characteristic traits, the desires the hopes, the aspirations and the feelings and tendencies of a female Bohemian. Her father and her mother were musicians, her uncle one of the best teachers the country ever knew, her sisters, but

Why Need I Tell a Boston Audience

about the sisters of Adelina Patti? Who that can throw his mind back twenty years will ever forget Amalia, who married Strakosch? What a magnificent picture she presented on the stage, and Carlotta, with one leg a trifle shorter than the other, kept by that physical infelicity alone from sharing the dramatic as well as the musical triumphs of her more favored sister Adelina. I think Carlotta was the best illustration of a human music box that I ever knew. Her Amina in "Sonnambula" was one of the choicest and most poetical interpretations of that delightful and tuneful melodic role I or anybody else ever listened to.

Carlo was the only boy. I knew him well. Great dark-eyed dreamy sort of fellow, he had two passions; women and a violin. Boy as he was, he was in love, in love, in love. Youth as he was, he spent hours and days and nights drawing cheerful or minor strains, as his mood might be, from the instrument of his choice.

Amalia went abroad. What became of her I can't say. Carlotta did the same. I believe both are living, though of recent years doubtless maturer existence has taken more serious hold upon them than upon their brighter and perennially gifted sister. Carlo's sad fate we all remember. But in the early days they were a bright and happy, jolly and hopeful family.

In those joyous times the utmost expected was that the sweet voice of Adelina and the artistic strains of Carlo's violin would combine to make money and substance for the paternal home. Strakosch, I think, was the first manager. I recollect Adelina when she was 8 years of age. In fact I have a picture of her with her brother at the time. She wore her nut-brown hair in two braids down her back, and was very fond of candy. The two children were hired one night to play at a concert or a benefit of some kind in Mr. Beecher's Sunday school room. I was quite a boy at the time and an attendant of the school. There was a little room back of the lecture room used by Mr. Beecher as a study, in which Adelina and Carlo left their wraps. There they were furnished, after the first part of the entertainment, with ice cream and lemonade and cake, and I, as one of the youthful ushers, had the pleasant duty of handing the refreshments to them. Adelina was pert, Carlo was sulky and it was not a particularly joyous occasion. The next time I saw them was in Montreal at the ball given

In Honor of the Prince of Wales

in 1860. They were then under the management of Maurice Strakosch's brother Max, and Adelina was as full of fun and frolic as it was possible to conceive. That was the beginning really of her great career. She had made one or two appearances, I think, in opera prior to that time under Maretzek's management, and to all practical critics gave evidence of a boundless future, but for all that no indication whatever of the monumental fame and the never-ending triumphs she was certain to attain.

But the Patti of today and the Patti of then are the same individual. Domestic trials, matrimonial infelicities, flirtations innumerable, cavaliers galore, money by the million, princly triumphs, court ceremonials, social snubbing, society toadyism, have produced no effect upon her. She is the same merry heart she always was, the same clear-headed, devil-may-care, drive and go-ahead girl in her 45th year she was when she turned up her nose at the sponge cake of Plymouth Church, and later when she kicked up her toes in the gay hurrahdom of the Montreal ball-room. There is no need to speak of Patti now. Her recent appearance there and here are current history, but it may be of interest to the boys and girls of Boston and New England to know that the secret of her success is two-fold. First, her God-given gift of song, and second her never-failing exuberance of good nature. Bad coffee, burned biscuits, underdone chops, deceitful servants, delayed dresses, tight boots, bad weather, all these things have no effect upon her. She takes them as they come. In her baby days she rolled in the mud of Bleecker street, laughing, jolly and free: later on she tripped the light fantastic toe on the waxed floor of Canada, reckless and happy. Farther down the stream of time she made her curtesy before the crowned heads of the universe; impressed in no whit, sobered not the least, just as jolly, just as merry, just as light-hearted, just as free-handed, and quite as ready to roll in the floral tributes flung her from imperial boxes as in other days she would have rolled in the snowdrifts of the city of her home.

It is a great gift, and if you have it hold on to it with tenacity, and if you haven't it get it.

I wonder if you who are fond of music, and who understand the not very subtle distinction between Italian effort and German endeavor, not to mention the French flippancies of opera bouffe, have ever thought to any extent of the marked characteristics that distinguish singers of these differing lines of music. We have had here, and of course

You Have Had the Same There,

many scores of first-class Italian artists. The men and the women alike ran to fat, with the exception of Le Grange, who was tall and stately, and preserved the elegance of her figure far into later life. I recollect no distinguished woman who was not given to adiposity. It was the same way with the male singers. The Italian is the language of love, the rotundity of Italian phraseology seems to serve as rounded wheels on which the words of amorousness can best be carried from lip to heart. Italian singers hereabouts frequent always maccaroni furnishing restaurants where oily dishes have the call, where morality is not up to par. Their scrapes, social and personal, are matters of record, and the peculiarity of their domesticity has ever been an open secret. The light and airy existence of opera-bouffe singers we all understand. It has neither the voluptuous self-indulgence of the Italians nor the solid scientific self-denial of the Germans. It is, as matter of fact, unsubstantial, insincere, without solid basis of any sort or kind. The men as a rule are dancing jacks, oily haired, with upturned moustaches, pointed beards, dandified costumes, a sort of a-dog-under-the-arm strut, which counts for nothing.

Now, the Germans are a big class of people wherever you find them, and it is to their credit that German artists, as a rule, are a fair index of the German people. They are so solid even as to be stolid. Almost invariably they are people, men and women alike, of heroic build, over-large, with over-loud voices, with big ox-like faces, lion-like countenances, and always, especially in their work, panoplied as it were in sincerity and in truthfulness, in an earnest endeavor to convey some thought. This is particularly the case with singers who interpret Wagner's music, where every singer has attending him a significant and characteristic strain, where each one typifies some marked development of human or supernal nature. I have been particularly struck by that this year. You know German opera, as given in the Metropolitan Opera House under the direction of Mr. Edmund C. Stanton, means the introduction of the American people to the

Best Works of the Best Masters

under the most favorable attainable auspices. Such an orchestra as that conducted by Herr Anton Seidl was never before directed by human being on the face of the globe. Expert musicians, whose word in this line of opinion would outweigh a thousand of such as I am, are indorsement for the opinion that the Metropolitan Opera House orchestra for this season is the very acme of human combination. To sit in a well-appointed seat with eyes closed during the interpretation of such magnificent measures as were unfolded in our ears on Wednesday night, when, for the first time, "Tristan and Isolde" was given in the presence of 4000 people, is of itself a treat so far beyond expression that I pause upon the very threshold and hesitate to give my thought.

The stage was a picture—a very dream of artistic and apposite excellence.

I don't like the opera.

There is too much talk and too little action about it.

There is but one chorus, and that in the first scene of the first act by a few sailors and soldiers. The rest of the action is delegated to four or five characters, and as a general thing two of these are on the stage at a time, indulging in heroic converse of more or less interest to themselves, but of not much account to the audience. But the orchestration is something sublime, and its interpretation was the very supremacy of perfection.

I watched the singers upon the stage: Lehman, majestic in figure, heroically beautiful in countenance, graceful and dignified in gesticulation; Brandt, homely as a hedge fence, but filled with soulful purpose, every moment intrusted with an idea, every idea expressed in action or in words; Niemann, past his prime, but leonine in appearance, with a great big face, large eyes and massive figure, one's beau-ideal of a knight of olden times with an aspect befitting a weather-beaten navigator of the Norwegian type. And the others—as I said to myself as I studied them and watched them by the side of these, "where is that French flippant Capoul, the mincing Irme, the pert Aimee and all their saucy sisters; where any of the long line of Italian tenors from Mario down to Campanini, and where among the Italian prima donnas from Grisi down to Valda can we point to the dignity of purpose as indicated by the physical or external alone?"

Why it is Absurd.

These people seem to have been born for the purpose.

Do they look at the audience?

Not once.

Do they interchange by-play and inject personal follies upon the stage?

Not once.

And the conductor, is he staring in the boxes, is he flirting with some moon-faced woman, is he diddling and dawdling around like a Jack in the box?

Not at all.

His mind seems bent upon a classic, his body from the top of his head to the sole of his feet works in harmony with his mental strain.

Good Italians?

Why certainly, lots of them.

Good Frenchmen?

Unquestionably.

Are all Germans good?

Well, I don't imagine that that is so.

That is not the point I seek to make. The assertion I start with is that as the Italian differs from the French and the French from the German music, so differ the singers of these several nationalities each from the other, and the oily unctuousness of the Italian theme finds in the rotund sonorousness of the Italian language a fitting vehicle for the rolly-poly maccaroni-eating Italian singers, and the flippant nothings of French opera is gayly disported by the electric-footed music, which in turn is aptly typed by the thoughtless, hair-brained men and women of the French stage; as the solid substantiality and the wierd supernalities of the German themes are borne along and up or down, into the upper altitudes of the airy regions or the cavernous depths of the deep below, so constituted are the German singers that both words and music seem to be adapted absolutely to their utterances and to their interpretation by manner and by voice.

But here I am getting off into a disquisition, which I didn't intend. I simply thought to call your attention to Patti's blithe and jolly carollings in her middle age, for she is getting along towards her fiftieth anniversary, and to show you how great a boon good nature, an even temper and a sunny disposition, even to people who have to work for their living from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof.

HOWARD.

ELIGIBLE FOR RETIREMENT

Three Justices of the Supreme Court who May "Step Down" on $10,000 a Year.

WASHINGTON, November 29.—A member of the United States Supreme Court is quoted as saying: "Justices Miller, Field and Bradley are now eligible for retirement with full pay, as they are past 70 years of age and have held seats upon the Supreme Court bench more than ten years. Chief Justice Waite will celebrate his seventieth birthday today, the 29th of the present month, when he will also be eligible for retirement. All the justices' named appear to be enjoying excellent health, and not one of them had expressed any purpose looking to retirement in the near future. However, should any of these gentlemen decide to throw off his silken gown and lead a life of ease and comfort at $10,000 per year, it is his privilege to do so.

SPAIN'S BULL FIGHTER.

How He Kills the Savage Beasts Who Are Tough Customers.

Madrid has been having a glorious time lately, with her own tenor and her darling bull fighter. Sixteen years ago the great tenor, Gayarre, received four francs a night for singing at a well-known little music hall in the capital. Now he has just signed a contract to sing for fifty nights at the opera, for the modest sum of 350,000 francs. The other hero of the hour is Don Luis Mazzantini, who, only two years ago, received a salary of 41.10s. a month, as stationmaster at a small place. The sorrowing Madridenes have given him a great farewell banquet of 200 guests, on the occasion of his departure for Havana. Don Luis takes with him 80,000 francs in cash, an advance payment on the 150,000, for which his contract calls. He is to undertake eight bull fights and to kill at least sixty-four bulls. In order to make quite sure of earning his money, Don Luis takes sixty-four animals on the steamer with him. They are not supposed to be of a nature to yield calmly to the invitation, "Ducky, ducky, come to good Mrs. Bond and be killed"; but, then, neither are Russian wolves supposed to be of that complaisant disposition. And yet the Crown Prince of Germany is said to have once remarked, on his return from a hunting party which the Czar had got up for his especial benefit, that they had very queer wolves in that land. One of those which he had shot had the hair worn off about his neck, as though the beast had been in the habit of wearing a chain, and the other had on a collar! It is to be hoped that the Havanese will not be so fastidious with regard to these bulls.

FARMS on James River, Va., for $10 a month. Send for illustrated circulars and maps. J. F. Mancha, Claremont, Va.

Do you wish to make $100? You may be the lucky person to send the largest club that we receive before February 1. That will entitle you to $100 in addition to the regular agents' commission. Send for free samples and begin now.

HOW TO LOVE OUR ENEMIES

The Process of Spiritual Unfoldment.

A Snow Storm, a Small Congregation and a Brief Sermon.

Mr. Beecher Talks About a Mother's True Love.

BROOKLYN, December 5.—Owing to the severe snow storm, there was a comparatively small audience at Plymouth Church this morning. Mr. Beecher delivered a rather brief discourse, in which he upheld the possibility of observing in everyday life the spirit of the injunction to return good for evil and to feel compassion for the wrongdoer, though hating the evil done. He said:

"There is no way for the animal kingdom but to defend itself. There can be no groups of animals under a common law. There is not in any single or in any groups of animals any conception of morality. The business of an animal is physical life and enjoyment, and when that is threatened in any way the only way is to repel it by violence or elude it by art or craft. But in the human kingdom there comes in all these animal instincts and rebellances, but they are regulated very much. They are carried up by experience to a somewhat higher plane. Nevertheless combativeness, destructiveness, are to a very large extent inherent in law; in the whole apparatus of justice as well as in the career of every individual man.

"We, by retaliation or by self-defence, do attempt to evade our adversaries, to make good that which the depravity around about us tends to make evil, but we live on that lower plane, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, pain and penalty for those that offend us. Now let me read this passage: 'Thou hast heard that it has been said thou shalt love thy neighbor.' Oh, yes, of course, 'and hate thine enemy.' Oh, yes; a good deal more of course. 'I say unto you, love your enemies.' Well, yes; have a general regard for them when they are not active, and

When They Are Not Stinging Us;

that is very good morals. Ah, 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you.' The men that imprecate disaster on your head, you bring down on theirs just the opposite—blessing. 'Damn you' is met, or is to be met, by 'bless you,' and as the one generally means what it says, the other ought to mean what it says. 'Bless them that curse you.' That is to say, that are not only to set over against you in opposition, but that would fain bring the mysterious and undefined powers of evil down on your head. 'Do good to them that hate you.' Almost unheard-of thing. 'Pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.' Those that follow it up, rub it in. If you cannot do anything else, there is always the ear that listens to petition. Pray for them.

"Well, now, this passage is in earnest. You are to do this. Why? In order that you may come into the family of God. Here is not simply an additional moral maxim, but it is a critical turning thing. Whereas, nature says, use all your powers of mind and of body to repel injuries, and to punish those that are against you. The spiritual kingdom says, use none of them; forgive, love, pray for, bless, help. Carry a little heaven in your souls, and make it fair weather around about all those that are your enemies. Well, is it possible that any such thing as that can take place? I do not know. I have never attained to it. I have known some men that came very near it. But one thing is very certain: Jesus, whose life was a commentary on his own doctrine, he did attain it, and we find him acting easily, familiarly, on that very ground, returning good for evil. "Be not overcome with evil, but overcome evil with good," saith the Scripture otherwhere, and that was His example, persisted in under circumstances of provocation such as rarely fall upon you or upon me. So that, abstractly looking at it, it is possible. We have seen this temper realized.

Well, is it a thing then that comes with conversion? Men are turned from darkness to light, from selfishness to benevolence. They are called to be converted, and we hear many tales of the wonderful changes that take place in men when the lightning-like stroke of conversion, as some regard it, has changed them from outer darkness into the inner spiritual life. Does that state of mind come with conversion? I wish it did; and I know it does not. It is a thing that must be the result of education, spiritual education in men. Men never come to their graces all at once. It is a law that prevails in the spiritual kingdom as well as in the exterior kingdom that we come to lower and higher gradations by processes of unfolding, step by step, little by little, continually through periods of time.

"Now, I do not think that any man, however well-bred in the family, who undertakes to enter the kingdom of Christ and say: 'I propose now to be perfect'—that is to say, in the scope and the whole breadth of that which constitutes the divine nature—can attain to that all at once. And yet that is the rendering too many make of that passage. But in undertaking to be perfect as a child of God means to be perfect in that direction by changing the appetites and tendencies of the animal man, the lower man, the selfish man, into the powers of divine love. That is the way God is. It is said here in the context: 'He causes His sun to rise on the good and bad, and His rain to fall on the just and unjust.' If ye are His children, why be perfect in that way, showing kindness, benevolence, forgiveness, helpfulness. It is a thing that we are born a great ways from. The best are the men that inherit the righteousness of their ancestors, that begin a voluntarily Christian life at a high point; nevertheless there is no man so near to this as that it is not to be in him the result of sedulous endeavor. Some men can attain to it sooner than others, but all men must grow into it.

"In other words,

The Law of Education

must be applied here. We are to set up the power of returning good for evil. Or, in other words, of carrying a disposition steadfastly that shall shine out with beneficence upon men. We are to attain to that by the same process by which we come to every result of education. The thing is possible only in that way. You put in the child's hands Burke's essay on the 'Sublime and the Beautiful,' or his speeches, or you put in his hands the essays of Johnson, or Shakespeare, or Ben Jonson, anything of those great classic English authors; put them into the hands of a child 7 or 8 years old or 10, and can he read them and understand them? No, they are far beyond him. Ought not he to read them and understand them? Yes, he ought to. Well, how shall he do it? By steadily practicing and growing until he comes up to the power. It is inherited in him, but it is not yet developed. And by the process of unfolding he will come to that. And it would be folly to say of a child, he can do it today; but it is not folly to say of a child he has it in him to do it. There must be space and a practice between the beginning and the conclusion of it.

"That which is true of these more familiar instances is true of the whole round of unfolding—that is, of education. And spiritual results come from education as much as these lower and secular formers of development. Now, say to a man that just comes into a conscious purpose of living a Christlike life, 'You must love your enemies.' 'Not by a good deal; I tried it yesterday, and I could not do it; everything was in revolt with me.'

"So it was, and yesterday he could not do it. Was he therefore released from the duty of doing it? No, the pressure of the divine ideal was still upon him. Those words have never been revoked. They echo down through the ages today. They come to us before we have learned, just as every problem or every attainment in lower education comes. You must strike and attain to it. So it comes to every selfish man and every secular man, however high or low he may be. The word of the Lord is: This is the way to fulfil sonship, to enter into my family and be my child; to have a beaming soul that carries life and mercy and benefaction wherever it shines upon the lower as well as upon the higher, upon the bad as well as upon the good.

"Is it, then, a thing that being read over, you can go home at once and exercise? No. If you accept the application with fidelity of purpose, the probability is that the sun will not go down before you are conscious that you have violated the spirit of it. It is not an easy thing. It is easy when it is gained. To our children, to our servants, to a back-biting neighbor, to men that are haunting our footsteps to supplant us, to men blasting our fair fame, to men that are

Working, Smiling Malignities

around about us. When we come to these things nature says in us, 'No, I cannot love those things.' We do not discriminate between the wickedness and loving the wicked man. And we excuse ourselves and say that it is simply an impossibility; it is a poetic injunction, to be sure, but it has got to be largely interpreted before we can undertake to follow it. I say it is the very ideal and that our life is to be a steadfast approach to our ideal of Christian life and Christian disposition in that direction.

"It is possible, but not then without labor. And that labor is the very business of Christian life. What, then, is this attitude of mine, which makes it possible for us over against the assaults of malignity and selfishness and pride and cruelty and hatefulness and everything that is repulsive, in the proportion that these qualities, when we see them in others, are horrible in our sight, in that proportion nature says, 'Slay them, destroy them.' Not in ourselves, but destroy them in other people, all these moral obliquities and bad qualities; now, what is the state of mind that can bless a man on which rests such moral disorder and disease?

"Well, no man can attain to this state while he is under the irritable animal life—combativeness and destructiveness, or the conscience working with the inferior passions, showing what is right and what is wrong, but showing it to the animal appetites and passions. As long as we indulge in such qualities, so long it is impossible to raise above them an atmosphere that shall answer to this Christian injunction. When, however, we consider that the lower life, the man of the flesh, as Paul calls him, is the lower type of human nature, and that we in Jesus Christ are called to a higher type, that very moment the sky clears, and we begin to ask: 'Well, what is that highest type with which our oppugnation is to go on.' We are to resist the devil, we are to contend against wickedness in high places, and in low places as well. What sort of contention is it?

"Well, it is the contention by which the physician resists sickness in men. He hates disease of every kind, certainly in those whom he loves. He does not hate the persons that are diseased; on the contrary, he medicates them, he is patient with them. All the ordinary rules of courtesy are expelled from the sick chamber; one may complain there and cry there who would be ashamed to complain or cry at other times. Sickness excites our higher feelings and we are patient with men that are under suffering. That is a lower form, sufficient, however, as an illustration that a man is to carry his nature in such a way as that it shall medicate the nature of other men. Have compassion upon their transgressions and on their weaknesses. We see it in the family all the time, in the mother that is the true mother, for there are a great many false mothers: there are a good many mothers of the flesh; but the true mother is the mother of the heart and of the spirit, and she takes her child not because she likes all that it does or is, but she has that mother's heart that brings summer all around the child's position; her patience, her gentleness, her sweetness, her forgivingness; all these elements that accrue with her coming upon the child. And that is an interpretation of the possibility of this disposition which is in itself medicating.

"We are then to lift ourselves up into that attitude and that atmosphere of God, such as that when men come to us with the most hateful assaults upon our personality, we shall have Heaven in ourselves, that we can pour out around about them. If we are His children, or assume to be of his family, we are to have a disposition such as that not only we do not retaliate, but that we have compassion and sorrow for that which we see in man, and there shall be in us not anger, not a desire of revenge, but contrariwise, the sense of sorrow to see the evil which is in such a person and to experience in ourselves a real desire to make them better.

A STUPENDOUS SCHEME

To Consolidate all the Mills in Minnesota Under One Management.

MINNEAPOLIS, December 4.—The millers of Minneapolis are discussing a stupendous scheme to consolidate all the mills under one management. It is a matter which has been talked of more or less for the past three years, but lately it has been considered seriously. Active steps have been taken, which are expected to result in consolidation. The scheme possesses many advantages. The cost of buying wheat and selling flour would of course amount to very little. Such a combination would make as much or as little flour as desired, and it would control such products as it placed upon the market. Its effect on the trade would be enormous, and it would be an institution as powerful as the Standard Oil Company.

There are, however, many difficulties to overcome in forming the company, among which are the arriving at the proper valuation of each piece of property, value of brands, trades, etc. If the combination was formed the company would have a capital of $10,000,000. It would take in all the mills except the Washburn mills, which, under the will of the late Governor Washburn, cannot become a party to such an organization. At a meeting of the mills, held several days ago, a committee was appointed to consider and report on a feasible plan for making the consolidation. The committee has not yet made a report.

FIRST CASE IN THIS COUNTRY

A Young Lady in Chicago Makes Herself Interesting to the Doctors.

CHICAGO, December 4.—A special to the Times from Springfield, Ill., says: A remarkable discovery, and one that will excite considerable attention in the medical world, has been made in this city by Dr. G. N. Keider, a local physician and surgeon. The case in question is called actinomycosis hominis, or lump jaw in the human being. The disease infects cattle and other animals, and was first discovered in a human being in Berlin, Germany, in 1883, and the present case is thought to be the first in this country. The Medical Record of May, 1886, reported a case in Montreal of a young lady, who, it was thought, had died of phthisis, a form of consumption. In speaking of the case, the Medical Record said it was a rare and interesting one, there being few, if any, authenticated cases reported in this country. The subject of the present case is a young lady employed in a manufacturing establishment, who about a year ago was operated upon for tumor of the left jaw, which was extirpated. It grew again, and she went to Jacksonville to consult a physician. By accident the physician was absent, and the case came under the notice of Dr. Deider of this city. He secured some of the fungus, and when placed under the microscope it developed the disease with which the doctor is familiar, having seen it in the old country a year ago while pursuing a series of studies of metrical science. It is a fungoid growth, and one of the proofs of the germ theory. The fungus is a mass of yellowish pus, containing small placques resembling seed mingled with long filaments. The disease invades the lungs, intestines and general system, and, if not interrupted in its course, invariably results in death, but, if taken in its primary stage, as in the present case, it can be cured. Dr. Rauch of the State Board of Health examined the fungus, and confirms the diagnosis made by Dr. Deider.

BOOK LARNING.

[San Francisco Wasp.]

Book larnin' is a bully thing for the chap what's got the brains
An' the common sense to know it, but it isn't worth the pains
An' chink an' time it takes to get it, if a man don't know the way
To keep it in its proper place, an' use it where it'll pay.

My brother had a youngster as wuz allus goin' to school;
He went clean through the college an' come out a reg'lar fool.
He could reel off furin' languages, and talk uv lands and law.
But when it come to workin' he wuzent worth a straw.

He got an idy in his head that work was a big disgrace;
The law, he said, was his perfesh, so he ups and gets a place
In a city lawyer's office, an' begun his legal course,
That landed him in jest one year within his father's doors.

He's livin' with his father now, an' the time an money spent
Fer to git his education hasn't panned out worth a cent.
It was castin' on the waters bread that's never yet returned,
For there's nary a single blessin' come from all that stuff he learned.

But not a speck of larnin' had his younger brother, Bill,
'Cept a term or so one winter at the school house on the hill;
An' he's worth about a dozen uv his worthless brother's make.
Fer he's just chock full uv common sense, an that's what takes the cake.

Now ef Bill had had the larnin' as wuz in his brother's pate,
He'd been a man uv power—maybe guvner uv the State.
But in spite uv all his ignorance he made a good success,
An' he's got the finest farm in all the county, too, I guess.

My idy is that ef a boy hain't got no common sense,
An' only 'nuff git up about him fer to set round on the fence,
It ain't no use to send him off to take a college course,
Fer it jest can't make him better, an' it's bound to make him worse.

Fortunately, Very Often.

[Tid-Bits.]

Printers are as a rule long-lived. We have known some of them to live long enough to set up manuscript as it was written, but they were very few, and oh! so far between.

Hale's Honey, the great Cough cure. 25c., 50c., $1
Glenn's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies, 25c
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Hill's Hair & Whisker Dye—Bl'k & brown, 50c
Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute, 25c
Dean's Rheumatic Pills are a sure cure, 50c

NOTES OF THE LABOR WAR.

Henry George in Boston Municipal Politics—Settlements, Strikes, Lockouts, in Various Parts of the Country.

Henry George, the leader of the National Labor Party, which appears now to have come to stay in National politics and is intended to boom its leader for the presidency, came to Boston last Saturday for the purpose of booming the candidacy of Mr. George E. McNeill for the office of Mayor of Boston. An enthusiastic meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, which was addressed by Henry George, Mr. McNeill and others. The principal orator laid down his programme of reform demanded. His principal topic was the land question, and he argued on the well-known lines of his famous works on the subject. There is not much prospect of Mr. McNeill, the Labor candidate, coming anywhere near a vote sufficient to put him in the chair of the chief officer in Boston. The most the Labor party can do in this city is to help elect the Republican candidates, and this it seems bent on accomplishing.

Efforts are being made to induce the Catholic clergy of the Dominion of Canada to change their views on the subject of the Knights of Labor. Cardinal Taschereau's condemnation of the order is, it is said, not concurred in by many of the clergy. As yet, however, the bishops are obdurate.

Knights of Labor are being subjected to an assessment of twenty-five cents for a special defence fund. Nearly half a million dollars has so far been raised.

The tables have been turned in New Haven with a vengeance. Officials of the two railroads have been arrested, charged with conspiracy by use of a blacklist, thus preventing an employe from obtaining work.

The iron moulders of Pittsburg are endeavoring to form a National Trade District Assembly of the Knights of Labor.

The dispute in the knit goods trade at Cohoes, N. Y., has not yet been settled.

BIG BOOM IN IRON.

Increased Business Demands More Vessels on the Lakes.

CLEVELAND, O., December 5.—The boom in the iron industry of the country brought with it a similar revival in the commerce of the great lakes. A season of unsurpassed prosperity ends today, and there is every indication that next season will be equally profitable. The demand for iron ore is still unsupplied, notwithstanding 3,500,000 tons have been mined and shipped this season, a greater amount than ever before. Every mine in the Lake Superior district will be worked to its full capacity this winter, and 4,000,000 tons of ore will surely be shipped next year. In this connection, an important question is the amount of new tonnage to be built this winter and the number of boats lost during the past season. The list of lost is enormous, but the boom in shipbuilding more than compensated it.

Thirty-one new vessels will be added to the lake fleet next spring. They are to be, without exception, of the largest and finest kind, having an average capacity of a little over 2000 tons each. All but two of them will be large steamers, and will represent a combined carrying capacity of 65,750 tons gross, built at a cost of over $4,000,000. Eleven of the finest of those boats are now under way in Cleveland, and in them Cleveland capitalists will invest $1,500,000.

In the storms that swept over this part of the country, and in a few instances from other causes, fifty-four boats have been lost this year. In most cases they were small carriers, and for this reason the new tonnage will double the amount lost, a fair estimate of the latter being 31,515 tons. The value of the boats known to be total losses is $631,900, but the loss to the shipping interest in cargoes and stranded boats is more than $1,000,000.

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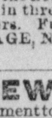

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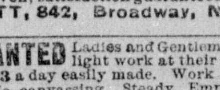

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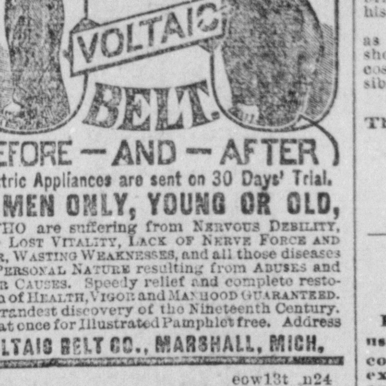

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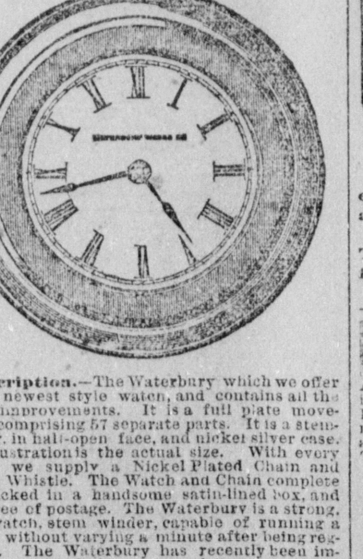

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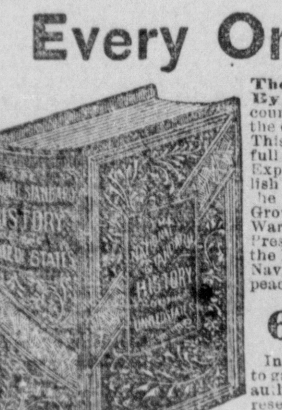

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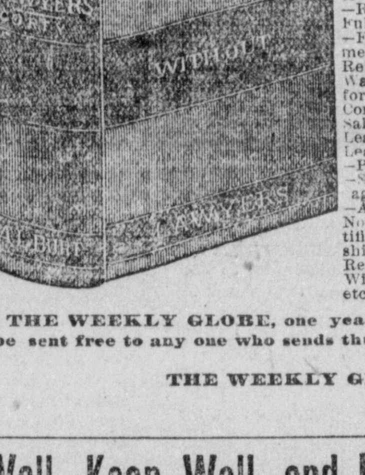

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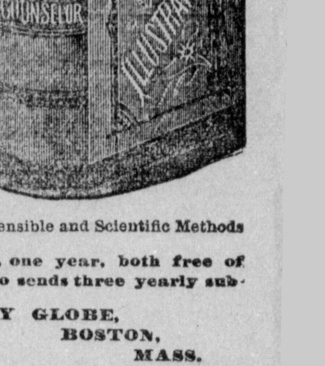

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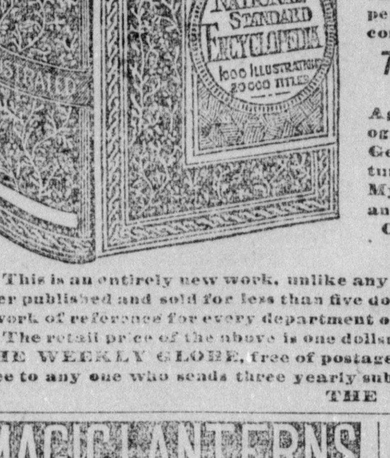

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